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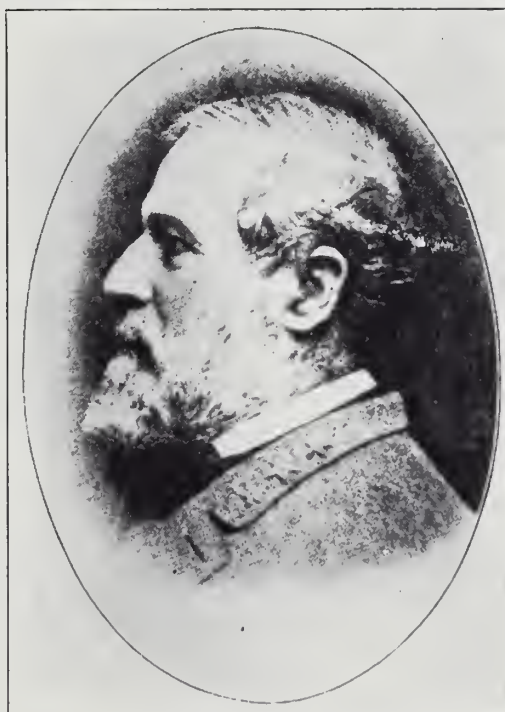
# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XL

JANUARY, 1932

NO. 1

2230696



GEN. ROBERT E. LEE, C. S. A.  
At the height of his fame in 1863.

From Photographic History of the War.  
Courtesy Review of Reviews.



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## ANNOUNCEMENT TO U. D. C.

Announcement is made by Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Chatham, Va., that the photographic copies of the large portrait of General Lee, placed at West Point by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, are now ready for distribution and copies may be procured from her at \$2 each, plus postage 25 cents—this being the exact cost of photograph. This, so long as the supply lasts.

Ben A. Yates writes from Center-ville, Iowa, in renewing subscription: "I am inclosing check to take care of the VETERAN for another year, which is eagerly read, having been reared in the Valley of Virginia, where the conflict was so impressed on my mind that it makes the contents of each number very readable to me."

Gen. Thomas C. Little, of Fayetteville, Tenn., renews subscription, and sends "best wishes for continued success in giving to the world a correct history of the War between the States. I was a personal friend of the founder, and have been a subscriber from the beginning. The boys who wore the gray will soon be gone. Lincoln County gave three thousand to the Confederate army; only eight of us now in the county."

"I hope to take the VETERAN as long as I live," writes Mrs. G. F. Atkins, of Saltville, Va., when renewing, and she also sends subscription for a friend.

## FOR SALE.

GENUINE PAPER SHELL PECANS. Finest quality. In lots of five pounds or more, 25 cents per lb, delivered. Also, large grafted pecans at 18 cents per pound, delivered. Write for very low prices on larger quantities by express. T. L. Hurlbutt, Point Clear, Ala.

Alex McMillan, of Dundarrach, N. C., renews and writes that he is "the only veteran in his county (Hoke), all comrades gone, but when the roll is called up yonder, I expect to hear a hearty response when their names are called, for I think they are all registered there."

At the age of ninety-six a "maid" at Menstrie Mains Farm, near Stirling, England, is still actively engaged at her duties. The remarkable old lady is familiarly known as "Margaret," and has been in the employment of the Gellatly family for eighty-three years. She began her connection with the farm at the age of thirteen in 1848. She can still read newspapers without the aid of glasses.—*Canadian-American.*

## WASHINGTON TREES.

The New Jersey Committee of the National George Washington Tree-Planting Project have decided to set New Jersey's quota at one million trees to be planted this year and next in celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of George Washington's birth.

New Jersey's tree-planting project calls for the planting of shade trees in residential areas and country roadsides, as well as more extensive use of evergreen seedlings for reforestation purposes.

New York, with 3,041,373 memorial

trees to George Washington, leads all States in the number of bicentennial plantings for 1932.

Pennsylvania is second with 1,725,368 bicentennial trees. Nearly 8,000,000 have been planted throughout the nation.

A GOOD UNDERSTANDING.—A man who was a Roman Catholic came to Dr. W. T. Grenfell for medical treatment, and the doctor found it necessary to amputate his leg. The patient made a good recovery, and Dr. Grenfell wrote an appeal for a wooden leg to enable him to move about and earn his living. The appeal was published in an American Congregational paper, and was read by a Baptist woman, whose husband, a Methodist, who had worn a wooden leg, had just died. She sent the leg to Dr. Grenfell. "And so," said the famous Labrador medical missionary, "the Methodist leg, given by a Baptist woman, in answer to a Congregational appeal on behalf of a Roman Catholic, is now being used as a perfectly satisfactory interdenominational understanding."

## ESSAY CONTEST.

A competitive essay designed to promulgate interest on the part of the school children in the state constitution has been announced by the Virginia Constitutional Society. The subject chosen for the essay is "George Washington and the Virginia Constitution." All school children in the state are eligible to compete for the cash prizes, which will be awarded for the best papers submitted on the subject.

A stranger addressed the farmer's boy across the fence.

"Young man, your corn looks kind o' yellow."

"Yes, that's the kind we planted."

"Don't look as if you would get more than half a crop."

"Don't expect to. The landlord gets the other half."

Then, after a pause, the man said:

"Boy, there isn't much difference between you and a fool."

"No," replied the boy, "only the fence."

The use of cotton stationery is one of the means adopted to help the South dispose of the large cotton surplusage.



# Confederate Veteran

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS.

VOL. XL.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1932

No. 1

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

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*Assistant to the Adjutant General*

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### HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va.... *Honorary Commander for Life*

GEN. M. D. VANCE, Little Rock, Ark.... *Honorary Commander for Life*

GEN. R. A. SNEED, Oklahoma City, Okla... *Honorary Commander for Life*

GEN. L. W. STEPHENS, Coushatta, La... *Honorary Commander for Life*

REV. B. COOKE GILES, Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## MRS. SIDNEY LANIER.

Mrs. Mary Day Lanier, widow of Sidney Lanier, Southern poet and musician, died at the home of her son, Charles D. Lanier, in Greenwich, Conn., on December 29, at the age of eighty-seven years.

## TO GENERAL LEE.

The most stainless of living commanders, and,  
except in fortune, the greatest,

This volume is presented with the writer's earnest sympathy and respectful admiration.

The grand old bard that never dies,  
Receive him in our English tongue.  
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,  
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy is fallen, thy dear land  
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;  
I cannot trust my trembling hand  
To write the things I feel.

Ah, realm of tears! but let her bear  
This blazon to the end of time:  
No nation rose so white and fair,  
None fell so pure of crime.

The widow's moan, the orphan's wail,  
Come round thee; but in truth be strong!  
Eternal Right, though all else fail,  
Can never be made wrong.

An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,  
Not Homer's, could alone for me  
Hymn well the great Confederate South—  
Virginia, first, and Lee.

This poem was written on the fly leaf of a copy of the "Translation of Homer's Iliad by Philip Stanhope Worsley, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, England," which was sent to General Lee by the author, who inscribed the volume as above in prose and verse.

**Confederate Veteran.**

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

**THE VETERANS' HAVEN.**

The following letter from Capt. Sam H. Hargis, who recently entered the Confederate Home at Ardmore, Okla., shows fine appreciation of the comforts and conveniences which surround our veterans in these Homes. His letter was published in the *News*, of Ada, Okla., his former home, and the *VETERAN* reproduces it as something of general interest:

"Dear Comrades and Friends: I have now been living almost a month in this Home, established by this State for the Confederate veterans. It has been many years since I introduced the bill in the State legislature to pay from our State treasury a regular pension to the boys of the Confederacy. Little did I know at that time that I would one day be drawing that pension and be living in this wonderful, good Home, also supported by the State for the veterans. I did not then conceive the full humanitarian virtues of such a gesture. But since coming to this Home I do realize the true significance, and want my friends and old comrades to know about my new home and the splendid care taken of us here.

"This Home seems to me like one of our great modern hotels. It has all the conveniences of any hotel in Oklahoma. Warmth, cleanliness, attractive surroundings, kind and efficient employees, wholesome and abundant food (although plentiful it is balanced by a dietitian, the superintendent an excellent manager, and his wife a lovely matron. Everything is furnished. In other words, all bills paid, even to the tobacco. And besides this, a veteran who is making his home here is given \$12.50 a month as a pension. Quite different from the dark, closing days of the war.

"There are three residential buildings. The main building is for old vets and their wives who are in good health. The annex close by for old soldiers only. The third and largest building is the hospital. Here live those who are in bad health, unable to wait on themselves at the table, or too feeble to get around. Also, if anyone living in the other buildings becomes ill, he is transferred to the hospital. There one receives the best of medical care. The nurses are on duty day and night. I dare say that the meals are the best of any sanitarium in Oklahoma.

"George W. Lewis is the superintendent. He has been in charge here for several years. He is certainly a wonderful choice for a hard job to fill. His personality is the cause of the smooth running of this Home. The members of the Home would possibly have no other after his years of success. He is well known to the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy over the State and the entire South. I wish some of my old friends might visit here, and I extend them a cordial invitation to stop off to see this Home and to visit at their first opportunity."

**AN OPEN LETTER TO AN AUTHOR.**

The popular form of biographic writing tempts the author to make his characters more or less without fault or failure. An example of the kind came to the attention of Mr. Frank Hough, Superintendent of the High School at Shaw, Miss., who sent the following letter to Mr. Joseph Hergsheimer, popular writer of popular articles in a popular publication, as follows:

"In your very interesting sketch of General Sheridan—*Saturday Evening Post*, June 27—the following statement appears:

"'General Sheridan was, as well as highly endowed for the profession of arms, a fortunate commander. He never, finally, lost a battle.'"

"Just a bit of friendly comment. Undoubtedly, the General was a *fortunate* commander, fortunate in that in each of his battles he invariably met an enemy inferior in numbers. To state that he never lost a battle is to ignore the engagement at Trevilian Station, Va. There, on June 11 and 12, 1864, Wade Hampton, with about 5,000 men, repulsed Sheridan, who had not less than 8,000 effectives. So decisive was the repulse that Sheridan retreated rather precipitately, leaving some of his wounded behind. See the extract from Sheridan's report given on page 234, Vol. 4, 'Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.' In fact, there are grounds for believing that only the tardiness of Fitzhugh Lee in arriving with his division saved Sheridan's force from a complete rout."

In renewing his subscription, J. E. Millner writes from Lithonia, Ga.: "Long live the CONFEDERATE VETERAN! I wish to subscribe for it as long as I can. I am not a veteran, nor the son of one, but my father was Captain of Home Guards, and if the war had lasted longer he and his men would have been called into the Confederate army."



## STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY EVA HILL LE SUEUR KARLING.

Within that old historic State  
Where rugged mountains rise,  
Where the Valley of Virginia  
In verdant beauty lies,



THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON AS A SECOND LIEUTENANT  
U. S. A., DURING THE MEXICAN WAR.

Was born the noble Jackson,  
A spirit stanch and bold,  
Heroic as some valiant knight  
In ancient annals told.

Sprung from that race of patriots  
Who gave our nation fame,  
With sturdy heart and purpose true,  
He to young manhood came.

As soldier of the Union first,  
He fought in Mexico,  
And proved his worth in warfare bold  
Against a tyrant foe.

But when the sable clouds of war  
Obscured our Freedom's light,  
He stood with Davis and with Lee  
For his State's Sovereign Right.

And with bold tactics, wise and sane,  
The enemy he flayed,  
At Harper's Ferry and Bull Run,  
They sorely were dismayed.

Across the Rappahannock's banks  
He drove the hosts of Pope,  
And all the Southland spoke his praise,  
And hearts beat high with hope.

At Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville  
His valor was the same;  
And throughout all the land there spread  
The glory of his fame.

It was the second day of May,  
In eighteen and sixty-three,  
He led his men in battle last,  
And won great victory.

And then that tragic night came down!  
Death reconnoitered there—  
And laid his hand upon his brow;  
The South bowed in despair!

From our own ranks came the fell shot  
That laid the loved form low;  
Ah! mournful, tragic accident  
That filled all hearts with woe.

And like an omen of defeat  
Was death of that great chief,  
And every Southern eye grew dim,  
And hearts were numb with grief!

But as the shades of twilight fell  
That dimmed his mortal sight,  
He saw across the Silent Stream  
A scene of peace and light.

And with his faint and waning breath,  
His last low words were these:  
"Let us pass across the River  
And rest beneath the trees!"

So "Stonewall" Jackson lived and died,  
A nobleman of earth!  
And we who hold tradition dear  
Pay honor to his worth.

---

[This picture of Jackson is from the "Photographic History of the War," and is used by courtesy of the *Review of Reviews*.]



*THE FIFTY-NINE MACRAES IN GRAY.*

[Contributed by Lawrence MacRae, Assistant Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., and Past Commander Third North Carolina Brigade, S. C. V., Greensboro, N. C.]

The following list of fifty-nine names embraces the contribution of the MacRae family of North Carolina to the defense of the Confederate States of America in its struggle against its invaders and is taken from the records of the War between the States compiled by Judge Walter Clark, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, with the one exception, *viz.*: Robert Strange MacRae, of Fayetteville, who, at the age of fourteen, became a cabin boy on board privately owned blockade runners out of Wilmington, bringing in supplies from Nassau for the Confederate forces.

The Clan Society of Scotland spell the name "MacRae," and I understand this is the generally accepted and proper spelling of the name. However, like many other family names, "MacRae" has been abbreviated and misspelled in different ways. For instance, McRae, McRea, McCray, MacCae—and I found such to be the practice among those who fought for the Confederate Union. In many cases, it is true, the adjutants were responsible for the misspelling of soldiers' names. So I have adopted the spelling "MacRae" throughout the list as suitable identification for each clansman.

This unusual list of fifty-nine names is probably the largest number of any one family entering the Confederate service from North Carolina, and certainly contributes more than any other family to high official rank, as you will observe the list includes a general, a surgeon, a chaplain, and all other officials down the line.

They came from the blood of Scotch Highlanders referred to in ancient writings as the "wild McRas," on account of their warlike propensities and their vigor and valor in battle.

The four thousand of the MacRae Clan who fought with the Allied Armies during the great World War evidenced the spirit and loyalty of their forefathers, as did the fifty-nine heroes from North Carolina who wore the gray. Their clan was founded by Fionula Duth MacGillehriod (or Black Finley, son of Christopher), who died in 1416, and their forefathers were followers of the Earls of Seaforth, supporting the Royal Stuart family and King James VIII, called Jacobites. Their principal habitations were in Kintail, Ros-

shire, and Invernesshire, and their principal burying grounds were along the shores of Lake Duich.

For several hundred years their clan chiefs occupied Ellandornan Castle, on an island in Lake Duich, and defended northwest Scotland from invading Danes and other foes seeking plunder. Ellandornan Castle is now owned by Col. John MacRae-Gilstrap, President of the Clan MacRae Society of Scotland, whose address is Otter Ferry, Ballimore, Argyle, Scotland, and his brother, Stuart MacRae, of Couchra, is the Chief of the Clan, twenty-first in line.

I am submitting this introduction to these fifty-nine immortals, and their names, rank, and residence, feeling that it will be of particular interest to members of the Clan MacRae widely and in large numbers scattered throughout the South and West, and of general interest to students and readers of records of our War between the States.

*MACRAES IN NORTH CAROLINA FORCES, C. S. A.*

Alexander MacRae, Captain 1st Battalion, Company C; promoted Major. New Hanover County.

A. D. MacRae, Company 1, 72nd Regiment, Junior Reserves. Cumberland County.

A. B. MacRae, Company C, 48th Regiment. Iredell County.

Archibald L. MacRae, Company F, 18th Regiment. Robeson County.

Alexander MacRae, Company H, 26th Regiment. Moore County.

Alexander MacRae, Company B, 36th Regiment. Moore County.

B. MacRae, Company A, 73rd Regiment. Alamance County.

Colin MacRae, Company —, 63rd Regiment. Cumberland County.

C. MacRae, Company C, 5th Battalion. New Hanover County.

Clinton MacRae, Company I, 26th Regiment. Chatham County.

Cameron Farquhar MacRae, Chaplain, 15th Regiment. Northampton County.

D. G. MacRae, 4th Corporal Company E, 38th Regiment (Private to Captain). Richmond County.

D. R. MacRae, Company D, 48th Regiment. Moore County.

D. A. MacRae, Adjutant 28th Regiment. Montgomery County.

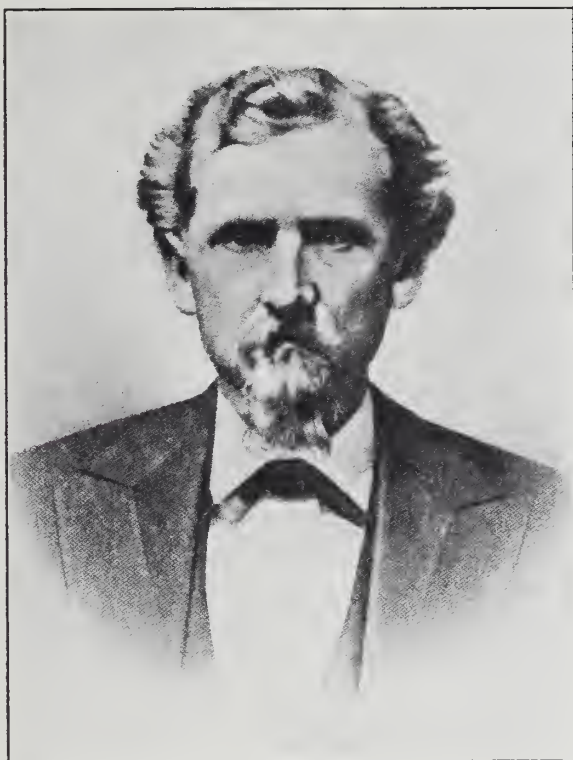
Duncan Kirkland MacRae, Colonel 5th Regiment. Cumberland County. [Consul General to Paris, France under President Pierce, and Sec-

retary to the Astend Council of Foreign Ministers].

George A. MacRae, Company —, 63rd Regiment. Chatham County.

George M. MacRae, Company A, 21st Regiment. Montgomery County.

H. MacRae, Company I, 72nd Junior Reserve. Cumberland County.



BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM MACRAE, C. S. A.

H. G. MacRae, Company I, 26th Regiment. Chatham County.

Henry MacRae, Captain, 8th Regiment (Private to Major). New Hanover County.

John MacRae, Guidon, Company B, 5th Battalion. Cumberland County.

J. Burgwyn MacRae, Company B, 5th Battalion. Cumberland County.

John MacRae, Company D, 41st Regiment. Harnett County.

J. B. MacRae, 2nd Lieutenant Company B, 73rd (85) Senior Reserves. Hobeson County.

Jackson MacRae, Private promoted Sergeant Company E, 38th Regiment. Anson County.

J. A. MacRae, Company K, 38th Regiment. Robeson County.

James MacRae, Company K, 48th Regiment. Alamance County.

John MacRae, Jr., 2nd Lieutenant Company F, 20th Regiment. Cumberland County.

John MacRae, Company I, 26th Regiment. Chatham County.

James L. MacRae, 2nd Lieutenant Company E, 28th Regiment. Montgomery County.

James W. MacRae, Company K, 30th Regiment. Mecklenberg County.

James MacRae, Company K, 30th Regiment. Mecklenberg County.

James L. MacRae, Company K, 34th Regiment. Montgomery County.

James A. MacRae, Surgeon, 5th Regiment. Cumberland County.

James H. MacRae, Company H, 15th Regiment. Alamance County.

James Christopher MacRae, Lieutenant Company D, 5th Regiment (Private to Captain Major). Cumberland County.

Laughlin MacRae, Company B, 8th Senior Reserves, 73rd Regiment. Robeson County.

M. H. MacRae, Company H, 1st Battalion. Robeson County.

M. J. MacRae, Company A, 1st Battalion. Robeson County.

M. M. MacRae, 2nd Sergeant Company H, 46th Regiment. Moore County.

Malcolm W. MacRae, Company D, 51st Regiment. Robeson County.

Malcolm L. MacRae, Company D, 51st Regiment. Robeson County.

Niel MacRae, Company H, Bethel Regiment. Cumberland County.

Norman MacRae, Company E, 40th Regiment. Robeson County.

Philip MacRae, Company E, 41st Regiment. Harnett County.

Roderick MacRae, 2nd Lieutenant Company I, 18th Regiment. New Hanover County.

Roderick S. MacRae, Company G, 24th Regiment. Robeson County.

Robert MacRae, Company K, 34th Regiment. Montgomery County.

R. M. MacRae, 5th Sergeant Company C, 35th Regiment. Moore County.

Robert B. MacRae, Captain Company C, 7th Regiment (promoted Major). New Hanover County.

Robert S. MacRae, Cabin Boy on Blockade Runner "Owl." Cumberland County.

Thomas R. MacRae, 1st Sergeant Company A, 63rd Regiment. Cumberland County.

Thomas A. MacRae, Company I, 36th Regiment. Bladen County.

William MacRae, 2nd Lieutenant Company B, 73rd Reserves.

(Continued on page 29)



*THE CAUSE WAS NOT ENTIRELY LOST.*

[Address by United States Senator Duncan U. Fletcher before the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Convention at Jacksonville, Fla., Historical Evening, November 19, 1931.]

One could render no greater disservice to the country than by going about arousing sectional feeling, reviving antagonisms, and kindling the fires of bitterness generated by the conflict of 1861-65 and the outrages of reconstruction during the eleven years that followed.

It is true the "bloody shirt" is still doing a diminishing business in certain regions of the country. It is still the mendacious banner of the demagogue and ambitious office-seeker in those regions. But its effectiveness has greatly waned.

I would avoid even the appearance of a purpose to awaken sectional resentment or animosity while I must refer to certain truths which are matters of record and not subject to dispute.

Keeping in mind the sound rule announced by Cicero, long ago, that "It is the first and fundamental law of history that it should neither dare to say anything that is false or fear to say anything that is true, nor give any just suspicion of favor or disaffection," I feel disposed, in addressing this body of noble women, one of whose purposes is to see, as far as they can, that the facts in connection with the experiences of those trying years and the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, shall be preserved to posterity, to refer to some of those outstanding verities.

History is but the story of human behavior. Giving an account of the behavior involves a consideration at times of the motives back of it. In the interest of truth and correct history, therefore, I mention certain matters which I think ought to be stated in this presence, particularly in view of certain rude, unjust, and uncalled-for aspersions, which I dismiss without dignifying by further reference.

You aim to correct false representations, maintain the truth, and render what aid you can to those who suffered and sacrificed in defense of the homes and firesides of the Southland in times which tried human souls. You represent, in a way, the devoted and consecrated women who supported the noble manhood of the South in the struggle for liberty and independence, driven to such struggle by the thunder of events, sustained by sublime faith in the righteousness of the cause and devotion to the principles for which they

stood. No decent individuals should offer criticism for that attitude.

Your mothers and you, in your ideals and purposes, represent "the pure in spirit," for whom there is vouchsafed the blessings of heaven.

Suppose we say the cause was secession, and that was lost by the arbitrament of the sword.

The South was outnumbered in military strength four to one, and in resources greater than that.

The South, after four years of heroic defense, unparalleled in all the world, was obliged to surrender.

But what was the cause of secession? We must go to the underlying conditions. Some say slavery was the cause. We will examine that briefly.

A recent writer, Hollis, in his *American Heresy*, says slavery was not abolished in America by or as a result of the war, only *slaveholders*.

The truth is, the vital question involved, the real cause, was the South's insistence upon the Constitutional rights of the State.

When I say the Cause was not entirely lost, as claimed, I refer to the doctrine of States Rights.

Just exactly as Southern leaders contended, those rights have been declared by the Supreme Court of the United States, the highest authority in the land, as sound, constitutional, and valid then, and by later decisions since.

The Dred Scott decision, the Milligan case, and numerous others of recent date have emphasized and construed the meaning of State Sovereignty and Rights of the States, in principle, as the South contended in and before 1861.

So, I say, the Cause was not entirely lost.

A modern, disinterested writer, Hollis, in his book on *The American Heresy*, says in 1816 the South was dominant in this country, and in 1828 the right of secession was taken for granted everywhere. "The old South," he asserts, "was not beaten and persuaded—she was beaten and murdered."

We shall see that there was a resurrection day—the spirit lives on!

In his life of Webster, Henry Cabot Lodge, historian and lately United States Senator from Massachusetts, says: "When the Constitution was adopted by the votes of States at Philadelphia and accepted by votes of States in popular conventions, it was safe to say there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton on the one side to George Clinton and George Mason on the other, who regarded the new system as



anything but an experiment entered upon by the States and *from which* each and every State had the right to peacefully withdraw—a right which was very likely to be exercised.”

The contemporary opinion of Northern publicists and leading journals considered coercion out of the question. The New York *Tribune*, Horace Greeley editor, said, November 9, 1860: “If the cotton States shall decide they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace. The right to secede may be a revolutionary one, but it exists nevertheless, and we do not see how one party can have a right to do what another party has a right to prevent. We must ever resist the asserted right of any State to remain in the Union and nullify or destroy the laws thereof; to withdraw from the Union is quite another matter.”

This was precisely the position of Jefferson Davis. The South did not take a stand for nullification, but did exercise the right to *withdraw when the North refused to be bound by the Constitution*.

Similar statements appeared in the press, and, after Mr. Davis had been inaugurated as President at Montgomery, the *Tribune* published: “We have repeatedly said, and we once more insist, that the great principle embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of American Independence that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed is sound and just, and that if the slave States, the cotton States, or the Gulf States only choose to form an independent nation, they have a clear moral right to do so.”

Secession had been preached and threatened in various sections, and the Northern stand for it and against extension of the Union was quite complete. In Congress and in conventions, when Jefferson was annexing Louisiana, they declared they were not bound. The same when Texas was annexed. The same when the Mexican War was being fought.

The truth is that, if we consider it an open question in 1861, it is equally true that “it had never been denied until recent years. The right had been proclaimed upon the hustings, enunciated in political platforms, proclaimed in the Senate and House of Representatives, embodied in our literature, taught in schools and colleges, interwoven into the texts of jurisprudence, and maintained by scholars, statesmen, and constituencies of all States and sections of the country.” Tucker, Rawle, and DeTroqueville taught it.

The South had led in the establishment of the Union.

Southern leaders had never urged secession; they loved the Union. Such was the attitude of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Stephens, Ben Hill, and others.

Ben Hill, that great statesman, when usurpation was taking place, *the Constitution being trampled upon*, sought to rally his people “to save their civilization.” He declared: “The Constitution is my client, and the preservation of its protection is the only fee I ask.”

His was the last speech for the Union in Congress—but when the bugle called his people to the field he cast his lot with them, and in the Confederate Senate, the youngest member, he was the spokesman for the Administration and made the last speech for the continuance of the war. When the Constitution became effective again, he was in the Senate of the United States, and there, in that historic answer to Blaine, in words “as sublime as those that fell from the lips of Paul on Mars’ Hill,” he declared, “We are in our Father’s house and we have come to stay.”

Pursuing the thought a moment concerning the leadership of the South and its accomplishments and its love for American institutions, reflect—

Who wrote the Declaration of Independence?

Who uttered the challenge, “Liberty or death”?

Who presided over the convention that framed the Constitution?

Who was the chief author of it?

Who became its great interpreter?

Who wrote the Bill of Rights?

Whose sword defended the young republic?

Every schoolboy must answer Jefferson, Henry, Madison, Marshall, Mason, and Washington—all men of the South!

We were then, at the close of the Revolution, thirteen States straggling along the Atlantic Seaboard. How and by whom was this national domain extended?

Jefferson gave us the territory stretching from the Gulf of Mexico across the Rocky Mountains to Oregon.

President Madison, assisted by John C. Calhoun, Andrew Jackson sealing the victory, led us through the second war of independence in 1812.

Samuel Houston achieved Texas independence, admitted to the Union under James K. Polk.

The Northern Territory, north of the Ohio River, embracing Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, was conquered by George Rogers Clark, a soldier of Virginia. “By Vir-

ginia's gift and Southern votes this mighty land was made the dowry of the nation."

Then why should the South be driven from this Union she had done so much to create? That brings us to the principal cause for assailing by the North the foundation upon which the republic was built—a proper recognition, under the Constitution, of the Sovereign Rights of the States.

Slavery was that cause, and we must refer briefly to the salient truths in that connection. It became a very unpopular institution for sentimental reasons. The material interests of the North and East became antagonistic. Abolitionists aroused much feeling against it. Self-seeking politicians seized upon it to serve their ends. Jealous of the South's power, they sought to so direct affairs as to overcome the South and control the government, and particularly the offices. This finally led to a revolution against the Constitution by those agitators, selfish and party interests. This forced the South into a revolution to sustain and uphold the Constitution and laws of the country. We may call that secession.

An unbiased writer recently, looking over events, declares: "The Southern States had every legal right to retain slavery and to demand the return of fugitive slaves, and the Constitutional right to secede was incontestable."

I agree with Jay Hamilton. This is the absolute truth. It is unfair and unjust to blame the South for slavery. When independence was declared, slavery was in existence in every State. When the Constitution was adopted in 1789, the institution still existed in every State except Massachusetts. Every State united in its recognition in the Federal compact. Three-fifths of the slaves were counted in the basis of representation in Congress; property in slaves was protected by rigid provisions regarding the rendition of slaves escaping from one State to another.

"Thus embodied in the Constitution, thus interwoven in the very integrants of our political system, thus sustained by the oath to support the Constitution, executed by every public servant, and by the decisions of the Supreme tribunals, slavery was ratified by the unanimous voice of the nation and was recognized as an American institution and as a vested right by the most solemn pledge and sanction that man can give."

It would be tedious to consider factors in the development and the changes in the institution, *unsupported by any change in the Constitution or laws*, and this probably states the case in the end:

"But it was not hatred of the Union or love of slavery that inspired the South, nor love of the negro that inspired the North. Profounder thoughts and interests lay beneath these. The rivalry of cheap negro labor, aversion to the negro and to slavery alike, were the spurs of North action; that of the South was race integrity. Free white dominion! The question of slavery was one for the States."

It will be remembered that in the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson included an indictment of King George for his determination "to keep open a market where men could be bought and sold," and it was stricken out, because New England was then profitably operating slave ships and practically all the colonies owned slaves.

*After* the war was over, *after* the South had been subjugated, the Constitution was amended in a way to support the contention of the North *before* it was changed.

The Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery, was adopted December 18, 1865.

The Fourteenth Amendment, containing Sections 3 and 4, prohibiting, in effect, secession, was adopted July 18, 1868.

The Fifteenth Amendment was adopted March 30, 1870, *after* all the plans and activities in connection with reconstruction had been by force put into effect.

The terms of surrender had been ignored; the South was treated by those in power as conquered provinces; and although they had waged war on the claim that the States could not leave the Union, they proceeded to deny the Southern States the status of States, and to impose on them the rule of Federal bayonets, supporting gross ignorance, incompetency, rascality, carpetbag corruption, and the rankest possible oppression; in fact, all the horrors, atrocities, crimes, and suffering of which human nature is capable.

Let the present-day historian speak: "This, then, was the combination against the peace of a fallen people—the soldiers inciting the blacks against their former masters, the Bureau agents preaching political and social equality, the white scum of the North fraternizing with the blacks in their shacks, and the thieves of the Treasury stealing cotton under the protection of Federal bayonets. And in the North, demagogic politicians and fanatics were demanding immediate negro suffrage and clamoring for the blood of Southern leaders. Why was not Jeff Davis hanged, and why was not Lee shot? they said!



I am tempted to call some names of these South haters, usurpers, and oppressors. A few of them have statues about Washington. They ought not to be there. It is the only way posterity will know of them. Very few of them are in Statuary Hall, if any—the Parthenon of the Great of the United States. But *there* will be found today Jefferson Davis, James Z. George, Robert E. Lee, J. Kirby-Smith, and others of their type.

You will not find Thad Stevens there—that club-footed Caliban from Pennsylvania, who led in the Radical Republican movement which brought about the conditions mentioned. Three days before the deplorable death of Lincoln, Stevens had denounced the terms of Grant with Lee, said they were too easy, and that he would “dispossess those participating in the rebellion of every foot of ground they pretended to own.” Supporting him were such delectable characters as Ben Wade, Ben Butler, Seward, Charles Sumner, Stanton, Grant (note particularly his use of Federal troops in Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida), Chase (who favored negro suffrage), Schurz, Oliver P. Morton, Roscoe Conkling, and Zack Chandler (the last three being Grant’s “three musketeers”), Don Cameron, W. E. Chandler, and Stanley Matthews (who did such dirty work in Florida), supported also by Robert G. Ingersoll, James G. Blaine, and Sheridan.

It is worth while to observe that Jay Cooke and Henry Clews were close to the Grant Administration, and urged that if he and the Republican Party prevailed in the national election, it meant the country would continue prosperous and a bright future of increasing prosperity would follow.

This was in 1873.

In 1874 both of these failed, and Grant himself, who had acquired a desire for wealth, was financially involved in the crash.

Associated with these men were their agents and representatives in the Southern States, like Hunnicutt in Virginia, Holden in North Carolina, Scott, Moses, and Patterson in South Carolina, Bullock in Georgia, Stearns and Littlefield in Florida, Ames in Mississippi, Powell Clayton in Arkansas, Warnmouth in Louisiana, Brownlow in Tennessee, Pease in Texas, Harrington and Spencer in Alabama—all spokesmen and practically all carpetbaggers.

It may be mentioned that *Harper’s Weekly*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and the *Union League of Philadelphia* did their best for the Radical Republican

cause. They were joined by the Grand Army of the Republic—even then, in 1868, a political machine.

This disgraceful, outrageous work disgusted the decent people of the North, as well as all portions of the country. Public opinion revolted. This cruel, wicked, atrocious treatment of the South was about to come to an end.

It did when Vance became Governor of North Carolina, Hampton of South Carolina, Drew of Florida, Nichols of Louisiana, followed by other changes in the same direction—in 1876.

The States were free again, and each State began to rule itself—in 1876—after eleven years of humiliating, torturing, harrowing experience.

No country ever suffered as did the South except Poland—just one hundred years ago—and she did not survive.

She has at last risen again!

The South was no longer needed by the Republican Party, and that may help to account for relaxing its grip.

There are some people and some events we cannot forget—while we harbor no grudges.

The South raised no question about the validity of the Amendments—accepted them, and it is today insisting upon standing by the Constitution.

Ben Hill’s stirring declaration is sound today: “Tinkers may work, quacks may prescribe, and demagogues may deceive, but I declare to you that there is no remedy for us but in adhering to the Constitution”—the Constitution of the United States!

Slavery went by the board. Secession was determined against her. The South did not fight against amending the Constitution; she fought to uphold the Constitution as it was.

The South fought to preserve race integrity. Did we lose that?

We fought to maintain free white dominion. Did we lose that?

The States are in control of the people.

Local self-government, democratic government, obtains. That was not lost.

The rights of the sovereign States, under the Constitution, are recognized. We did not lose that.

See what a Republican Senator, the distinguished Senator and scholar from Connecticut, Senator Hiram Bingham, said in the Senate, January 17, 1928, to wit: “The Democratic Party has no monopoly of a belief in State rights. Many of us who sit on this side of the aisle are earnest

followers of the doctrine of local self-government and of State rights as laid down by Thomas Jefferson and the fathers."

And again: "Were I not so deeply interested in preserving to the States the rights guaranteed to them under the Constitution, rights which they never surrendered when they adopted the Constitution, I would not place myself in the unfortunate position of being one of those who are accused by the Senator from Missouri as being 'partners in crime.'"

Again he said in the Senate, December 12, 1926: "They say that State Rights disappeared sixty years ago. They seem to overlook the fact that the strength of our States and the responsibility have silenced the diverse wishes of self-respecting of our liberty and freedom. Otherwise, the great power of the Central Government would long ago have silenced the diverse wishes of self-respecting communities and crushed individual initiative and self-reliance."

James Bryce, the greatest authority on popular government in our generation, said: "The best school of democracy and the best guaranty for its success is the practice of local self-government."

In the Spring of 1926 President Coolidge said: "No method of procedure has ever been devised by which liberty could be divorced from local self-government. No plan of centralization has ever been adopted which did not result in bureaucracy, tyranny, inflexibility, reaction, and decline. . . . Unless bureaucracy is constantly resisted, it breaks down representative government and overwhelms democracy."

Mr. John H. Fahy, former President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Publisher, of Worcester, Mass., in an address on the "Principles of Thomas Jefferson," April 13, 1931, said: "Jefferson demonstrated not only that sound and stable government must rest on the will of the people, but that real prosperity depended upon it. . . . He saw that too great centralization of power in the Federal Government would not only lead to inefficiency, waste, bureaucracy, and abuse of authority, but that the varied interests of the people of different sections were such that if concentration were carried too far, it would invite the breakdown of government. . . ."

He concluded by the statement: "But we cannot bring about, within a reasonable period, that more equitable distribution of the results of men's labor to which the people of the United States are entitled unless we insist uncompromisingly upon the application of those principles of government

which Thomas Jefferson made the supporting pillars of the Temple of Democracy." [Note: I am quoting from leading men of the North.]

A united and free government at Washington is assured for all time, but the rights and liberties of the people can be preserved only through the independent sovereignty of the States.

If you would remain assured as to the vital principles of our republic, the preservation of the States in all the completeness of their independence and power must continue with us for all time to come.

There is a strong appeal from all portions of the country to get back to the principles of Thomas Jefferson and to the Constitution, declaring, "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people."

The issue of State rights was vital to the Confederacy. It was the mountain peak. It still stands!

I submit that what is called "The Lost Cause" was not so much "lost" as is sometimes supposed.

The right of secession at that time under the Constitution, as they said, is recognized by the best authorities.

The rights of the States, in principle, survive, although ignored, disregarded, and denounced as treason for a while, when it suited those in power.

The independent, unashamed spirit of the people survives.

Race integrity survives.

Free white dominion survives.

The vitality of the Constitution exists.

Representation in Congress is now based, as it has always been based, upon the population, and not upon the voting or qualified electors. The suffrage is still with the States, unrestrained and uncontrolled by the Federal Government, except that, under the amendments to the Constitution, the States cannot make any discrimination on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, or sex. With those exceptions, the States have full power over suffrage.

The South, strengthened, rather than discouraged, by burdens borne and overcome, grew in patience as a result of long-suffering; made weak by great misfortune, increased in power by conquering difficulties and overcoming distress as great as ever afflicted a people; inherited and cherished the ideals and patriotism of her mighty men of her mighty past; pressed on in her self-reliance and faith in her resources and confidence



in her strength, in the direction of industrial and economic progress, all of which combine to make her once again a wise leader of national thought and national achievement.

During the last thirty years the wealth of the South has increased from \$10,000,000,000 to \$80,970,000,000.

In population, in resources and industrial development, the South surpasses entire nations in other parts of the world.

The South leads the most of the country in population growth.

If you are not subject to the dangers of high blood pressure, I recommend that you read and keep in your libraries that enlightening, authoritative historical treatise by Mr. Claude G. Bowers, entitled, "The Tragic Era," and the powerful speech by Major John W. Daniels, delivered before the General Assembly of Virginia on the subject of "Jefferson Davis."

Truth and honor are the pillars which sustain your organization. Justice to those who nobly sacrificed, comfort to those who survived, prompt you. May you find abundant happiness an everlasting reality.

"Thine own wish  
Wish I thee in every place!"

## FOREIGN RELATIONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, PRIZE ESSAY OF NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION, U. D. C., 1931.

The Confederacy adopted a flag and a seal of its own, but more important than flag or seal was its army that won the admiration of the world. However, it had no navy strong enough with which to open the blockade and give its government that assurance which was necessary to secure European recognition. For over three years the vast armies of the United States unsuccessfully beat against its strongholds.

The Confederacy, while embarrassed by political conditions, was also handicapped by lack of resources and of communication with the world. There was no official recognition with Europe, though efforts were made even before 1862.

The Confederate government resorted to all possible expedients in financial measures, and, in order to secure cotton as a basis of the foreign loan, it was sometimes found necessary to enforce a tax. The chief object of the diplomacy of the Confederate States was to secure recognition of their independence, and the Provisional

Congress ordered that immediate steps be taken for settlement between the Confederate States and their late confederation of the United States. In obedience to this requirement, President Davis, February 25, 1861, appointed Messrs. Martin J. Crawford, of Georgia, John Forsyth, of Alabama, and A. B. Roman, of Louisiana, to proceed to Washington and make known their mission. These commissioners made an official presentation of their purpose, addressing Secretary of State William H. Seward, stating their wish to make to the government of the United States overtures for opening of negotiations to the effect that the people of the Confederate government earnestly desired peaceful solution of all pending questions. It was their wish "not to do anything not founded on strictest justice, nor to do any act to injure their late confederation." Secretary Seward declined to receive the commissioners in any official way or personally. But, through J. A. Campbell, of Alabama (of the Supreme Court), they finally held semiofficial intercourse. The unfriendly attitude of Secretary of State Seward showed great discourtesy to the commissioners, who returned home much offended. All this time the Lincoln administration was secretly preparing for sending vessels of War to Fort Sumter.

Right here it may be well to state at least six efforts for peace overtures were made by the Confederate government during the four years of war, none of which met with a successful response from the United States.

To maintain the position assumed by the Confederate government as a separate power among the nations, it was necessary to have friendly communications with other nations. When the Southern States formed this confederation, they made such organic changes in the constitution as to require official notice in compliance with the usages of nations. For this purpose the Provisional Government of the Confederacy took early measures.

James L. Orr, Chairman of the Confederate House Committee on foreign relations, once said that the Confederacy never had a foreign policy, and never attempted any higher diplomacy. However, the failure of European recognition was certainly not due to any opportunity on the part of the Confederate government to negotiate treaties or to press Confederate interests.

Hon. R. H. Rhett, who had made a study of commerce and revenues, had discussed in the secession convention of South Carolina a policy of commercial agreements with the important states

of Europe. At Montgomery, he was chosen chairman of the committee of foreign relations, and, before the inauguration of President Davis, had brought in a report authorizing the latter to send the commission to Europe to secure recognition and to make treaties, offensive and defensive. His plan of diplomacy proposed that a treaty of commercial alliance be formed to enjoy the privileges of the coasting trade free for twenty years or more, during which the Confederacy would impose no import duty higher than 20 per cent *ad valorem*. That the commissioners of the Confederacy would have power (as did Franklin in 1778) to form alliances with European powers and guarantee their North American possessions. However, the general feeling was that the friendship of Europe should first be secured, and that the policy toward the United States should depend upon circumstances.

Mr. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States, in charge of foreign affairs, had on the 9th of March addressed a circular letter to all the ministers of the United States in foreign nations urging them to "counteract the designs of those who would invoke foreign aid in their attempts to overthrow the Republic." This diplomatic correspondence exhibits the early anxiety of the United States concerning the attitude of these great nations. The correspondence with Great Britain was not pleasing to Secretary Seward, and Lord Russell's remark to the United States minister, Adams, about the first of April that the matter was not ripe for decision one way or another, was by no means satisfactory.

France was disposed to take no hasty action, but intimated quite early in April, 1861, that the Confederate government might be able to claim belligerent rights as a nation *de facto*; finally saying that the commercial interests at stake were so great that France was compelled to join with Great Britain in meeting the condition of things which imperiled those interests. Mr. Dayton, the new minister, was promptly instructed to protest against any, even unofficial, intercourse between Confederate agents and the French government, and to declare that the United States could not be content with any concert among foreign nations to recognize the insurgents as a belligerent power.

The Confederate government had sent Major Caleb House to Europe to make contracts for the manufacture of arms, and Captain Semmes had also gone into the Northern markets to make purchases of munitions of war.

The Provisional government took early measures for sending to Europe commissioners charged with the duty of visiting the capitals of the different powers and making arrangements for opening of more formal diplomatic intercourse. William L. Yancey (who had been spoken of for the Presidency) was asked by Davis to head the Commission to Europe. He possessed the gift of remarkable eloquence and had often discharged positions of public trusts. With Yancey were appointed P. A. Rost and A. Dudley Mann, both men of diplomatic experience.

Before this commission sailed the Confederate Congress and the Executive were urged to adopt a foreign policy similar to that by which Franklin, Deane, and Lee secured money and supplies during the American Revolution, but the commissioners only received power to encourage practical reciprocity to aid them over a crisis. The opposition afterwards complained that though the ports were open for a year, cotton was left on the plantation "while waiting for the United States to fall into bankruptcy."

Instructions to the commission directed them to inform Europe that secession violated no allegiance, that the South, with abundant resources, was able to win, and was willing to accept the treaties between the United States and foreign powers. This Commission sailed March 31, and were in midocean when news arrived from Washington that an armed fleet had been sent to Fort Sumter. A call for troops by Lincoln followed, and other Southern States seceded.

After Sumter fell, the commissioners were advised that war was unavoidable, but that unrestricted intercourse with friendly nations was desired, and soon they were authorized (May 18) to issue commissions for privateers. It was now seen that the large navy of the United States made it necessary for the Confederacy to adopt this method of warfare. At this same time, Captain Bullock was sent to secure war vessels in Europe.

Before the last instructions had been received, the three commissioners had reached London, and, on May 3, through Mr. Gregory of the House of Commons, had obtained a formal interview with Lord Russell. They stated that a new government in America had been formed without shedding a drop of blood and was prepared to maintain its independence—and they emphasized the commercial advantages which England would obtain by recognition.

Mr. Rost received more encouragement in Paris,



for the French felt that recognition was a mere matter of time, though France and England had agreed to pursue the same course. On the 13th of May, the decision of Great Britain to maintain strict neutrality and to accord to both contending parties the rights of warfare was announced by the proclamation of Queen Victoria. France had been inclined to help adjust American troubles, but now simply adopted the course of England, neutrality.

Secretary Seward now directed all his efforts to prevent any foreign encouragement to the Confederate cause, assuring Europe that it was "a mere insurrection," such as European governments could not afford to encourage."

Spain and Portugal published brief proclamations of neutrality, but the Emperor of Russia, through a letter to the Russian minister at Washington, expressed his unfriendliness to secession, and conveyed his assurance that the American nation could count on his most cordial sympathy.

So stood the two contending governments with the European nations. The Confederacy had won its right to be known as a government and to be treated as a lawful belligerent. Its able commissioners were in position to present its cause with statesmanship. However, it was at disadvantage in European courts in being classed among revolutionary governments and was to a great extent debarred public sympathy because of the slavery question. The great military strength of the United States showed its ability to crush the unprepared government of the Confederacy.

The proclamation of President Lincoln practically recognized warfare on the part of the Confederate government, when he pronounced a blockade of her ports, in July, 1861.

Due greatly to the visit of the Prince of Wales, in 1860, to the Northern portion of the United States, England favored the cause of the United States government. But many of the aristocracy of England stood for the South, and prominent English papers endeavored to mold England in favor of the Southern Confederacy. In October, 1862, Gladstone said that Jefferson Davis had made an army, a navy, and a nation; and Lord Russell spoke of "the *late* United States."

Having practically recognized the Confederacy as a warring people, Lord Russell, on May 18, instructed Lord Lyons, at Washington, to take steps to secure the consent of the Confederate officials to the rules of 1856 in regard to a neutral flag, neutral goods, and blockades. The Confederate commissioners abroad were still watching the

popular pulse. They found that while France was ready to join the other powers in Europe in an effort for peace in America, she must look first to her interests at home. The Commissioners felt that Spain, Belgium, and Denmark were friendly and ready to extend recognition to the Confederacy as soon as France should do so.

After the Confederate victory at Manassas in July, the Commissioners were encouraged to renew their efforts with England, giving reasons for immediate recognition. They explained why it was necessary for the agricultural South to use privateering in order to injure American commerce, stating that the English law as to neutrality favored the United States. This information made a good impression on Lord Russell, and there was strong feeling in the cabinet in favor of recognition, but England suggested that France take the initiative in European recognition. It was learned that Louis Napoleon had officially asked England to co-operate with him in recognizing the Confederacy and breaking the blockade against it, but that England had refused. England knew that the recognition of the Confederacy would place England in the attitude of an ally against the United States, and she did not desire to assume this position.

The Confederate Commissioners urged that the European powers should enforce the Declaration of Paris on the subject of the blockade, declaring that a war shutting up cotton was directed against Europe as well as against the South, and said that, since transit routes had been made neutral, cotton could be made so. They declared that the blockade should be made ineffective, for the interests of mankind as well as for those of the Confederacy, and that real neutrality called for a rigid observance of International Law on the subject of blockades. Neutral Europe received our remonstrances and submitted in almost unbroken silence to all the wrongs that the United States chose to inflict on our commerce. In a word, every idea of maritime law and every right of neutral nations to trade with a belligerent were persistently violated by the United States. (The blockade was really a constructive, or "paper" blockade, since the great powers had declared in 1856 that blockades in order to be binding, must be effective—that is, they must be enforced and maintained by a force sufficient to prevent access to the enemy's coast, which removed all uncertainty as to the principles upon which settlement of prize claims proceed.)



In accordance with the authority of the Confederate Congress, James M. Mason and John Slidell, two of the South's ablest statesmen, were appointed diplomatic agents in October, 1861, with power to enter into treaties with England and France. They were commissioned to secure from these European powers recognition of the Confederate government as a nation, based on its vast territory, its population, its ample resources, its importance as a commercial nation, and the justice of its separation from the United States government. They were forced to charter a vessel for \$10,000 out of Charleston, and ran the blockade to Havana, for which port they sailed on a British mail steamer, the Trent, for Liverpool, on November 7. This is one of the most exciting stories of the foreign relations in the Confederacy, and its result was far-reaching. Captain Wilkes, of the United States warship San Jacinto, sighted the Trent on the high seas and fired a shot across the bow of this vessel, which caused it to display the British colors without arresting its onward speed. A shell from the United States ship across her course stopped the Trent, and Captain Wilkes sent his executive officer and a full armed boat crew to board the British ship. In spite of the protest of the English captain against this breach of international law, the Federal officer arrested the two Confederate Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, and took them aboard the United States man-of-war. They were forcibly taken from under the English flag at the point of bayonets, and the San Jacinto steamed away with her prisoners to Fortress Monroe. Captain Wilkes received the hearty praise of the Congress of the United States and was hailed as a hero. However, the boarding of the Trent was an outrage on national friendship which could not escape the indignation of other nations, and it produced a sensation for a while which seemed to threaten the United States government with England. Lincoln himself is said to have remarked that "we fought England for insisting by theory and practice on the right to do exactly what Captain Wilkes has done." There was an outburst of indignation over England, and the government began preparations to fight. Great Britain framed a formal demand, and the United States government immediately made sufficient apology, stating that "what has happened has been simply inadvertence." The illustrious Confederate prisoners were released at England's request and placed un-

der British protection, and Captain Wilkes was left to enjoy as best he could the unpleasant affair. Many felt that the United States government did not wish to have the Confederate diplomats reach Europe, and it was not averse to the seizure of these men.

When Mason and Slidell finally reached England that country and France were suffering from lack of cotton, and on account of the blockade the South was suffering from a congestion of it.

Napoleon III was planning to realize the dream of his predecessors by founding an American Empire. The War between the States was his opportunity; he was anxious to win glory by playing the rôle of mediator in favor of the South. He at once granted an interview with Slidell, for the current of feeling in France ran against the North. Just at this time Slidell was instructed by the Confederate government to offer Napoleon seven million dollars in cotton to indemnify him for the expense of a fleet to relieve the Confederacy and establish communication with Europe. The Emperor said he was ready to act in cooperation with England by sending a fleet to the mouth of the Mississippi to demand free entrance for merchant vessels. Disraeli of England concurred in the Emperor's view, not suspecting a secret understanding between Lord Russell and Secretary Seward. Napoleon thought that the best course was to make a friendly appeal to the United States to open the ports, at the same time accompanying it with a proper demonstration of force, ready to act in case the United States failed to take New Orleans. In the meantime, the Federal guns opened fire and New Orleans fell. Napoleon was still waiting. Mason wrote the Confederate government that he thought it inexpedient to renew the request for recognition in England, unless done as a demand of right, to be followed by his retirement to the continent as a matter of Confederate dignity.

News of the defeat of McClellan's army before Richmond reached London and Paris by July 17, and Confederate efforts were pushed by her Commissioners. Napoleon said that it was difficult to find a way to give effect to his sympathies for the Confederacy. That he regretted that France had ever respected the blockade of the North, and said that Europe should have recognized the Confederacy in the summer of 1861, when Washington was menaced and Southern ports not all closed.

(Continued in February)

THE AUTHOR OF "DIXIE."

BY H. A. SMITH IN TAYLOR'S MAGAZINE.

At the inauguration of Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederacy, February 18, 1861, Herman Arnold was called upon to arrange the program, and, on the suggestion of a young woman, he included a new song that had been used not long before on the stage in Montgomery. The young lady called it a "pretty, catchy air." When Mr. Davis started from the old Exchange Hotel toward the Capitol building, the band led off with the new song "Dixie," which became one of the great assets of the South during the four years of war that followed. Today the old tune still retains its power to thrill whenever played.

Strange as it may seem, this song which furnished such inspiration for the South was written in New York City, far from "de land ob cotton," and by an Ohio man. It was first sung in the North, as a "negro melody," by Daniel Decatur Emmett, a member of one of the first black-faced minstrel troupes.

Mr. Emmett was frequently called upon to write "hoedowns" and "walk arounds" for the use of his company. Indeed, the contract he had signed with Manager Bryant required him to write such compositions when they were needed. "Dixie," however, is the only one of his numerous productions dating between 1859 and 1868 which survived the first few weeks of use.

The writer of what became the almost sacred anthem of the South led a remarkably checkered career, and at the close of a long life of real ability there was only an obscure death to crown it all.

He was born October 29, 1815, at Mount Vernon, Ohio, and grew to young manhood along with the Sherman brothers, John and William. Of William, Emmett once said, "He was always ready for any escapade that promised sport"—and his military career attests that he never outgrew his zest for adventure.

In those early days there was no public school system, but that did not prevent either Dan or his brother, Lafayette, seven years younger, from laying the basis of a good education. The younger brother later held important Federal offices in the Territory and then the State of Wisconsin. Dan helped his father in the blacksmith shop, and, at the age of thirteen, began work in the printing office of the *Huron Reflector* at Norwalk, Ohio. Later he returned to Mount Vernon to enter the office of the *Western Aurora*, where he remained until he was seventeen years old.

At a very early age, he took great interest in music, a gift inherited from his mother. He liked to set tunes to words and to compose both. In 1830, when fifteen years old, he composed the famous old song, "Old Dan Tucker," making its title from his own name and that of his favorite dog Tucker.

He fell in the fire and kicked out a chunk."

"Old Dan Tucker, he got drunk,

The tune is only less familiar than that of "Dixie."

Two years later, he entered the army and served a full enlistment as fifer. He was first stationed at Newport, Ky., and afterwards at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo. In the service, he improved his opportunity to study music, and later wrote a textbook on drumming and fifing, which he evidently designed for publication. The title page reads:

EMMETT'S

STANDARD DRUMMER

Being the regular school for the U. S. Army containing all the beats and routine duty for the

DRUM and FIFE

According to the "Ashworth Mode,"

The whole rendered plain and concise

By

Daniel D. Emmett.

After his discharge from the army, the young drummer traveled throughout the United States with various circus bands. Among his employers were the famous showmen of the first half of the nineteenth century—Spalding & Rogers, Seth Howe, and Dan Rice. It was during this period of his life that he acquired the expression very common among show-people on a cold day in the North, "I Wish I was in Dixieland."

In the early forties, being now an experienced and practiced drummer, fifer, and violinist, as well as a singer of no small ability, he organized the first black-faced minstrel troupe. With three companions, he planned his entertainment and arranged a trial performance at the Branch Hotel, on the Bowery, New York City, in 1843. Dan Emmett played the violin, Billy Whitlock the banjo, Frank Brower, the bones, and Dick Pelham, the tambourine. In striking costumes and with black faces, they appeared before Nathan Howes, the leading circus man of that day, and many lesser lights of that profession.

As Emmett tuned his violin, the crowd jeered. The white trousers and the sky blue calico cut-away coats of the troupe aroused derision rather than hope of entertainment. It was the first attempt at this subsequently popular form of en-



tainment, but these young men were determined to demonstrate to the old showmen present a new trick in their own business, and would not be hooted from the stage. They had experience and plenty of practice, which saved the situation. At the close of the opening chorus, the audience was attentive. Brown then sang and called forth "howls of delight." Whitlock went on with equal effect, and when Emmett concluded with a comic song, the room went into an "uproar of applause," the record says.

They had arrived. The performance was at once called to the stage, and the Virginia Minstrels, as Emmett named the quartet, enjoyed a successful season in New York, Boston, and other cities and towns. English London, however, was not so cordial, and the little company was soon stranded. The failure at least had the virtue of being complete. The English, unlike the Americans, had no taste for negro humor. They lacked the necessary background for its appreciation, having no knowledge of negro villages and their environments.

When Emmett returned to America he found his idea had been adopted by many black-faced comedians, and all meeting with favor as indicated by the box office receipts. His three friends were widely separated, so he traveled alone with a circus band to recoup the losses incurred on the ill-advised foreign expedition.

In 1857, he was again on the stage, this time with the Bryant Minstrels of 410 Broadway, New York City. Among his duties was the composition of negro melodies and plantation "walk arounds." He gave evidence of genius in his ability to catch and translate the spirit and atmosphere of the Southern negro groups while living in the bustle and confusion of the largest city of the North. He stayed on this job for eight years, a long time for one with the zest of roving.

Late one Saturday night in the fall of 1859, the manager, Mr. Jerry Bryant, called Emmett aside, so tradition says, and asked him to write a new song for the Monday morning rehearsal. The tune had to be catchy and the words something the boys in the street could pick up, a great "hoo-ray song," or "walk around." The task seemed a bit heavy when he tried to compose the music that same night, so he let it go until the next day. The next day it rained, and a cold rainy day in New York City requires an Emmett or a Love-man to overcome its dispiriting effects. When he looked out of the window on the dreary scene—so he told friends in Mount Vernon many years

afterward—an old negro melody he had heard in the South years before kept running through his mind. And almost unconsciously he said to himself, "I wish I was in Dixie land." This thought proved to be an inspiration, and taking up his violin, he hummed and played the old negro air into definite form and fitted the words of the refrain, "I wish I was in Dixie land" to it. The stanzas were soon prepared, for Emmett always composed rapidly, and the song was complete. When a title was discussed with his wife, who had been called in for the first rehearsal, she suggested "Dixie Land," and "Dixie Land" it became, later shortened to "Dixie."

"Dixie" was the only production of Emmett's which lived, but it is one of the great songs of America. It grew out of the negro life of the South before the war, and its music is classed among the negro folk songs. Like all such folk songs, the sense is subordinated to sound. This is illustrated in the negro camp meeting hymns and songs. The music is all-important, the words often having very little meaning for either the singer or the listener, the purpose being simply to stir the emotions. The music of the song "Dixie" is an old negro melody which found its way back to its native haunts, where it remained to inspire a harassed and wearied people through a trying period of history.

The words of the song are of little moment except as they were the means of preserving in permanent form one of our beautiful melodies. They do reveal something of the thinking of that day. The first stanza as originally written (omitted at the suggestion of the manager, Mr. Bryant, since it might offend some orthodox folk when published), is typical of the religious atmosphere of negro life:

"Dis worl' was made in just six days,  
And finished up in various ways;  
Look away, etc.  
Dey den made Dixie, trim and nice,  
But Adam called it Paradise.  
Look away, etc."

This stanza has a still further interest in that it refers to Dixie as a place, the name of a section of country. The origin of the word "dixie," it has been suggested, is derived from the French word *dix*, which appeared on French Bank notes issued during the French occupation of Louisiana. These notes were called "dixies," and the name came to be applied to the section of country from which they came. The name evidently was in common use among a large group of people when the song



was written, and, later, when the song became popular, the name Dixie was universally applied to the Southland.

The song first became popular in the North, and it is an ironic fact that the year following its publication a Republican slogan was set to the tune and used during the campaign of Abraham Lincoln. It went from the music hall to the streets and then into the homes of the people. Everywhere it was sung and played, and today in almost every phonograph cabinet is a "Dixie" record.

At the outbreak of the war, the song attained still wider popularity when it was adopted by the Southern troops and people. On July 4, 1861, a Northern and a Southern army were camped within sound of each other. Early in the morning the Northern army fired a salute in celebration of the national holiday, but in the Southern army powder was too precious, so General Kirby-Smith ordered the bands to play "Dixie." To its stirring measures the men in gray marched many long weary miles, or charged the enemy. The song came from the South and found its destiny there.

When it was learned that the writer was an Ohio man, some zealous Northerners seriously advised violent measures be taken against him as a traitor. The fact is that the song was written by one to whose nature war was utterly foreign, and who never faced the armies that used it as a battle cry. Mr. Emmett was far from writing a battle hymn when he adapted the old negro melody to the words of the showman's complaint on a cold day.

Very soon after the song became popular, there arose a dispute as to its ownership. It was originally published under the title, "I wish I was in Dixie Land," in New York City, in 1860, and soon afterward in New Orleans under the title "Dixie." The New Orleans publisher was notified by the original publishers of New York City that the song had been copyrighted and that the rights would be defended. After considerable correspondence, the New Orleans publisher "gave his case away" by offering Mr. Emmett five dollars for his copyright! (Toward the close of his life Mr. Emmett told some friends he had never received more than \$600 from the song "Dixie.")

Later, at a convention of music dealers held in New York City, the attorney for Emmett's publishers called upon him to relate the circum-

stances under which the song had been written, as evidence of his authorship. His claim was acknowledged by the whole company, and the offending publisher from New Orleans came forward to acknowledge his error. A plan was arranged by which the New Orleans man was permitted to sell the copies already printed, and when the new edition of the song came out it was under the title of "Dixie."

Another dispute arose shortly after Emmett's death in 1904. A correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* set forth the claims of Harry McCarthy, who died in Arkansas in 1874. This claim was easily refuted by reference to the records of the Register of Copyrights, who wrote under the date of August 20, 1904:

"The earliest entry of the musical composition, 'Dixie,' appeared to be by Faith, Pond & Co., June 21, 1860, under the title, 'I Wish I Was in Dixie Land,' written and composed expressly for Bryant's Minstrels by Dan D. Emmett."

During the war, words other than those written by Mr. Emmett were set to the music of "Dixie," in both the North and South. General Albert Pike published a very warlike song, in the *Natchez Courier*, April 30, 1861. The chorus repeated the words:

"To Arms! To Arms! And conquer peace for Dixie."

The famous blind hymn writer, Frances J. Crosby, was given permission to use the music for a Union song, and wrote words no less warlike than those of the Southern general. Her song is an illustration of how gentle, peaceful spirits are swept off their feet by the popular enthusiasm for war. The refrain of her song was:

"Then away, then away, then away to the fight."

Today the strife is long over and the old song is truly American, Southern as of old, yet truly American, one of the one hundred per cent American institutions of which we may be justly proud. The tourist who stands before the great bas-relief on Stone Mountain and does not hear the old song and is not thrilled by it, should search his soul for mislaid patriotism. The men behind General Lee will sing "Dixie" for those who have ears to hear so long as Stone Mountain stands.

After the war, Dan Emmett went to Chicago to make his home, and there he remained until 1888, when he retired near Mount Vernon, Ohio. In a cozy house about a mile from the little city,

located on what is now designated on the road map as the "C. C. C." Highway, about forty miles from Columbus, he lived for sixteen years. He became a well-known figure about town, especially in cold weather, when he always wore a brightly colored Indian blanket wrapped about his shoulders.

It was known that he had once traveled with a circus, but no one for a number of years had any suspicion that he had ever done anything worthy of special notice. One day in the early nineties, Mr. Al. G. Field came to Mount Vernon and inquired for a man by the name of Dan Emmett. Everyone knew "Uncle Dan," but no one would believe the story that this picturesque old man, who raised chickens and spent much of his time tramping through surrounding wood lots, was the author of "Dixie." Mr. Field was taken, nevertheless, to the little house where Emmett lived, and old friends were united again. It was a debt of gratitude that Field was paying, for Emmett, during the seventies when he was a manager, had given Mr. Field his first job in a music hall in Chicago.

The result of this visit was a last triumphal trip with the Al. G. Field troupe by the aged minstrel, then over eighty years of age. The tour began in Newark, Ohio, and everywhere, especially in the Southern cities, he was accorded great ovations when introduced as the author of "Dixie." He had never before appreciated the magnitude of his contribution to the South, and the gratitude expressed by the Confederate veterans was at times bewildering to the old man.

Some amusing and characteristic events happened during this last tour. Taking a walk one day, in Topeka, Kans., he went into a political meeting, which he mistook for a service of religious worship. He soon discovered his mistake, and was about to leave when the voice of the speaker drew his attention: he was saying, "What show has any one? What show have you? What show has this city?" Emmett rose and in a loud, clear voice replied, "The best show on earth, and I belong to it," and walked quietly out of the room.

Through the efforts of Mr. Field and of Vaughn and Paul Kester, whose native city is Mount Vernon, Ohio, a small pension was granted Mr. Emmett by the Actor's Fund. This was a great assistance to the aged minstrel. At the age of eighty-eight, in June, 1904, the pension was no longer needed. The burial expenses were met by the lo-

cal order of Elks and a small stone, in the Mount Vernon cemetery, marked the last resting place of the writer of "Dixie."

[Some years after this article was published in a Southern magazine, a handsome stone was placed at Dan Emmett's grave by Mr. James Henry Lewis, a wealthy citizen of Ohio, a tablet of "imperial blue" Vermont granite, eight feet high, bearing this inscription:

"To the Memory of  
Daniel Decatur Emmett  
1815-1904

Whose Song, 'Dixie Land,' inspired the courage and Devotion of the Southern People and now Thrills the Hearts of a Reunited Nation."

A large bowlder bearing a handsome bronze tablet with suitable inscription was placed on the Court House lawn at Mount Vernon, Ohio, by the United Daughters of the Confederacy of that State in 1931, in tribute to the composer of "Dixie.]"

### LINCOLN'S INCONSISTENCIES.

BY C. E. GILBERT, HISTORIAN S. C. V.

Sometime ago the daily press reported that a member of the Georgia legislature proposed to introduce a resolution in that body to make Abraham Lincoln's birthday a legal holiday in that State, and this was deemed of sufficient importance to be telegraphed over the country and of such interest as to gain it entry into the news columns of the daily papers; yet, when I wrote an article on "Why Should the South Honor a President Responsible for the War?" it was not deemed of sufficient interest or importance as to gain a place in those papers. So it is very often: Propaganda lauding Lincoln as a great man is accepted and published as "news," but an article which discusses the actual record of the public official is rejected because it is "an effort to fight the war over." In other words, the fighting of the war over must come all from one side only.

George Washington's official acts are often published, and no one is ashamed to have them published and republished. Jefferson Davis's official acts and public record are as often proudly published and republished, and nobody objects to that. Robert E. Lee's public life is an open book, and publication of pages of it never brings blush or protest. But when the real acts of Abraham



Lincoln are offered to be discussed, our daily papers and a few public-life men, for some reason it is difficult to understand, talk of "agitation," "war hate," and "trying to keep alive animosities of the war," etc., etc.

"Abraham Lincoln made his own record," as a citizen of his home town wrote me, "and it is just to him to suppose that he was honest in it and, were he alive, would not deny it." Then why should any admirer of his now so strenuously object to discussing the truth as to his official acts?

Our historians and newspapers discuss history and pride themselves on acquaintance with it as far back as the Roman Empire, and nobody protests. They discuss the causes of the war with England, and the great victory of the American armies under such adverse circumstances that the War between the States is often compared to it. But no one protests and suggests that Great Britain will be offended.

If Mr. Lincoln and his acts should be discussed on the other side of the line, there would be little objection; but his overzealous admirers persist in trying to "put him over" on the South. We have no objection to the idolatry of the negroes, as they have (erroneously) been taught that he was the author and promoter of their emancipation; when, in fact, Mr. Lincoln frequently declared that he was not fighting for the emancipation of the negro, and that he "had no power or desire to interfere with slavery," and he so wrote Alexander H. Stephens soon after his nomination. True, he issued the emancipation proclamation in 1863, but he knew it was without authority and would be null and void; and in that proclamation he especially exempted from its operation the States where Federal authority had been established, which clearly showed an entire lack of motive from a humanitarian standpoint.

Lincoln can be quoted on both sides of every question which agitated the mind of the people from 1855 to 1865, including slavery, secession, State Rights, power of the Union to coerce a State, the Constitution, etc. He accepted nomination on a platform which declared the Federal government had no power to coerce a State, and yet one of his first acts was to coerce a State—even before his inaugural—when he sent word to Major Anderson to hold Fort Sumter, and to General Scott to be ready as soon as he was inaugurated to be ready to take and retake the forts of the South. In 1860 he declared the slaves were legitimate property under the Constitution and

entitled to protection, and yet signed the proclamation in 1862 to free three-fourths of them.

He took a solemn oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States, and yet one of his first acts was to violate it by sending an armed fleet into South Carolina waters to menace a friendly nation. Another violation of the oath to support the Constitution was his call for 75,000 volunteers to invade the South, and he started them into Virginia, an invasion of a State still in the Union. Another violation of his oath of office was his suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, which the Constitution provides may be exercised only by Congress; and under that suspension he proceeded to have arrested and thrown into prisons more than 38,000 men and women of Northern States, on mere suspicion of sympathy with the *Southern* cause, or rather out of sympathy with the cause *of the leaders of the Republican party in power*; and because of Vallandigham's criticism of his unconstitutional usurpation of power, President Lincoln had him arrested and tried by military court, in violation of constitutional guarantees, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in a dungeon in Boston harbor, but, upon the protest of Governor Seymour and other leading men of the North, the sentence was changed to one of exile and "delivery to the commander of the Confederate army (Bragg) at Murfreesboro, Tenn."

Even after all this persecution, Vallandigham returned to Ohio and came near being elected Governor, despite the influence of the administration. During the campaign of 1860, Lincoln (borrowing from Webster) declared "that this was a government of the people, for the people," and yet his Secretary of State (Seward), while receiving a call from the British Ambassador, Lord Lyons, said to the lord: "I can touch this bell and order the arrest of the most prominent man in Ohio, and again can order the arrest of a State official of New York, and have both thrown in prison, and no power except the order of the President can release them; can your Queen of England do as much?" The British lord had to admit that the Queen of Great Britain had no such power.

Lincoln said during that terrible war that "his heart yearned for peace," and yet he issued a dozen orders for the organization of two war fleets to go into peaceful Southern waters to support two garrisons there, by his orders (at Fort Sumter and Pickens), during the twenty-three days he repeatedly promised two Supreme Court judges to withdraw the garrisons, which the



judges assured him were there without any authority or just claim. In these frequent war acts, Lincoln took the position, first in his inaugural, that the States could secede, "but he would not assail them"; then, the States could not secede; next, that they were out of the Union; and later, when it suited his purpose, that they were still in the Union and could not withdraw from it, contrary to his position in 1846 in the (House) case where he contended the State had that right. These violations of the Constitution need not have been surprising, as in his campaign for President he uttered this significant warning: "When a people become dissatisfied with a government (or Constitution), there are two alternatives; one to change it (which he knew they could not do), and the other to overthrow it." This was in line with his appeal to Seward's "Higher law," and other like expressions such as "this government cannot exist half slave and half free," though for more than a hundred years this government not only had "existed," but had been the most thrifty, prosperous, and happiest in the world. He declared before he was a candidate for president that "the negro is an inferior race and not fit for citizenship or the ballot," and yet he proposed in a letter to Governor Michael Hahn, "the first free-State Governor of Louisiana," he suggested that "some of the colored people" be "let in," as they might "help, in some trying time to come, to keep the jewel of liberty within the family of freedom." And he also proposed to Andrew Johnston, his appointee as Military Governor of Tennessee, that he (Johnston) organize negro regiments for the Union army, with his proclamation of 1863, forerunner of citizenship, that "50,000 negro troops along the Mississippi River would end the war in thirty days." Now, let the imagination play around this proposal for a moment: When 700,000 of the best white troops he could collect from the Northern States had failed for two years to end the war, how could he expect that 50,000 untrained and semi-savage troops could accomplish the desired end within thirty days? He must have designed to turn the five hundred companies of armed and equipped negroes loose on the unprotected women and children of the South while their husbands and fathers were in the Confederate armies, thus demoralizing the Confederate army and requiring the soldiers to return to their homes. What else? This letter was written in Lincoln's own handwriting and is now in Morgan's collection in New York.

Again, let me add one more reason why the Southern people owe no honors to Lincoln: Just before John Brown's raid into Virginia, following his murder of several Southern men in Kansas, Brown was organizing a force for his expedition and collecting funds, and Abraham Lincoln subscribed one hundred dollars for the purchase of pikes and other weapons with which to arm the Virginia negroes against the white. (New York *Herald*, 1864.) Brown had several large contributions from New England societies and individuals, and Lincoln's headed the list. And yet one Georgia legislator thinks Lincoln was so good and great that his birthday should be a legal holiday in Georgia.

Cæsar Borgia was another great man. His biographer admitted that his genius was little more than lack of principle, which allowed no scruple to stand in the way of his design. Borgia, too, was idolized by his following; a Cardinal at seventeen, he convulsed the country at thirty, and was killed at thirty-two.

The truth about Lincoln (or some of it) is that his nomination was conceded to secure the pioneer vote of the West and the labor vote of the cities, where strength was needed for the new party—where his style of campaigning might appeal. It was hardly expected that he would be elected, but might draw to the Republican Party certain strength for the future. He would not have been elected but for the split in the Democratic Convention at Charleston. As Lunt, the Massachusetts historian, says, "He was incapable of a wide range of thought," depending largely on the superior minds of his advisers. I will mention only one of several incidents which tend to show that in selecting his cabinet he did not act upon his own judgment. He selected Seward and Don Cameron for cabinet places, both having been candidates for President; and, for the very important position in the events to follow, he selected Edwin M. Stanton, a few months later. Stanton was a great civil lawyer of Cincinnati, and a firm there had engaged him as counsel in an important lawsuit. Being just after Lincoln's election, the firm thought it would be advisable to employ Lincoln in the case and, without consulting Stanton, wired Lincoln to come down and join counsel. Lincoln was elated, and he entered the office of the firm just in time to hear Stanton in the adjoining room loudly and profanely declaring that "Lincoln was a fool, knew no law, and if he came into the case, he (Stanton) would go out of it." Lincoln was quick to take in the situation and con-

cluded the best way out of the embarrassment was to quietly retire; so he left for his hotel, where he wrote a note to the firm thanking them for the invitation, but regretting that circumstances would not permit him to accept it. Who told this to Historian Gregg, I do not know, but it was apt to have been Lincoln himself, just as he told another similar story on himself—and Stanton. But the main point is that Lincoln, knowing Stanton's feeling toward him and his opinion of him, would select him for the important post of Secretary of War—evidently the preference of his advisors as an admirable man for Secretary of War in event of war.

Lincoln received a million and a quarter votes less than his Democratic opponents, but by the plurality vote he secured the electoral vote of the larger Northern States in the electoral college. Though he was elected by the State Rights principle of the Constitution, he immediately began a war on State Rights. His whole life was a bundle of inconsistencies.

Isn't it right and just that all the truth of history of so important an era in this country should be preserved and the growing generation have the privilege of knowing it? Why should half of it be suppressed and misrepresentation be substituted? No man should be afraid or ashamed of the truth. The record of a public man's acts is public property. Neither he nor his friends should be afraid of the truth.

We are no less loyal to the Union and the flag when we insist upon doing honor to the men who fought so gallantly for what they *knew was right*. That they were defeated by superior numbers and resources does not affect the principles involved—for instance, on the question of State Rights, a majority of the States North are now clamoring for it. *Appomattox was a battle field, not a forum.*

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#### HAZARDOUS TRIP IN WAR DAYS.

[From Reminiscences of Mrs. P. H. Haggard, Fort Worth, Tex., as written in 1908, and contributed by Miss Lorena Diggs, Amarillo, Tex.]

(Continued from December)

After the departure of the robbers, the most difficult task yet remained. I must needs replace the team stolen, and decided to procure oxen. Searching far and near, we finally located and purchased the much-desired animals and returned in triumph to the camp.

We were now equipped and ready to take up our line of march on the morrow. I was nervous that night, sleeping but little, not knowing just how I was to manage those oxen. Many and varied experiences had been mine since the war began, but this was a new and untried field of endeavor. Even now I recall with what trepidation I approached them. It was hard to tell of which end I was the more afraid, the heels or the horns. Being resolute and always equal to an emergency, I managed with the aid of others to yoke and hitch my oxen to the wagon. Not knowing gee from haw, I placed a rope around the horns of the leader, hoping by this means to be better able to govern them. All things being in readiness, some one led the way, all falling into line, myself about midway the caravan, swinging on the rope and holloaing gee and haw and sometimes gee-haw with as much importance as a well-trained ox-driver. I managed to keep them in the road until we had gone about four miles, when all at once they became unmanageable and broke the wagon tongue. All halted and went into camp. The unanimous decision was that we would have to get a workman to make a new tongue, when Sam, my crippled negro boy, said, "Miss Thena, if we had a long pole, we might be able to fix it ourselves," and explained how it could be done. Some of us started in search of a suitable pole. After chopping down a sapling, we trimmed off the limbs and cut the pole to the required length, and then we girls dragged it into camp, where, under the direction of Sam, we had the tongue made and attached to the wagon before the sun set.

We were now ready to take up our line of march again. Nothing of any special interest occurred for several days. Our next serious trouble occurred in Arkansas. When we reached the old camp ground eight miles west of Fayetteville, known as Mount Comfort, one of sister Lizzie's horses, being crippled, was about played out, and my wagon was on the verge of collapse, so we decided to consolidate our outfits, leaving the crippled horse and my wagon, from which we transferred a trunk and my bedding. We were soon on the move again with lighter spirits as well as baggage. The country was very rough and rocky and grew worse the nearer we approached the Boston mountains, which we found almost impassable, and by the time we had crossed over them, we had two or three broken



wheels. This country had been the battle ground for both armies, and, consequently, was destitute of both men and shops. Experience and circumstances had taught us much. Instead of camping and scouting the country for help when we had the misfortune to break a wheel, we would cut down a long pole and attach it to the front axle, allowing it to extend twelve or fourteen feet behind, the spindle resting on the pole, then would drive on until we came to a shop and could get the wheel mended. We reached Van Buren in pretty good shape, and there had to cross the Arkansas River. We drove through the town and down to the river, halting on a sand bar. The river was very low, but all felt a little shaky and uncertain about crossing, being unacquainted with the ford, and knowing the quicksand was constantly changing it. All had crossed in safety except Mrs. Chenoweth and myself, who were to bring up the rear. When we reached deep water about midway the stream, her team refused to go forward, and, despite all efforts the driver could bring to bear, they continued in their course until they had broken every spoke of the front wheel. My team, true to their instinct, followed in their wake, and as my efforts to stop them were unavailing, I leaped into the water about waist deep and, by using my whipstock freely over their heads, succeeded in stopping them in their mad career, but not before they had broken three or four spokes. The only thing left for us to do was to return to the bank from which we had entered the river. This I was able to do, but Mrs. Chenoweth was not so fortunate. Her three daughters and I carried the things out of the wagon to the bank, hitched the team to the hind axle, and dragged the wagon out. Our companions who had crossed over went into camp on the opposite bank to await our repairs. The town was occupied by a battalion of Federal soldiers, and we soon located a man who undertook to fill the wheels. While awaiting our repairs, one of my oxen sickened and died. As soon as we got our wheels, we crossed over the river, with the help of a team to pull my wagon over, and at last we joined our companions.

Having so many trials and difficulties, it is only natural to suppose we would be discouraged, but so many laughable, ridiculous things happened that most of us really found enjoyment, for we were young and full of fun, always looking on the bright side of things. I recall one incident that will serve to illustrate. While we were

camped on the south side of the Arkansas River we had to lead our stock back and forth to water. The river being very low, we had to cross a wide sand bar. The girls often joked me about my single team. On one of these daily trips, they still teasing me, I replied, "He is a horned horse," and proceeded to mount him. Finding that he would allow such familiarity, I continued doing this each day, always dismounting on reaching the water's edge, until one fatal day the mischievous girls gave him a few sharp raps with their whips, sending him forward at a rapid gait. Ere I could dismount, he plunged in and was soon in deep water. The now thoroughly alarmed girls looked helplessly on, but after slaking his thirst he returned safely with me to the shore, I riding triumphantly back to camp. We must needs have the other ox for my team, and finally located one and exchanged the horse for the ox.

We had been camped here about a week. All were jubilant that night with the prospect of being able to move next morning. Our teams rested and the roads being reasonably good, the second day's travel brought us into the Indian Territory, which we entered with fear and trembling, not knowing much about Indians. Indeed, very few of us had ever seen one, and all the knowledge we had of them had been obtained from reading their history. Well do I remember the first night we spent in the Territory. We camped in a beautiful little valley surrounded by hills and bluffs, rather a picturesque place. We made our fires alongside an old tree that had fallen down, cooked and ate our supper, chatted awhile, prepared our beds, and most all had retired for the night. Suddenly we heard a strange whoop not far away. All was excitement now. This strange whoop was repeated at intervals, getting nearer and encircling our camp. Soon a voice called out in broken English: "Who make fire?" Mrs. Dr. Chenoweth, be it said to her credit, was the only one in camp who had the courage to speak, and she answered, "Some women and children." The reply came back: "Who are you?" She answered as before: "Some women and children." Then came the decisive question: "Are you North or South?" She asked in a low tone: "What must I say?" We hesitated, knowing the Indians were divided on the war question, and the small Northern faction fought under the black flag. Finally we decided to have her tell the truth. "Oh, me your friend, me your friend!" he exclaimed, and as he came up to our

camp fire our fears vanished, for he was dressed in Confederate uniform. The old log was burning brightly, and the light had attracted his attention. The night was chilly, and he asked permission to warm himself by our fire, which was cheerfully granted. Observing our cooking vessels, he made signs that he was hungry. Mrs. Chenoweth soon satisfied his appetite with such things as we had left over. He told us they had encountered a force of Federals that day at Skullyville and had routed them, they retreating to Fort Smith. Next day we passed through Skullyville and his report was verified, as they had left in such haste they failed to take their tents or cooking outfits. Indeed, we found the camp literally strewn with dead horses, corn, hay, and all kinds of army rations, and we helped ourselves to such things as we needed.

Continuing our journey, nothing of interest happened for several days. We were making good progress, in fine spirits, and camped for the night within fifteen miles of a Confederate encampment. Next morning we found to our great consternation both of Mrs. Chenoweth's oxen sick, not able to travel. We held council and unanimously agreed that the best and only thing we could do was to leave Mrs. Chenoweth and push on to the Confederate soldiers for aid. She heartily concurring in this decision, we all moved out except Mrs. McKay, who volunteered to remain with Mrs. Chenoweth. We reached the Confederate camp on the second day and called for the commanding officer, who proved to be Colonel Martin, of McKinney, Tex. Making known to him our troubles, he responded by ordering a wagon and team and two men to go back after our companions. Their goods were soon transferred to the big Confederate wagon, and Mrs. Chenoweth's wagon was lashed on behind, and they soon rejoined us.

While we were camped here my other Missouri ox died, again leaving me with a single team. Colonel Martin sent some of his men out and bought from the Indians three steers, as wild as bucks, to replace our teams, and detailed two men to drive them, one by the name of Thomas Rector, a distant relative of mine; the other by the name of Morris, who lived in McKinney, Tex. Fully equipped, we again took up our line of march.

As I have stated, my mother and family preceded me three months. My father joined them in Arkansas and they went on to Texas and were located four miles west of Bonham, Fannin County. News reached them that some Missouri

families were camped in the Indian Territory without teams and in destitute circumstances. Father, ever ready to render assistance to Southern women, and thinking, too, possibly, that Sister Lizzie and I might be in the company, borrowed a yoke of large oxen, and, with his faithful servant Bill, started at once to give succor, traveling all that day and night. They met our caravan about sixty miles from his starting point, and instead of finding us sitting dolefully by the roadside, we were, with the aid of our new-found friends, traveling gaily on. We had been in distress, but were not discouraged. Had all other means failed, we would have formed a company of infantry and marched on to Dixie. We knew no such word as fail.

We reached our final destination without further delay or serious impediment on October 28, 1863, a genuine Norther introducing us. Since early morning a warm drizzly rain had been falling, when about two o'clock we noticed blue clouds rising in the north. Suddenly the wind veered to the north, coming down upon us like a wolf upon the fold, holding us in its icy clutches. In an incredibly short time, it was freezing everything and covered with sleet and ice. Hattie Chenoweth and I had been walking all day, as we had much of the way from Missouri. I don't believe I rode more than twenty miles. Our clothes were wet, and in all my life I never came so near freezing as on that day. When we reached a fire after night, all our clothes were frozen on us. Our whole company was suffering, but, notwithstanding our icy induction into the State, we received a warm welcome, such as is given only by the frontiersman, at the home of Mr. Allen Marlow, where father had taken us, and, upon their generous invitation, we spent the night.

Our company now disbanded, all who had relatives or acquaintances going to them for the present. Mrs. Chenoweth and Mrs. McKay went with us to my father's home, staying there until they could locate their husbands, who, like all other Southern men, had been compelled to leave Missouri. Our arrival brought joy to my mother and family. While I was making my somewhat perilous journey south, my husband was following his leader, General Shelby, on a raid north. After his return south, he obtained a furlough and came to Texas to pay me a visit, we having been separated fifteen months, seldom hearing from each other, mail facilities being cut off between the opposing armies.





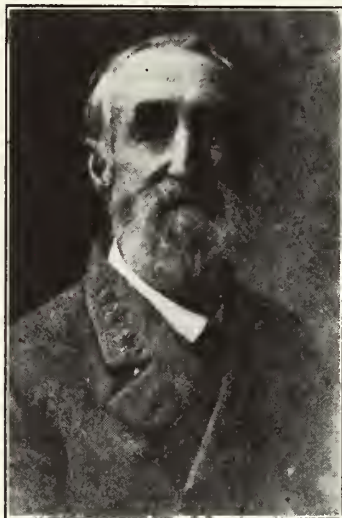
Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

Asleep! At rest!

How calm and sweet thy weary sons repose,  
Safe from all grief, all danger, and all foes,  
O Dixie, on thy breast!

GEN. PINCKNEY RAYBURN YOUNG, U. C. V.

Brig. Gen. Pinckney R. Young, Commander of the Fourth Brigade, North Carolina, United Confederate Veterans, died suddenly on November 5,



GEN. P. R. YOUNG, U. C. V.

the pastor, and Rev. R. A. Sentell, an old friend of General Young's, burial was in the adjoining cemetery. Grouped at the head of the grave were Mrs. R. T. Underwood, bearing a Confederate flag; Mrs. Gash, supporting the iron Cross of Honor; and Miss Bettie LaBarbe, holding a sheaf of red bloom. The beautiful Confederate Ritual was read by Mrs. Underwood, and the final rites were by Masonic Orders of Asheville and Canton.

Pinckney Rayburn Young, son of William and Polly Rayburn Young, was of distinguished and aristocratic English ancestry. John Davidson, one of the authors of the Mecklenburg Resolution, and a Revolutionary officer of distinction, and his maternal grandfather, Col. Hodge Rayburn, who was a noted lawmaker and statesman,

1931, at Canton, N. C., a few days before his 88th birthday. Services conducted by his pastor, Rev. William Russell Owen, assisted by Rev. George Floyd Rogers, of Trinity Episcopal Church, were held in the First Baptist Church in Asheville, on November 7th. Following brief services held in Hominy Baptist Church, at Candler, by Dr. Bennett,

were two illustrious forbears. General Young was a native of Buncombe County, N. C., having been reared in the beautiful Hominy Valley, birthplace of many other sturdy and loyal men who bore arms for the Southland. In the early part of the conflict of the sixties, he enlisted in Company I, of the valiant and famous 25th North Carolina Regiment, which engaged in many epochal battles, including Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, the Seven Days, fighting around Richmond, etc. Twice wounded, Pinckney R. Young lived to help re-establish the fortunes of his fervently and sentimentally beloved Southland. Always brave and obedient to the call of duty as a Confederate soldier, he was afterwards true to his country and his God, serving as a teacher, a Baptist preacher, and in other capacities until the day God released him to a brighter, higher sphere. Bouyant good spirits animated him, love for his kind burned within his breast, a zeal for righteousness in civic administration, and opposition, since boyhood, to liquor traffic, were predominating characteristics of this erect, black-eyed, eloquent, and intellectual gentleman, of whom I cannot write without a tribute of tears because he has gone away, and joyous gratitude because I knew him.

General Young is survived by his wife, Mrs. Kate Young, and by two daughters of a former marriage, Misses Leona and Charlotte Young.

(Mrs. R. T. Underwood).

ROBERT A. REMBERT.

On January 30, 1931, Robert Abijah Rembert died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. L. C. Bridges, Pleasant Hill, La., at the age of eighty-four years, following some years of invalidism. He was born in Selma, Ala., October 6, 1846, and went to Louisiana when a small child with his father and mother, Dr. Abijah Richard and Emily Rembert. The first home was at old Pleasant Hill, the family later moving to Mansfield, where they lived until both parents had passed away.

Robert A. Rembert was married to Miss Sallie Chapman on December 30, 1864, and to this union were born five sons and two daughters.

As a Confederate soldier, Robert Rembert enlisted in the spring of 1863, at the age of sixteen years, and served with Company B, 2nd Louisiana Cavalry, under Colonel Vincents, Brent's Brigade. He fought in the battle of Mansfield, and was honorably discharged at Shreveport.

Funeral service was conducted by an old friend, Rev. Sam Holliday.

## CAPT. T. A. ROBERTS.

Capt. Thomas Algernon Roberts died at his home in Salem, Va., in November, at the age of ninety-four years. Funeral services were from the Salem Presbyterian church with interment in East Hill cemetery.

Captain Roberts was born in Kanawha County, West Virginia. He helped to organize the Border Riflemen at the beginning of the War between the States, but was soon transferred to Company A, 22nd Virginia Regiment, and served on General Echols' staff. In November, 1862, he was made a captain and assigned as quartermaster 22nd Virginia Regiment, and served in this capacity until the surrender.

He fought in the battles of Cedar Creek, Cloyd's Mountain, Gauley Bridge, Droop Mountain, New Market, Crater, fought in the skirmish with Lew Wallace at Mountain Lake in Giles County, and at the battle of Fayetteville, the hardest fought battle in West Virginia, and numerous others.

He was presented the Stone Mountain gold medal by the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Roanoke and Salem as a special mark of honor.

Captain Roberts was married to Miss Elizabeth Payne, of Newport, Giles County, in 1865. He had been an elder in the Presbyterian churches at Blacksburg and Salem since early life. He moved to Salem in 1886, and here made his home since that time.

He is survived by a daughter and three sons.

## JOHN ABNER TETTS.

John A. Tetts, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. D. Williams, in Many, La., on September 15, was born in Sumter, S. C. in 1847. As a schoolboy of sixteen, he joined the Confederate army, remaining in service to the close of the war. He served with Company C, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, and took part in some of the major engagements of the war.

Comrade Tetts was married to Mrs. Charity Crosby Rabb, of Crosbyville, S. C., and they moved to Louisiana in the seventies, settling at Unionville, in Lincoln Parish, later moving to Ruston, where he took an active part in all progressive movements of the time. He was editor of the *Progressive Age*, and was one of the first organizers of the Farmers' Union, being the first vice-president of the national organization. During the lottery fight in Louisiana, he was editor and business manager of the *Vidette* of Alexandria, which was active in helping to destroy the

lottery. He located at Many in 1898, where he was in the newspaper business for many years.

Comrade Tetts is survived by two sons and three daughters, also by two step-children and many grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

(Mrs. Williams would be glad to hear from her father's nieces, who were the Misses Cumpsty, of Columbia, S. C., before marriage, one of them now being Mrs. Ethel Cumpsty Burrows, of Atlanta, Ga.)

## GEN. ROBERT C. CROUCH, U. C. V.

Robert Chester Crouch, born at Jonesboro, Tenn., April 14, 1844, died at Morristown, Tenn.; May 2, 1931, after some years of failing health. Funeral services were from Bethesda Church, near Morristown, and in that churchyard he was laid to rest.

Robert Crouch enlisted at the beginning of the War between the States as a private of Company B, 19th Tennessee Regiment, of which he was elected 1st lieutenant, this company being a part of Walker's battalion. Francis M. Walker became Colonel of the regiment, and this "fighting 19th Tennessee" followed General Zollicoffer in his Kentucky campaign, was with Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh, with Bragg at Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge, then with Joseph E. Johnston to Atlanta, where Colonel Walker was killed; and with Strahl at Franklin, then again with Johnston to the surrender in North Carolina. Young Crouch was captured on September 11, 1863, shortly before the great battle of Chickamauga, and was sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained a prisoner to the end of the war.

During this imprisonment, a comrade used a makeshift picture equipment and made a picture of Lieutenant Crouch in his uniform, which was reproduced in the *VETERAN* of January, 1909, with the story of how it was made on tin from an oyster can.

After the war, Comrade Crouch returned home and followed farming for the greater part of his life, being a successful farmer of Hamblen County. He retired some years ago and made his home in Morristown. He was a member of the W. B. Tate Camp, U. C. V., and interested in the welfare of his Confederate comrades, serving for several years on the State Board of Pensions. He was twice married, both wives and the little daughter of the first marriage having preceded him to the spirit land. He is survived by a number of nieces and nephews.



## BIRD SMITH

Bird Smith was born in Shelby County, Ky., in May, 1836, and died in his ninety-fifth year at Lexington, Ky., in March, 1931.

As a young man, he made his home in Clay County, Mo., where he taught school, and among his pupils were Frank and Jesse James. At the opening of the War between the States he returned to Shelby County, Ky., where he enlisted in Company 26, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, commanded by Col. Leroy Cluke, as a part of Gen. John H. Morgan's command. At the time of General Morgan's famous raid through Indiana and Ohio, Company H, having been recruited in Shelby and Oldham Counties, east of Louisville, was sent to those counties to make a demonstration to divert attention as much as possible from General Morgan, who crossed the Ohio River west of Louisville at Brandenburg.

Company H was prevented by a gunboat from crossing the Ohio River and rejoining Morgan, but succeeded in escaping south and joined the Confederate army, keeping up the fight to the end.

After the war, Bird Smith returned to Shelby County, where he farmed until late in life. He was a member of the Methodist Church, and as a singer he loved to take an active part in all musical features of his church.

Six of his grandsons were pallbearers, and he was laid to rest in the Masonic Cemetery at Simpsonville, Ky.

[Graham Brown, for Camp John H. Waller, No. 237 U. C. V., Shelbyville, Ky.]

## JOHN WESLEY LINTON.

The end of a useful life came with the death of John Wesley Linton on July 4, 1930, at the home of his brother, Ben T. Linton, near Russellville, Ky.

He was born in Muhlenberg County, Ky., in November, 1843. Entered the Confederate Army at age of seventeen, enlisting in Company D, Kentucky Cavalry, N. B. Forrest Command; was captured and imprisoned at Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio; was exchanged near the close of the war, rejoined his command, and served to the end.

He was a lifelong member of the Methodist Church, ever loyal to all that was good and true.

He is survived by one brother, three sisters and four manly sons. A loving father and brother and a friend to all in need might fittingly be inscribed as his epitaph.

[C. W. Coleman, Devereux, Ga.]

## GEN. JOHN T. PEARCE, U. C. V.

Gen. John Timothy Pearce, Commander of the Leroy Stafford Camp, U. C. V., of Shreveport, and Assistant Inspector General on the staff of



GEN. JOHN T. PEARCE, U. C. V.

Gen. C. A. DeSaussure, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John McWilliams Ford, in Shreveport, La., on September 26, 1931, at the age of eighty-nine years. He was one of the five active members left of his Camp, and one of the best known and most widely beloved citizens of Shreveport. Ever devoted to the principles for

which he had fought in the sixties, he loved to meet with his comrades in arms and had been a regular attendant on Confederate reunions for the past forty years. He had also served on the staff of Gen. L. W. Stephens when Commander in Chief, U. C. V.

The following sketch was prepared by a friend and fellow Churchman, Professor Pierce Cline, of Centenary College:

John Timothy Pearce was born July 25, 1842 in Paulding County, Ga., and when he was two years of age, his father and mother moved to Benton County, Ala., where his youth and young manhood were spent on the farm. At the age of nineteen, he enlisted as a private in Company D, 13th Alabama Regiment, under command of Capt. James Aiken. With this regiment, he was ordered to Richmond, Va., in August, 1861, later being ordered to historic Yorktown, where he was made a special courier to General Raines.

In the battle of Seven Pines, June 1, 1862, young Pearce was severely wounded and sent to a hospital in Richmond. When sufficiently recovered, he was placed in charge of a large ward in Winder Hospital, where he remained about six months. He then returned to Alabama and assisted in raising a company of younger men,

and was elected 1st Lieutenant of the company. This company was made a part of the 62nd Alabama Regiment, and was captured by General Canby's overwhelming odds. With this company Lieutenant Pearce was sent as a prisoner of war to Ship Island, near New Orleans, where he was guarded by negro soldiers under white officers. After one month, he was transferred to New Orleans, thence to Vicksburg, thence to Jackson and Meridian, where he was paroled, and walked most of the five hundred miles home.

After the war, Lieutenant Pearce engaged in the mercantile business in Oxford, Ala., for more than forty years. In 1869, he was married to Miss Susan George Samford, daughter of the renowned W. F. Samford and Susan Lewis Dowdell Samford, and sister to Alabama's great Governor, W. J. Samford. In 1905, he and his wife removed to Louisiana and dwelt with their sons at Belcher, La., after whose deaths they removed to the home of their daughter, Mrs. Ford, where they were overtaken by death, Mrs. Pearce having died in 1923. He is survived by three sons, two daughters, twenty grandchildren and six great-grandchildren, also by a sister.

General Pearce was a devout Christian gentleman. As a citizen of his community, he was active for righteousness. His character was strong and rugged. His courage never flagged. His honesty and loyalty were beyond all question. His personality was compelling. He was at all times and on all occasions pre-eminently John Timothy Pearce. He was loved for his piety and spirit of self-sacrifice, and was honored for his integrity. *Transeat in Exemplum.*

## A TRIBUTE.

To the memory of Miss Augusta Celeste Robertson, a member of Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter No. 79, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of San Francisco, Calif., who died October 20, 1931.

\* \* \*

When General Butler established his despotic government of New Orleans in 1862, the mother of the subject of this article, then very recently widowed, appealed to the British authorities at Washington—since she was of English birth—and General Butler was ordered to allow her and her three children to leave New Orleans. They came to San Francisco. Augusta, the eldest living child, was in her "teens." Immediately upon reaching legal age, she entered the public schools of San Francisco as a teacher, and thousands of

its useful men and women pay tribute to her ability as an instructor and her tireless, loving guidance during the fifty-eight continuous years of her service, mainly as vice-principal of the Pacific Heights and Rincon Schools. Her exquisite manners and high *morale* gained her a pet name, and her teacher associates honored her as "The Lady Augusta."

The dearly loved mother was a helpless invalid for many, many years; the brother, a brilliant young man, succumbed to tuberculosis; the devoted sister, from whom she was never separated, was widowed; all responsibilities, whether of the home, the school, or the community, were accepted and carried cheerfully by our "Lady Augusta." Her own health was perfect; when she was retired from the school department in 1925, she left the remarkable record of never having been absent because of her own illness. This wonderful condition continued to the end.

Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., the first established outside the Confederate States, received its charter in 1896. Her father and members of his family had rendered full service in the Southern cause, so Miss Robertson early became an enthusiastic member. Every secretary and every historian received from her many clippings of useful material, and, on October 14, she accepted the office of Corresponding Secretary of the Chapter. Six days later, death claimed her, without a moment's warning, as she and her sister sat together awaiting the daily visit from the latter's son, her nephew.

Her accomplishments cannot be measured. Only those who have been privileged to enjoy her companionship, to receive her instruction, and to witness her beautiful example of a life truly lived, know how much they owe to her and how the debt grows.

[Ivey Douglas Ostrom, President.]

## THE FIFTY-NINE MACRAES IN GRAY.

(Continued from page 7)

W. F. MacRae, Company H, 48th Regiment. Davidson County.

Walter G. MacRae, Captain Company G, 7th Regiment. New Hanover County.

William MacRae, Company G, 13th Regiment. Wake County.

William MacRae, Captain Company B, 15th Regiment (promoted Brigadier General). New Hanover County.

William MacRae, Lieutenant Company B, 78th Regiment Reserves. Robeson County.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

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Charleston, W. Va.

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4469 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo.

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738 Quapaw Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark.

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MRS. J. L. MEDLIN ..... *Custodian of Flags and Pennant*  
1541 Riverside Avenue, Jacksonville, Fla.

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. H. Chisley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:*  
In this my first letter to you, I wish to thank you for bestowing upon me the highest gift that can come to a Southern woman, and to pledge to you the very best that is in me in the service of the Cause that is so dear to all our hearts.

It was the good fortune of your former President General, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, to bring to a happy conclusion many projects undertaken by the Organization, and many Committees, having completed their work, were discharged.

These Committees are as follows:

The Committee to represent the United Daughters of the Confederacy in relation to Publishers of "Women of the South in War Times."

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Prize Committee.

The Faithful Slave Memorial Committee.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Scholarship Committee.

The Department of Records.

Committee to Prepare Rules and Recommend Designs for Decoration Veterans Spanish-American War of Confederate Ancestry.

Matthew Fontaine Maury Bust Committee.

Business Office Committee and Subcommittee.

Committee Lee Memorial Sword for United States Military Academy.

Committee on Flag for Louvain Library.

Committee to Decide upon Feasibility of Placing a Bust of Jefferson Davis in Hall of Nations, Asbury Park, N. J.

Committee on Jefferson Davis Bust for Transylvania College.

The following new work was undertaken, and the President General authorized to appoint Committees for the same.

To Advance the Name of Sidney Lanier for the Hall of Fame.

Committee for the Manufacture of Correctly Designed Battle Flag of the Confederacy.

Committee on Boulder to Matthew Fontaine Maury to be placed in the Westminster Abbey of the South, Fletcher, N. C.

Committee to Act with the Custodian of Crosses in preparation of a form of presentation to be observed on Historical Evening at the time of award of Crosses.

Committee composed of ex-Treasurer Generals serving the Organization between the years 1919-1929.

Committee to secure a Phonograph Record of the "Rebel Yell," to be Preserved for Posterity.

This is the year to appoint the Committee on Folder of Information, and this has been done.

Immediately upon the adjournment of the Convention, the newly elected Executive Committee met and elected the following Finance Committee:

Mrs. P. H. P. Lane, 186 Bethlehem Pike, Philadelphia, Pa., Chairman.

Mrs. L. B. Newell, 603 North Church Street, Charlotte, N. C.

Mrs. B. A. Blenner, Box 556, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. H. C. Booth, 843 Oxford Street, Berkeley, Calif.

Mrs. J. D. Taylor, Keytesville, Mo.

Mrs. Thomas W. Reed, University of Georgia Campus, Georgia, will continue as Chairman of Education.

Mrs. William Newman, 925 Elliott Street, Evansville, Ind., will continue as Chairman of Stationery.

Your President General wishes to call your attention to the two projects which she hopes to see completed not only by the time of the next Convention, but at an early date: First, the Lee-Stratford Memorial Fund; second, the Mrs. L. H. Raines Memorial Scholarship Fund.

Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, Montezuma, Ga., is the Chairman of the Central Committee of the Lee-Stratford Memorial.

May I urge those Chapters which have not completed the quota of a Dollar a Daughter to do this just as soon as possible?

Mrs. T. W. Reed, Chairman of Education, has the Mrs. L. H. Raines Memorial Fund under her jurisdiction.

The next dates for the bestowal of Crosses of Honor and Service will be January 19 and 21, Lee and Jackson's birthdays. All Divisions and Chapters should see that the veterans in their territory are honored by the bestowal of these Crosses.

At the close of the Convention, it was the pleasure of your President General, together with Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Mrs. Frank Harrold, Mrs. Cordelia Powell Odenheimer, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, and Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, to be the guest of Mrs. Alexander B. White at the home of her charming daughter, Mrs. J. R. Wells, at Daytona Beach, Fla.

On Monday afternoon, Mrs. White entertained the Daytona Beach Chapter with a tea in honor of her house guests, at which time each of the guests spoke on some phase of the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

En route home, your President General stopped in Richmond, where she and Miss Annie Mann, President of the Virginia Division, were the honor guests at a reception given by the six Richmond Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy—the Richmond Chapter, the Chesterfield Chapter, the Lee Chapter, the Stonewall Chapter, the Elliott Gary Chapter, and the Janet Randolph Chapter.

## IN MEMORIAM.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mrs. James Macgill (Lucy Lee Hill), daughter of Gen. A. P. Hill, who died November 24, 1931, after an illness of several weeks. Her funeral took place from St. Paul's Episcopal Church the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day. Her casket was covered with the Confederate Flag she loved so well. Mrs. Macgill had been a member of the Richmond Chapter for years.

When this letter reaches you the New Year will have begun. Your President General is wishing for you a year of happiness, prosperity, and service. Faithfully yours,

AMANDA AUSTIN BYRNE.

## REGISTRATION FOR 1932.

Monroe Hotel, Portsmouth, Va.

December 10, 1931.

*My dear Coworkers:* Again I greet you as the Registrar General, United Daughters of the Confederacy, having been re-elected at the General Convention in Jacksonville, Fla.

It has been a pleasure to serve the Organization for the past two years. I am sure the coming year will be none the less pleasant. I have enjoyed my work with you, and feel that our association during the coming year will bind the ties of friendship.

This is a most opportune time to express to you my appreciation for the splendid co-operation you have given me. It is through your efforts of perfect team work that the Department of Registration has risen to a degree of efficiency never known before in the history of registration. This could not have been done without your aid.

To the Registrars who have recently assumed their duties as Registrars for their respective Divisions, I greet you and extend to you the glad hand of fellowship, and wish for you success in your work. I am sure that our association during the coming year will be most cordial. The little book of "Instruction for Correct Registration for Use of Chapter and Division Registrars" will be a guide and help to you, I am sure. Some changes have been made in the By-Laws which are not incorporated in the instructions, the change having been made since it was printed. You will please instruct your Chapter Registrars of these changes, as they are very important.

The following amendments to the By-Laws were adopted:

One Dollar and twenty-five cents will be required as an initiation fee. The price of certificate will remain the same, making the cost to a new member one dollar and fifty cents, plus the per capita tax of twenty cents. The initiation fee and the per capita tax for each new member must be sent to the Treasurer-General through the Division Treasurer, with the name of the new member listed on the per capita blanks. The money for the certificate if membership must be sent to the Registrar General, through the Division Registrar, as formerly.

One dollar will be required as a transfer fee from each member requesting a demit from the Chapter in which she is a registered member to some other Chapter U. D. C., fifty cents to be paid to the Chapter at the time the demit is issued, and



fifty cents to be sent to the Division Registrar with the demit when presented to the Chapter she is demitted to, to be sent to the Registrar General. No demit will be released until money is received by the Registrar General for the privilege of being transferred.

An amendment was offered to extend the collateral line to "nieces of the remotest degree." This amendment was lost. Members may be admitted as nieces and great-nieces.

I am sending you a sufficient supply of the books on "Information for Correct Registration," and ask that you please send a copy to each Chapter Registrar. The reason I am asking this favor of you is that many Chapters have changed Registrars during the year. Correct addresses are not given in the General Minutes. You are in direct contact with Chapter Registrars. It is most important that each Registrar have a copy.

#### TO REGISTRARS

Please send out the following notice to all Chapter Registrars. [Approved by the President General, U. D. C., Mrs. William E. R. Byrne.]

All applications for membership accepted by the Chapter and all demits issued by Chapters prior to January 1, 1932, will be accepted under the old ruling. (See By-Laws, Asheville Minutes.)

Applications for membership and demits issued by and received in Chapters after this date must conform to the amended By-Laws, which require that an initiation fee of \$1.25 be paid by each person making application for membership in the United Daughters of the Confederacy, plus the price of certificate, 25 cents, and the per capita tax of 20 cents. Total, \$1.70.

A member of any Chapter U. D. C., in good standing, who desires a transfer of membership, must pay one dollar for this privilege, fifty cents to be paid the Chapter issuing the demit, and fifty cents to be paid the Chapter receiving the demitted member, which shall be sent to the Division Registrar to be transmitted by her to the Registrar General with each demit sent, this expense to be paid by the member requesting the demit.

With best wishes for a successful year's work, and with greetings for the Christmas Season, I am, faithfully yours,

MRS. ALBERT SIDNEY PORTER,  
*Registrar General, U. D. C.*

#### THE NEW EDITOR.

*My dear Co-workers:* Again it is my privilege to greet you as your official editor, and to wish each one of you a happy year, brimful of worthwhile work for our wonderful organization.

To assure success, we must work together, with thoughtful consideration of each other. May I ask that you remember the following requests in sending your reports; for each state must be given the same consideration, and the space for these contributions is limited.

1. Please mail your reports so that they will reach me by or before the 1st of the month to appear in the number for following month.

2. If possible, please have them type-written. This will be a great help to me, for it prevents my making mistakes in having to read so many different kinds of writing.

3. Do not send newspaper clippings. We want accounts of your Division and Chapter activities compiled by you—the Director!

4. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is not a society paper. So please do not send detailed accounts of social events.

Thanking you for your co-operation in the past, and assuring you of my continued interest in this work.

Yours fraternally, MARY C. CHESLEY.

#### MESSAGE OF HISTORIAN GENERAL, 1932.

To Division and Chapter Historians: A Happy New Year to you all!

In accepting the office of Historian General, I pledge to the United Daughters of the Confederacy an abundance of love and enthusiasm for the first object of our beloved organization, Historical, and with your assistance I shall endeavor to "keep history straight."

With this message to you goes a suggested program for 1932. Copies have been sent to all Division Historians, who will in turn distribute them to Chapter Historians and to anyone in her Division requesting these.

The retiring Historian General, Miss Salley, has continued her program through January, 1932, so you see this one begins with February. In preparing this and the program for the Children of the Confederacy, I have tried not to duplicate those of the past Historians General, and I hope that these few "historical highlights" may prove interesting and instructive to you all.

The use of the Confederate songs is stressed,

together with a bit of their history. Please have copies mimeographed from your songbooks, that every Daughter may learn those dear songs our mothers and grandmothers loved to sing "long, long ago."

Emphasize anniversaries of Southern heroes and events by using your nearest radio station with short, attractive programs of "song and story." As the nation is celebrating the Bicentennial of George Washington, our great Southern patriot, this is a wonderful opportunity for us to set forth the history of our Southland, when attention is called to this section of our land. So "Daughters," let's make this a *Banner Year* for our historical activities.

Above all things, subscribe to and use the official organ of the U. D. C., the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn. The VETERAN is our greatest factor in preserving Southern history, and without it the historical work of Chapters cannot properly function. You are urged to make use of the VETERAN as reference material for your programs, for in its files is much valuable historical information. Make up a club of four subscribers with a special rate of \$5. Do it "*right now*," please.

In order to reach the youth of our land, we must make greater effort for historical work among our college students. Will those of you who are near such institutions use every means to set forth Southern history? In our list this year are prizes offered especially to attract boys and girls in colleges. See that they are interested in writing on these subjects.

In the next issue of the VETERAN will be the list of prizes offered, and I hope many of the U. D. C. will compete by writing essays. This list goes with the folder sent out on January 1 to Division Historians. Please keep monthly reports of your activities, so that you may the more readily prepare your annual report for the Raines Banner and Weinmann historical cup. *Read and reread* the outlined annual report for these two general contests and keep it before you throughout the year.

Note the suggestions under "Do" and "Don't."

Please have the prize list published in your local paper, and give it all the publicity possible.

We know that General Lee was anxious that the *truth* of history pertaining to the South should be written, and in a letter to General Beauregard in December, 1865, he wrote: "Everyone should do all in his power to collect and disseminate the

truth in the hope that it may find a place in history and descend to posterity."

Let us put our *hearts* into the historical work for the coming year, and I promise you whatever assistance I may give in advancing the knowledge of Southern history.

Will you not join hands with me in giving active service to your historical work?

Faithfully and with love for the "Cause,"

(MRS. JOHN H.) LUCY LONDON ANDERSON,  
*Historian General, U. D. C.*

TO DIVISION AND CHAPTER HISTORIANS.  
READ, MARK, LEARN!

Do—

Subscribe to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Use it as special reference.

Contribute to Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation and to Stratford.

(Continued on page 38)

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

HISTORIAN GENERAL: Mrs. John Huske Anderson.

AIMS FOR 1932: To know your work—a fuller knowledge of the *facts* of our Confederate history.

### HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CONFEDERATE PERIOD.

*With Southern Songs.*

FEBRUARY, 1932.

Radio Talks: Bicentennial Observance of the Birth of George Washington, Southern Patriot. Dedication of Memorial trees.

Songs: "America," "Dixie."

Why Stratford on the Potomac Should Become a National Shrine.

Birthplace of Washington's Favorite General, Light-horse Harry Lee.

Birthplace of the Knight of the Confederacy, Robert E. Lee.

Its Preservation a Sacred Duty.

Reading: "The Knights of Stratford Hall." (Material secured from the Lee Memorial Foundation, 34 East Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.)

Song: "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."

### CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

FEBRUARY, 1932.

*Pictures of the South.*

Song: "America."

Radio Talks: Bi-Centennial Year of a Great Southerner, George Washington. Dedication of Memorial Trees (co-operate with Highway Commissions).

Guessing Contest on Southern Leaders and Events.

Tales of Girl Heroines of the Confederacy, Emma San-son, Lola Sandrez, Belle Boyd, and others from your own State.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7900 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MRS. BRYAN WELLS COLLIER.....*Historian General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MISS WILLIE FORT WILLIAMS.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUINBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Little Rock.....Mrs. Sam Wassell  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
MISSISSIPPI—Biloxi.....Mrs. Byrd Enochs  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates  
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. ADA RAMP WALDEN, Editor, Box 592, Augusta, Ga.

## THE NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

BY ADA RAMP WALDEN, EDITOR.

The old year with its many blighted hopes and aspirations has gone forever, but a new one with much in prospect is with us. During the year 1931, many have "gone down the valley, one by one," who will be forever enshrined in Southern hearts; but we, who carry on, know that "to live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

Macaulay, one of the greatest of historians, said: "It is a poor nation that does not memorialize its creators." And surely those who gave their lives in the interest of the Confederacy deserve place in the memory of those who live and of those who will read history in years to come.

One of those who passed into the rest eternal during the year that is past was she who conceived the idea of federating the memorial associations into one body, and which thought materialized at Louisville, Ky., in 1900. This was Mrs. Julia Garside Welch, of Fayetteville, Ark. Another was Mrs. John B. Gordon, widow of the famous Confederate general. Mrs. Gordon passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Frances Gordon-Smith, in Augusta, Ga., at the age of ninety-two. Until the last, she retained her faculties and delighted in relating her experiences when, as the young wife of the General, she was "among those present" at a number of the battles in which he was engaged, particularly the battle of Winchester.

Every patriotic organization of Augusta was represented in the procession that accompanied her remains to the depot for the journey to Atlanta, where the final obsequies were held, Mrs. Elizabeth McAllister, President Ladies' Memorial

Association, and Mrs. Ada Ramp Walden, First Vice President, representing that association.

So now, in this New Year that has come to us, let us every one bear in mind that memory must be ever with us; that those who builded that we might live must not be forgotten.

And the editor, in sending her New Year greeting, is going to borrow Tiny Tim's Christmas message: "God bless us every one!"

MRS. JULIA GARSIDE WELCH.

At a meeting of the Southern Memorial Association of Fayetteville, Ark., on Thursday, November 12, resolutions of regret, expressing the loss to this Association in the death of Mrs. Welch, were passed, and the President of the Association was requested to prepare a tribute for the local press and for the C. S. M. A. department of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

No member has given more devoted service to the Memorial work than Mrs. Welch. Coming to Fayetteville from her home in Memphis, Tenn., in 1876, she became an active member of this Association, and, in 1900, conceived the idea of federating all Memorial Associations into one general body. In June of that year she assisted in organizing the Confederate Southern Memorial Association at Louisville, Ky., at the time of the United Confederate Veterans' reunion there. The Commander in Chief, Gen. John B. Gordon, and the veterans assembled warmly welcomed the organization and gave cordial consent that its annual conventions be held at the same time and place as their reunions. Mrs. Welch was made chairman of the Committee on Constitution and By-Laws, and elected Treasurer General; later

she succeeded the late Mrs. J. D. Walker as State President for Arkansas, which office she held until the convention at Little Rock, Ark., 1928, when she was made Honorary State President for life. In her local association she has held office as President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Custodian of the Quorum Court fund for care of cemetery. Until failing health prevented, she was active in all work of this Association, never absent from Memorial Day exercises until June 3 of this year. Her regard for Confederate veterans amounted to reverence! Her husband, the late Dr. W. B. Welch, was a surgeon in the Confederate service; and his blood-stained surgeon's sash was one of her most cherished possessions. Not only the veterans of the War between the States held place in her regard, but the American Legion of the World War were recipients of her esteem and bounty. Her beautiful peony garden, her pride and delight, each year yielded up its wealth of blossoms for a considerable sum, which she divided equally between the Legionnaires and the City Hospital some years—at other times, the Legion and her church. We of the local Southern Memorial Association will miss her in our councils, miss her enthusiasm, her never-waning efforts for the beautification of our silent "city of the dead," where rest the heroes we delight to honor, and yet—

"We chant no requiem where she's sleeping,  
Nor cry, alas! with sorrow's breath.  
We send our triumph song to Heaven,  
And this its music—faithful unto death."

SUE H. WALKER,  
*President S. M. A., Fayetteville, Ark.*

## SONGS OF THE DAYS OF WAR.

A letter has come to the VETERAN from a graduate student of Northwestern University, Chicago, making inquiry for songs of the South in the days of the War between the States. The subject of his thesis is "Songs of the Civil War," and he wishes "to show how the spirit of the time was manifested in its popular songs." He sends a list of songs for which he wishes the music, which he needs for the sake of completeness. Perhaps some of the VETERAN readers can help him out in this. His address is Porter Heaps, 1130 Church Street, Evanston, Ill.

In giving this list of Southern songs compiled by this young man, there is more than the wish

to serve him, for it falls in line with the suggestion made at a recent Confederate gathering that our old books and these old songs with the music be collected and placed where they will be preserved—in some museum or other safe place—for we don't want them to pass out forever. Some of these we know through having heard a Confederate soldier relative sing them in days long past, and while some of them are already in collections of Southern songs, the idea is to get them in the original form with the sheet music. Every Chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy should be interested in this and should urge its music committee to try to locate some of these songs. The new Historian General, U. D. C., is urging the use of old songs at our meetings and refers to collections which should be procured for chapter use. The name, composer, and author are given.

"Alabama," J. W. Groschel.

"Boys, Keep Your Powder Dry."

"By the Banks of the Red River," La Hache, E. E. Kidd.

"Camp Fire Song," Edward O. Eaton.

"Carolina," A. E. Blackmore, Mrs. C. A. B. (Bell).

"Cheer, Boys, Cheer" (Morgan's War Song).

"The Confederate Flag," Sig. G. George, Mrs. C. D. Elder.

"The Conquered Banner," A. E. Blackmore, Father Ryan.

"Dar's Always Somethin' Wantin'.

"Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die," Henry Tucker, E. Bowers.

"The Dutch Volunteer."

"The Faded Gray Jacket," Charlie Ward, Mrs. C. A. Bell.

"Farewell to the Star-Spangled Banner," Mrs. E. D. Huntley.

"The Gallant Girl That Smote the Dastard Tory, Oh!" Ducie Diamonds.

"Gay and Happy."

"I Remember the Hour," G. F. Thompson, G. E. Sawyer.

"Ise Gwine Back to Dixie," C. A. White.

"I Would Like to Change My Name," Thomas Von La Hache.

"It Is My Country's Call," Harry McCarthy."

"The Jacket of Gray," G. F. Thompson, C. C. Sawyer.

"Missouri," Harry McCarthy.

"Mother, Is the Battle Over?"

"Mother Would Comfort Me," C. C. Sawyer.

(Continued on page 38)



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

DR. GEORGE R. TABOR, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

## GENERAL OFFICERS.

WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. .... *Adjutant in Chief*  
J. EDWARD JONES, Oklahoma City, Okla. .... *Inspector in Chief*  
MAJ. MARION RUSHTON, Montgomery, Ala. .... *Judge Advocate in Chief*  
C. E. GILBERT, Houston, Tex. .... *Historian in Chief*  
DR. W. H. SCUDDER, Mayersville, Miss. .... *Surgeon in Chief*  
EDWARD HILL COURTNEY, Richmond, Va. .... *Quartermaster in Chief*  
ARTHUR C. SMITH, Washington, D. C. .... *Commissary in Chief*  
MAJ. EDMOND R. WILES, Little Rock, Ark. .... *Publicity Director in Chief*  
REV. NATHAN A. SEAGLE, New York .... *Chaplain in Chief*

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H. K. RAMSEY, *Monument* ..... Atlanta, Ga.  
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DR. MATHEW PAGE ANDREWS, *Textbooks* ..... Baltimore, Md.  
RUFUS W. PEARSON, *Manassas Battle Field* ..... Washington D. C.

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..... *Army of Trans-Mississippi*

## DIVISION COMMANDERS.

MAJ. JERE C. DENNIS, Dadeville ..... Alabama  
J. S. UTLEY, Little Rock ..... Arkansas  
ELIJAH FUNKHOUSER, 7522 East Lake Terrace, Chicago, Illinois  
FRED P. MYERS, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C., District of Columbia and Maryland  
H. B. GRUBBS, 320 Broadway, Eastern Division, New York  
JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee ..... Florida  
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JAMES B. ANDERSON, Glengary Farm, Lexington .. Kentucky  
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JAMES H. WHITE, Kansas City ..... Missouri  
J. M. LENTZ, Winston-Salem ..... North Carolina  
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WILLIAM J. CHERRY, Rock Hill ..... South Carolina  
CLAIRE B. NEWMAN, Jackson ..... Tennessee  
C. E. GILBERT, Houston ..... Texas  
R. M. COLVIN, Harrisonburg ..... Virginia  
GEORGE W. SIDEBOTTOM, Huntington ..... West Virginia



All communications for this department should be sent direct to Edmond R. Wiles, Editor, 1505 W. 22nd St., Little Rock, Ark.

## NOTES AND COMMENT.

### A SURVIVOR OF THE FIRST BATTLE IN WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

The *Arkansas Central Leader*, published at McCrary, by Hon. Walter W. Raney, recent Post Commander Arkansas Division, S. C. V., a loyal Son, who has possibly done as much as or more than any other citizen of the State for the veterans and widows, in the matter of increased pensions, secured during his long service in the Arkansas Legislature, carries a column devoted to "What Every Son of the South Should Know." The attention of the writer was recently attracted to a letter appearing in this Confederate column of Senator Raney's paper from Col. Alfred H. Baird, Springdale, Ark., correcting the statement made that the first battle in the War between the States was fought at Manassas, Va. (called Bull Run by the Federals), July 21, 1861. Colonel Baird in his letter, which is given in full herewith, because of its unusual historical value, makes the claim that the engagement which was fought at Big Bethel, Va., on June 10, 1861, in which he participated in the important role of color bearer of the 1st North Carolina Infantry, should be recognized as the first battle of the war. The *Leader* had in mind, of course, the first major battle in which large forces fought to a bitter end and this was Manassas. The unusual and interesting feature of Colonel Baird's letter is the information that there still lives a man who had

such a thrilling and important part in this opening drama, the outcome of which no man could foresee. Colonel Baird's statement needs no verification, but it is interesting to note that, referring to the battle of Big Bethel in the "Photographic History of the Civil War," this statement is found. After listing the Union forces engaged, it gives the Confederate forces as follows: "First North Carolina and Randolph's Battery, Virginia, Infantry and Cavalry. Killed 1, wounded 7. Battle fought April 10, 1861."

One of the interesting features of the beautiful capitol grounds at Raleigh, N. C., is the monument erected to Wyatt, as the first soldier killed in the War between the States. Some proper steps should be taken by the S. C. V., in conjunction with the U. D. C. of both North Carolina, Colonel Baird's native State, and Arkansas, his adopted home, to properly honor him as the color bearer of a Regiment of Confederate troops which fought to a successful conclusion the first engagement that could be classed as a battle in the War between the States. There are not many veterans living today who can claim an honor of such unusual significance.

In his letter referred to, Colonel Baird says further: "I would like to correct that statement, as the first battle was fought at Big Bethel, Va., on June 10, 1861. There was one regiment of us, the 1st North Carolina Infantry, with D. H. Hill (later president of the University of Arkan-

sas) as our Colonel; there were six regiments of Yankees.

"This was a big battle, lasting from sunup until four o'clock in the evening, and I hate to see it overlooked. There were three hundred Union soldiers dead on the field. We lost one man, by the name of Wyatt. There is a monument to his memory as the first soldier to die for his country. It is in Raleigh, N. C. I was color bearer in this battle, and the old flag I carried is now in the State Museum at Raleigh, with my name on it."

## DIVISION NOTES OF INTEREST.

*South Carolina.*—The South Carolina Division held its Annual Convention at Rock Hill, S. C., on June 18, 1931, Dr. W. E. Anderson, of Chester, Division Commander, presiding. After the usual formalities of opening the meeting were over, Mrs. Walter L. Smith, of Ann White Chapter, U. D. C., of Rock Hill, was introduced and spoke on Confederate Pensions; Mrs. E. Preston Carpenter, representing the U. D. C. of Columbia, also spoke on the same subject. Commander Anderson made his annual report, which was heard with much interest.

After a report of the Camps of the Division was made and discussion of ways and means looking to the increasing of membership of the camps, the election of officers for the ensuing year came up. J. M. McLure eloquently presented the name of Hón. W. J. Cherry for Division Commander, and he was unanimously elected. Commander Cherry made a most feeling talk, expressing his deep appreciation for the honor conferred on him.

*Alabama Division.*—Major Jere C. Dennis, Commander Alabama Division, announces his complete staff, Brigade Commanders and other appointments for the coming year in the following order:

HEADQUARTERS ALABAMA DIVISION, SONS CONFEDERATE VETERANS, DADEVILLE, ALA.

November 11, 1931.

## GENERAL ORDERS NO. 20.

To be read before all camps of the Alabama Division:

1. Reposing special trust and confidence in their patriotism, honor, integrity, ability, and zeal, I hereby appoint the following members of my Official Staff to rank as Colonel as of the 21st June, 1931:

(a) Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Marion Rush-ton, Montgomery.

Inspector, George A. Miller, 1421 14th Street South, Birmingham.

Judge Advocate, James W. Strother, Dadeville. Commissary, Val Taylor, Uniontown.

Quartermaster, M. Frank Pridgen, Dothan.

Ordinance, L. E. Harrison, Attalla; Suregon, Dr. W. E. Quin, Fort Payne; Color Bearer, W. A. Collier, Tuscaloosa; Historian, L. L. Patterson, M.C., Gadsden; Chaplain, Dr. J. J. Slappey, Roanoke; Chief of Scouts, B. C. O'Rear, Attalla; Courier, Calvin Pool, Greenville.

b) Aides-de-Camp with the rank of Major: Jack Crenshaw, Montgomery; Sam J. Stearns, Dadeville; A. H. Waller, Greensboro; Joe M. Dozier, Marion; E. O. McCord, Gadsden; Stiles Ulmer, Eutaw; R. A. Willis, Birmingham; O. S. Roden, Cullman; J. C. Kellett, Fort Payne; R. F. Cruitt, Atmore.

c) Brigadier General 1st Brigade, John Moulton, Mobile.

Brigadier General 2nd Brigade, Rogers ap C. Jones, Selma.

Brigadier General 3rd Brigade, Judge John T. Heflin, Roanoke.

Brigadier General 4th Brigade, L. B. Rainey, Gadsden.

Brigadier General 5th Brigade, R. L. Musgrove, Jasper.

2. You are specially charged to see that a suitable Recruiting Officer is appointed in each Camp in your vicinity, that all dues are collected, new members secured, inactive Camps put on an active basis, and reports promptly made to Adjutant in Chief Hopkins, January 1 and June 1, that our Alabama Division may continue in its splendid position, and bring back the Division Honor Flag from Richmond.

JERE C. DENNIS,

*Commander Alabama Division.*

(Official)

## CONCERNING CONFEDERATE PENSIONS.

There is no subject of more vital importance before the Sons today than the question of Confederate Pension, not so much the amount being paid, as, rather "promised," veterans and widows, but the failure of several Southern States to meet their obligations to these aged and dependent heroes of the Southern cause. Much to our mortification and shame, Arkansas has not paid a Confederate pension warrant since last July, and the chances are that there will not be a payment until next fall. The S. C. V. are wrestling with the problem in this State and doing all that is possible to relieve the situation. It is noted in newspaper dispatches that Alabama and Mississippi are also experiencing the same difficulties in carrying forth needs of its aged veterans and



widows. It behooves every S. C. V., therefore, in states where there exists at the present time pension difficulties, to lend every aid possible to those responsible for handling pension funds, in formulating plans by which the situation can be met. The veterans and widows are facing the most serious predicament in which they have ever found themselves—much more serious than when smaller pensions were paid, but paid regularly. Facing the fact that the youngest veteran is now eighty-one years old and many widows are as old or older, both of this class entirely without the physical strength or means of making any part of their living, the outlook for their comfort and safety from actual want this winter is not encouraging.

A Southern state owes its first obligation to its Confederate Veterans. It has given its word of honor that they shall not be neglected and left to pass their few remaining years in actual want, and with the feeling that they are not appreciated, and that the deeds of valor performed on the bloody battle fields of Southern States in defense of their homes, and for principles recognized more and more as the years pass, to have been just and right. Do your duty, Sons, to these heroes and their widows. Don't fail to keep the faith with them.

### SONGS OF THE DAYS OF WAR.

(Continued from page 35)

"My Warrior Boy," A. F. E. Muse.

"National Hymn," J. W. Groschel, Capt. E. Griswold.

"Old Stonewall," F. Younker, C. D. Dasher.

"The Old Home Ain't What It Used to Be," C. A. White.

"The Old North State Forever," author, Judge Gaston.

"Origin of the Stars and Bars," Harry McCarthy.

"Paul Vane," H. D. L. and J. P. Webster.

"Pin Money," Harry Walker.

"Pray, Maiden, Pray," A. J. Turner, A. W. Kercheval.

"The Prisoner's Lament," O. Becker, W. E. Clarkson.

"Root, Hog, or Die."

"Soldier, I Stay to Pray for Thee," J. W. Groschel, J. S. Thovington.

"The Southern Cross," author, St. George Tucker.

"The Southern Soldier Boy," W. Ludden, Father Ryan.

"The Southron's Watchword," S. Glover, M. F. Bigney.

"The Star-Spangled Cross," Sabalturn.

"Stuart," A. E. Blackmore, Mrs. H. J. Vose.

"Stonewall Jackson's Prayer," B. A. Whaples, L. Rieves.

"The Sword of Robert Lee," Armand, Moina.

"Three Cheers for Our Jack Morgan," Dan Emmett, Eugene Raymond.

"Up with the Flag," Mrs. William B. Harrell.

"Wait Till the War, Love, Is Over."

"When the Boys Come Home," C. C. Sawyer.

"You Are Going to the Wars, Willie Boy?" John M. Hewitt.

### TO DIVISION AND CHAPTER HISTORIANS. READ, MARK, LEARN!

(Continued from page 33)

Emphasize work in schools and colleges. Cooperate with Parent-Teacher Associations.

Bring this folder before your Chapter at once. Publish the General Prize offers.

Keep record of work accomplished.

See that Chapter buys some book to use in this program. Use U. D. C. book plate in each.

Have libraries collect material for public library to assist in your programs.

Mark anniversaries by giving radio talks.

Collect sketches of your State's war heroines.

Collect diaries of Confederates.

Order copy General Minutes (25 cents) from Mrs. W. E. Massey, Recording Secretary General U. D. C., Hot Springs, Ark.

Have some of the Yale films shown. For details write the Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., or 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Do Not—

Say "Civil War," but "War between the States."

Indorse any book or project without full knowledge and examination.

Delay in answering letters.

Write Historian General's office for material. See reference list.

Allow anyone to refer to Confederates as "Rebels."

A California friend regrets inability to continue subscription because of financial losses through bank failures out there—"which left us stranded." And she sends "love and best wishes for the dear old VETERAN."

**MEN OF AMERICA.**

Men of America,  
Marching along,  
Freeborn and happy,  
Steadfast and strong.

Men of high purpose,  
Leading and light,  
Toiling together,  
Championing right.

Men of endeavor,  
Soldiers of peace,  
Praying together  
Warfare to cease.

Sturdy in hardship,  
Stanch in defeat,  
Standing together,  
Scorning retreat.

Men of America,  
Marching along,  
Freeborn and happy,  
Steadfast and strong.  
—Grenville Kleiser.

The disappointed humorist was inclined to be bitter. "Hang it all, sir, you sit on every joke I send you."

"Let me assure you, my dear sir," replied the editor, pressing a bell for the visitor to be shown out, "I should certainly not do that if there were any point to them."

"How are you today, Sandy?" asked the landlord of his Scotch tenant.

"Verra well, sir," replied Sandy, "if it wasna for the rheumatism in my right leg."

"Ah, you must not complain, Sandy. You are getting old, like the rest of us, and old age does not come alone."

"Auld age, sir?" exclaimed Sandy. "Auld age has nothing to do with it. Here's my ither leg just as auld an' it's sound."

**SAYINGS OF NOTED BRITONS.**

A cultured person is one in whom the traditional experience, knowledge, and feeling of the race have been made personal possessions.—Robert Richards, M. P.

The great difference between Eastern and Western civilization is that the latter developed along lines of talking and discussion. Only in the countries where talking is stifled is there danger to society today.—R. Hopkin Morris, M. P.

Individuals are not like the squares on the chessboard. They show more differences than the chessmen themselves.—Dr. P. B. Ballard.

An educated man is one who knows when an argument is proved.—The Rev. Herbert Morgan.

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Women are full of faults. They are competitive, spiteful, and very often incompetent.—Hon. Violet Sackville-West (poet and novelist).

On the success of the Disarmament Conference the whole future of the world depends. I believe that if this conference of sixty nations—the greatest that has ever been summoned—meets and separates and the peoples of the world find that no serious advance toward disarmament has been made, the blow to public confidence and to the belief in a peaceful settlement will be so tremendous that the future of the world will be imperiled.—Viscount Cecil, in Canadian-American.

Who knows of a book on "Reminiscences of the First Kentucky Cavalry," said to have been written by John Will Dyer, of Union County, Ky., and where can it be procured?

The trouble with a lot of going concerns is that they are gone before you have a chance to collect from them.—Jackson News.

"I said my ship would come in this week."

"Were you right?"

"Well, partly. My salary was docked."



**"Lest  
We  
Forget"**



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

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<i>July 11</i> THE HAGUE	<i>July 31</i> NICE-MONTE CARLO
<i>July 12</i> AMSTERDAM - VOLENDAM- MARKEN	<i>August 1</i> MARSEILLES
<i>July 13</i> BRUSSELS	<i>August 2</i> PARIS
<i>July 14</i> COLOGNE	<i>August 3</i> PARIS
<i>July 15</i> THE RHINE	<i>August 4</i> PARIS
<i>July 16</i> HEIDLEBERG	<i>August 5</i> VERSAILLES-MALMAI- SON
<i>July 17</i> LUCERNE	<i>August 6</i> PARIS
<i>July 18</i> LUCERNE-INTERLAKEN	<i>August 7</i> LONDON
<i>July 19</i> INTERLAKEN	<i>August 8</i> LONDON
<i>July 20</i> VENICE	<i>August 9</i> OXFORD-STRATFORD- WARWICK
<i>July 22</i> VENICE-FLORENCE	<i>August 10</i> LONDON
<i>July 23</i> FLORENCE	<i>August 11</i> EDINBURGH
<i>July 24</i> FLORENCE	<i>August 12</i> EDINBURGH
<i>July 25</i> ROME	<i>August 13</i> LIVERPOOL sail to MON- TREAL or NEW YORK
<i>July 26</i> ROME	<i>August 21</i> Due MONTREAL or NEW YORK
<i>July 27</i> ROME	
<i>July 28</i> NAPLES-CAPRI-BLUE GROTTO	

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# Confederate Veteran.

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MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON

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E. Berkley Bowie, Baltimore, Md., wants to buy a rifle made at Talladega, Ala.; one stamped "Texas Rifle Tyler C. S."; a breach-loading carbine stamped "Tarpley's Pt. 1863"; and a revolver stamped "T. W. Cofer, Portsmouth, Va." Address him at 811 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md.

Request has been made of the VETERAN to locate, if possible, one of those "well-made Mississippi Yager Rifles," stamped "C. Chapman," as there must be some in existence. State where made. This in the interest of our history.

The statement appearing in the VETERAN for December that W. M. Monohan is the only Confederate veteran now living in Cincinnati has been corrected, and the names of Milton L. Campbell and Charles Evans given as two others there. Comrade Evans served under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in the Western Army, C. S. A. All three of these veterans are honorary members of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., of Cincinnati and subscribers to the VETERAN.

Mrs. R. F. Pray, President of the Dick Dowling Chapter, U. D. C. of Beaumont, Tex., writes: "Words fail me when I try to tell what the VETERAN has been to me and my family, bringing to our home each month truth of our Southern history and endearing to us all the wonderful heritage which is ours and everyone's whose ancestors so nobly fought for our constitutional rights under the Stars and Bars—a heritage beyond price and sublimely beautiful. I cannot see why every Daughter of the Confederacy is not a subscriber to the VETERAN. It means so much to a Southern home."

R. L. Breland, Coffeetown, Miss., asks that anyone who knew of Jesse H. Cooke as a Confederate soldier will please write him in the interest of the widow, who is old and feeble and in need of a pension. Jesse H. Cooke enlisted in the Confederate army from Conway, N. C., toward the close of the war, and located in Mississippi soon after the war, where he married; she does not know anything of the command with which he served.

Renewing for two years, Mrs. Wayne P. Ferguson writes from Kenova, W. Va.: "I cannot do without the VETERAN. It is a valuable magazine for our U. D. C. Chapter. We have been taking it for over thirty-five years."

J. L. Havins, of Ranger, Tex., Box 762, is trying to locate some one who can testify to the service of Thomas W. Sarrett in the 36th Georgia Regiment, Company B, as his widow is in need of a pension. Any information will be helpful.

J. O. Gaines, 309 South 6th Street, Leesburg, Fla., is trying to locate a book on "Reminiscences of the First Kentucky Cavalry," by John Will Dyer, of Union County, Ky., which was originally published in a newspaper of that State.

The widow of Robert Franklin Reed is in need, and friends are interested in getting her a pension. Her husband enlisted at Gordon, Wilkeson County, Ga., in 1861, and served four years. Any information of his company, regiment or officers from any comrade or friend will be appreciated. Address Miss Quincy Mitchell, 804 North Eighth Street, Durant, Okla.

J. T. Crawford, of Pampas, Tex., renews and says: "I want the VETERAN as long as I live. Find something in each number that is worth the year's subscription."

Ed Bass, of Batesville, Ark., is anxious to establish his father's record as a Confederate soldier, and thinks that he served in the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, under Colonel Starnes and General Forrest. If any living comrades can recall Ed Bass, Sr., they will please write to address above.

Hon. James M. Ranson, President of the Heyward Shepherd Memorial Association, Harper's Ferry, W. Va., seeks advance orders for the pamphlet giving address by Dr. Matthew Page Andrews on occasion of the dedication of that memorial last October. These will be furnished at 25 cents each.

Capt. Sam Riggs, of Rockville, Md., writes that he is with the VETERAN for two more years, and sends three dollars (instead of \$2.50) for the extension, saying: "I respectfully decline to save fifty cents when it is so needed by the dear old VETERAN."

W. R. Harney, of 804 Oak Street, Jacksonville, Fla., needs the number for September, 1895, to complete his file, and any one having this copy to dispose of will please write to him in advance.

"Turn to the Right." Lord Aberdeen quotes the reply made by a Bishop to a person who stopped him in the street, and, in an impertinent manner, inquired: "Can you tell me, my lord, the way to heaven?"

"Certainly," replied the Bishop, "turn to the right and keep straight on."

# Confederate Veteran

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XL.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1932

No. 2

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

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GEN. L. W. STEPHENS, Coushatta, La. *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. B. COOKE GILES, Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## THE STORY OF WASHINGTON.

First in War,

First in Peace,

First in the Hearts of his Fellow-Citizens.

—The Tribute of "Light Horse Harry" Lee.

## THE WASHINGTON BICENTENNIAL.

The nation-wide celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington will take various forms in the different parts of this country, for every community is expected to plan and carry out its own program of events in co-operation with the State and National commissions. The ceremonies that will be planned especially for the 22nd of February naturally will be more elaborate and impressive, but on other memorial days of this country, and any days that can be connected with the life of Washington, there will be appropriate programs throughout the months to Thanksgiving Day.

The planting of trees is one of the most appropriate ways of honoring this great American, for Washington loved trees and took delight in adding beauty to his estate by the setting of trees on the lawn and other parts of Mount Vernon. Many of these trees were gifts, some from foreign countries, but the native trees also were the objects of his love and care, for in his diary he mentions making trips over his own and neighboring estates "in search of Elm and other trees for my shrubberies."

Millions of trees have been set this past year in honor of Washington, in this and foreign countries, and in some places these have been placed along the highways. What more lasting honor could be paid him than to emulate his spirit of beautification by the placing of trees in appropriate places? In the South we can give special distinction to our homes, highways, and public parks by the planting of native trees and shrubs to add their shade and bloom to otherwise barren places. And thus we can memorialize our local heroes in honoring the Father of Our Country.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

"What plant we with Memorial Trees?  
 Dear Memories of ye old times,  
 All crystallized in sweetest rhymes;  
 Great principles by heroes striven,  
 For love and home and country given.  
 For consecrated lives like these,  
 Whose blood upon our soil was shed,  
 Now numbered with the sacred dead,  
 We plant with these Memorial Trees."

## INVOKE THE SPIRIT OF LEE.

FROM THE MAURY DEMOCRAT.

If ever there was a time when the qualities of Gen. Robert E. Lee should be extolled, revived, and reincarnated, it is during the present period in which the ingenuity of man is tested very much to the same degree as during the Reconstruction era. It was the immortal spirit of that period, as exemplified by the men and women of the South, that built a mighty empire on the ashes of devastated battle ground. Equipped with strong hearts and invincible courage, the miracle of the ages was executed—the South was restored, poverty was banished, and the ascendancy of Southern statesmanship, suppressed temporarily during the conflict, is again acknowledged. Congressional leaders of the present day are Southern men; captains of finance in the East are Southern born and bred; in every field of action, the men of the South are in positions of trust and leadership.

The present turmoil of the world awaits Southern courage and initiative for solution; a Moses will rise in the South, his loins girded with the spirit of Lee and with the zeal and courage of the crusader, to lift the nation into a realm of peace, prosperity and happiness.

The further we go from most men, the smaller they become, but the further we go from General Lee, whose birthday was observed recently, the greater his stature becomes. He was as great in peace as in war, and it was his constructive genius during war's aftermath that beckons to emulation in the South today. Southern manhood has proved its ability to master every difficulty, every hardship, and every tragedy. It has conquered ordeals more trying, more soul-stirring and more

heart-rending than the difficulties of the present day. Moreover, the achievements of our fathers were not by chance or accident; the only resources upon which they could draw for the reconstruction task were faith in God, indomitable will, and unconquerable spirit. The present generation is heir to that matchless legacy, and we will meet the prevailing emergencies with success proportionate with the degree of the old Southern spirit that we invoke in our thought and conduct.

FROM THE NASHVILLE BANNER.

"General Lee knew that the richest asset of the South in the Herculean task of restoring and expanding its wasted fortunes was its manpower; and, with clear vision and sacrificial loyalty, he at once addressed himself to its development and training. The South of today, if it be wise, will steadfastly hold before it the great truth that guided and inspired Lee. The challenge to the youth of the South of today is wider far than appeared possible a generation ago, and its equipment for full measurement to the opportunities and obligations of the new century should command the foremost consideration of every community and commonwealth.

\* \* \*

"Material and spiritual forces are contending today for the mastery of men and nations as never in the annals of the race. The lofty idealism which animated Robert E. Lee in every relation of life is making appeal across the vanished century to the soul of the South today to obey the call to its highest and truest destiny."

## WHAT WE NEED.

Standing beside the grave of the Unknown Soldier, President Coolidge said:

"We do not need more national development; we need more spiritual development.

"We do not need more intellectual power; we need more spiritual power.

"We do not need more knowledge; we need more character.

"We do not need more government; we need more culture.

"We do not need more law; we need more religion.

"We do not need more of the things that are seen; we need more of the things that are unseen."—*Exchange*.

## WHERE LINCOLN STOOD.

The following comes from Miss Mary D. Carter, Upperville, Va.:

"Of the many interesting articles appearing in the VETERAN for December, that by Capt. S. A. Ashe on 'Steps Leading to War' is of special interest to me. Pertinent to this article, there is a paragraph in a book on 'Buchanan's Administration on the Eve of the Rebellion,' by James Buchanan, which may be of interest in this connection. On page 62, I find this: 'The author of the book (Hinton Helpers) is by birth a North Carolinian, though of doubtful personal character, but his labors have since been recognized and rewarded by his appointment (by Lincoln) as consul of the United States at Buenos Ayres . . . . Published under such auspices, the "Impending Crisis" becomes at once an authoritative exposition of the principles of the Republican Party. The original, as well as a compendium, was circulated by hundreds of thousands North, South, East, and West. No book could be better calculated for the purpose of intensifying the mutual hatred between the North and South. This book, in the first place, proposes to abolish slavery in the slave-holding States by exciting a revolution among those called 'the poor whites' against their rich, slave-holding neighbors. To accomplish this purpose, every appeal which perverse ingenuity and passionate malignity could suggest was employed to excite jealousy and hatred between these two classes. The cry of the poor against the rich, the resort of demagogues in all ages, was echoed and re-echoed. The plan urged upon the non-slaveholding class was—

"Captain Ashe gives us a fine word picture of the double intent in the Helper book to incite in the South both a class war among the whites and also a servile insurrection among the negroes, but he does not tell us of Lincoln's sympathy with the Free Soil Party, which was putting through this program, as evidenced by the following quotation from the Herndon-Weick Lincoln, Vol. II, page 379:

"In Illinois an association was formed to aid the cause of "Free Soil." We recommended the employment of any means, however desperate, to promote and defend the cause of freedom. At one of these meetings, Lincoln was called upon for a speech. He counseled moderation— (But) We raised a neat sum of money, Lincoln showing

his sincerity by joining in the subscription and forwarding it to our friends in Kansas.'

"Nor does he tell us what James Buchanan states, that Lincoln rewarded Hinton Helper with a Consular position in Buenos Ayres for writing this incendiary book.

"It seems to me, while this matter is up for consideration, that it would be well for VETERAN readers to get the two items showing *just where Lincoln stood.*"

## LONDON'S TWO-MINUTE SILENCE.

I have been in several cities, towns, and villages on November 11 since the war, but nowhere has the two minutes' silence affected me as in the very heart of London. Everyone leaves work and goes out into the streets. It is an established custom now, and the crowds grow from year to year. There are thousands now that join in this act of remembrance who were but children in 1918, who remember nothing of the horrors of the war, never knew anyone who was killed. But they have eyes and ears and imaginations. You need not fear that they will start another war because they have forgotten or never knew what war is like.

I joined the throng that filled St. Paul's Churchyard and Ludgatehill. It was two minutes to eleven. The 'bus just beside me could go no further for the crowd. The driver switched off the engine. The Cathedral choir came out on to the steps and a solitary buglar stood at attention between the pillars. The minute hand crept on and the chatter died down. Sincerity is catching. Giggling girls stopped giggling. The clock struck eleven. There was a deep silence. The pigeons could not understand. They were startled and flew round and round. They no longer seemed to glide silently through the air. The noise they made was like a rushing wind in the trees compared to the silence below. . . . A rocket sounded in the distance and "The Last Post" filled the air. The traffic started again, but above the distant hum came the strains of "O God Our Help in Ages Past" and the National Anthem.

The crowd dispersed through every little alleyway—back to work again. The pigeons settled contentedly on the Cathedral.

A quarter of an hour later Ludgatehill was just as it is any other day of the year, except for the poppy in everyone's buttonhole and the memory in everyone's heart.

They will not forget.—*British Weekly.*



## MARY DAY LANIER—A TRIBUTE.

In the death of Mrs. Sidney Lanier, which occurred at the home of her son, Charles D. Lanier, in Greenwich, Conn., on December 29, widely noted in the press of the country, this country, and the South in particular, is reminded not only of the remarkable life story of the South's immortal poet, but also of the beautiful qualities of a life dedicated from the time of her marriage to the career of her gifted husband. Throughout the fourteen years of their married life, Mary Day Lanier sustained his spirit by her unfaltering belief in his genius, and "in her constant care of him sent him on to the great heights he scaled." Then, through the fifty years of her widowhood, the dominating thought of her life has been to gain for him that recognition which his genius deserved, and she gave to the world those children of his brain. It is a comforting thought that she lived to see her husband's work accepted for its beauty and worth and his fame secure. To her beautiful gray eyes Lanier dedicated that love poem, "My Springs," in which his deepest affection is expressed. Though the light of those eyes failed in her later years, and life closed for her in outer darkness, there was ever in her the light of that beautiful spirit which had overcome so much in those early years when his genius was struggling for expression. That he was able to do so much in the brief period which was given to him was because of her inspiration, and to her we render homage that she did not fail him.

Had the world given a kindlier reception to what Lanier was so eager to give, the richness of his gift might have been vastly enhanced by that encouragement and inspiration. Yet he was able to give much through one who never failed him in life or death.

## MY SPRINGS.

In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know  
Two springs that with unbroken flow  
Forever pour their lucent streams  
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

Not larger than two eyes, they lie  
Beneath the many-changing sky  
And mirror all of life and time—  
Serene and dainty pantomime.

Shot through with lights of stars and dawns,  
And shadowed sweet by ferns and fawns—

Thus heaven and earth together vie  
Their shining depths to sanctify.

Always, when the large Form of Love  
Is hid by storms that rage above,  
I gaze in my two springs and see  
Love in its very verity.

Always, when Faith with stifling stress  
Of grief hath died in bitterness,  
I gaze in my two springs and see  
A Faith that smiles immortally.

Always, when Charity and Hope,  
In darkness bounden, feebly grope,  
I gaze in my two springs and see  
A Light that sets my captives free.

Always, when Art on perverse wing  
Flies where I cannot hear him sing,  
I gaze in my two springs and see  
A charm that brings him back to me.

When Labor faints, and Glory fails,  
And coy Reward in sighs exhales,  
I gaze in my two springs and see  
Attainment full and heavenly.

O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they,  
My springs from out whose shining gray  
Issue the sweet celestial streams  
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Oval and large and passion-pure,  
And gray and wise and honor sure;  
Soft as a dying violet's breath,  
Yet calmly unafraid of death;

Thronged, like two dove-cotes of gray doves,  
With wife's and mother's and poor folk's loves,  
And home loves and high glory-loves,  
And science loves and story-loves,

And loves for all that God and man  
In art and nature make or plan,  
And lady-loves for spidery lace  
And broideries and supple grace,

And diamonds and the whole sweet round  
Of littles that large life compound,  
And loves for God and God's bare truth,  
And loves for Magdalen and Ruth—

Dear eyes, dear eyes and rare complete,  
Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet—  
I marvel that God made you mine,  
For when He frowns, 'tis then you shine!

BALTIMORE, 1874.

*THE "FLAG OF TRUCE BOATS."*[Florence P. Percy in *Washington Star*].

Few people of the present generation are aware that "flag of truce boats" were sent through the lines during the War between the States, carrying refugees to Southern ports. In this way families were re-united after weary and anxious months and years of separation, suspense, and exile brought about by war. These boats were commandeered for the purpose and were exempt from attack. As soon as the vessel was under way the baggage, clothing, and persons of the Southern passengers—men, women, and children—were thoroughly searched for contraband articles. Gold and silver were not allowed to be taken through the lines, and secret papers and other suspicious articles were carefully searched for. Even shoes and stockings were removed. One family had gold dollars covered and made into buttons, which were sewed on and ornamented their clothes. Much strategy and ingenuity were resorted to in smuggling treasured possessions through, sometimes successfully. But the result was often disastrous. The laws were very stringent and strictly enforced. Everything contraband was confiscated by the Federal authorities.

It is told of one courageous mother and small son, who, in a frantic effort to reach Richmond, Va., from Wheeling, Va. (now W. Va.), experienced various setbacks and were obliged to make numerous detours en route. After obtaining necessary letters to prominent people, one being to the Attorney General at Washington, which were presented as opportunity occurred and under great difficulties, they started from Wheeling during the latter part of September, 1861. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad had been cut and destroyed in places to prevent the Northern troops from passing through, which compelled the mother and child to go up through Ohio, from there to Pittsburg, and then to Baltimore. A friend took them from Baltimore to Washington, where they obtained passes to Richmond. They then returned to Baltimore, and that evening boarded a steamer going down the bay. The next morning, before dawn, they were put off the steamer and into a small "flag of truce boat" belonging to the North. From this they were transferred to another small "flag of truce boat" belonging to the South, and from this they boarded a Confederate steamer, which took them to Norfolk, from where they were able to reach Richmond by train.

The "flag of truce boats" were constantly used for transporting prisoners from point to point, but on only a few of the trips were refugee passengers allowed. As there was supposed to be no communication between the lines after war had been declared, and an embargo proclaimed, many persons who were unexpectedly and unavoidably strained and cut off from their homes, and anxiously awaiting a chance to cross the Mason and Dixon line, seized with eagerness the occasional opportunity allowed for passage on a steamer carrying the flag of truce. This enabled them to pass safely through the lines and to once more get in touch with friends or to join families.

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*CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO.*

The Confederate soldiers of Southeast Missouri were honored by the dedication of a monument to their memory at Cape Girardeau, Mo., on Sunday, the 15th of November. This is the tribute of the Cape Girardeau Chapter, U. D. C., and the exercises were conducted by officers of that Chapter, of which Mrs. Glenn C. Hope is President. Little Marjorie Ann Bierschwal, of New Madrid, great-great-granddaughter of Capt. George W. Dawson, C. S. A., unveiled the monument, attended by Marian Miller, a great-granddaughter of Col. William Jeffers; Lois Lucile Gladish, granddaughter of Frank Oldham, of Jackson; and Mary Margaret Rodgers, granddaughter of James Rodgers, of Benton—loyal Confederate soldiers. Addresses were made by Gen. Rice A. Pierce, Commander Tennessee Division, U. C. V., and by Senator Ralph Wammack, of Missouri. The monument was presented to the city and accepted by Mayor E. L. Drum.

This Confederate memorial is located on the Morgan Oak Street Plaza, at the approach to the traffic bridge, and is a handsome shaft on a base of three graduated slabs, the monument being of Georgia silver gray marble, and standing fourteen and a half feet high. On the north side are the letters "C. S. A., beneath which is the Confederate flag in relief, and in the base "1861-1865." On the south side is the inscription: "Dedicated to the Confederate Soldiers of Southeast Missouri."

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J. E. Lewis, of Horton, Kans., renews for two years and writes: "I am now eighty-four, and the only Old Reb in town."



## A CHEROKEE CONFEDERATE.

BY J. R. EDMUNDS, JR., DURHAM, N. C.

Back in the fastnesses of the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina nestles a small cabin in which lives the last Confederate veteran of the Cherokee Nation. John Dickey Driver, smiling old veteran, lives and dreams of the days that he passed with Morgan's Raiders. His English is good and his memory is fairly clear. Born and reared in the mountains, he knows little of the great outside world, but he is happy with his children and grandchildren. Sound physically, he can put in a ten-to a fifteen-mile walk a day. He still enjoys a game of Indian ball, a native dance, or an archery contest, though it may require several hours standing in the heat of the day, or the dance may last till the small hours of the morning. His greatest delight, however, is in his infant grandsons, twins. He holds them by the hour, singing some ancient Cherokee ditty, or talking to them, perhaps of his youthful adventures of long ago. He is truly a "gentleman of the old school," though not a whiteskin. His clothing is an old, but neat, Confederate uniform, of which he is very proud. A dark hat and a stout locust stick for walking complete his articles of adornment. To the stranger, he is always friendly and courteous; by the natives, he is loved, honored, and respected.

Of his soldier experiences, Mr. Driver relates that once, when separated from the rest of his troops, four Yankees, mounted on large black horses, came swooping by the bush in which he had taken temporary refuge. He had visions of a Yankee prison in his head, but, fortunately, he was passed unnoticed and escaped, to be later shot through the legs of his trousers, or "breegies," as he calls them. He can also remember when he was once paid a large sum of money, partly in Confederate and partly in Federal currency. But the scarcity of commodities curtailed his enthusiasm in spending the money. Salt, an essential to anyone and doubly so to a Cherokee, was unobtainable. The old soldier recalls that his "vittles" were unsavory, though plentiful.

Of the many redskin troopers for the South, he alone is the survivor of the Cherokees. Soon he, too, will be gone, and much valuable information and unrecorded data will have perished with him. Never again will the world see the equal of the soldiers that fought so gallantly for the noble Southern Cause. Men they were of a type now needed in this money-mad and pleasure-bound world. With the passing of these old men there

passes with them the kindliness, the courtesy, and the courage that so endeared them to the hearts of their friends and made them respected by their enemies. All these admirable qualities are to be found in Old Man John Dickey Driver, soldier, philosopher, and gentleman.

## SECRET SERVICE WORK.

One of the most outstanding heroines that North Carolina can claim in the War between the States was Miss Emmeline Pigott, of Carteret County. This young woman's name deserves a high place among our State's bravest women, for her cool courage was often shown in the midst of great danger.

At the beginning of the war, Miss Pigott, then a young girl, had given her whole heart to the Cause of the South, nursing the sick and wounded soldiers who were brought in from the attacks on our coasts. Her soldier sweetheart fell in the battle of Gettysburg, and, after that, Emmeline Pigott felt that she must do even more for the Confederacy. She offered herself for Secret Service work to the Confederate Government, and bore important dispatches in large pockets adjusted under her full skirts. Many dangerous journeys were made by her between New Bern (which was occupied by the Yankees) and the seaports, and she narrowly escaped capture very often, going through great danger to fulfil her mission.

Finally this daring young girl was seized, and, while being searched, she *chewed up and swallowed the important message which she had concealed on her person.* If this had been discovered, she would have been shot as a spy. She was imprisoned at New Bern, and while there an attempt was made on her life by the administering of chloroform through her prison window.

Friends worked hard to free her, without success, but at length she sent for some influential men in New Bern who, she knew, were *traitors*, telling them if she were brought to trial she would disclose things that would cause them to suffer. So their influence was brought to bear with the Federal authorities, and she was released without a trial.

The name of Emmeline Pigott is held in the highest veneration, and the Morehead City Chapter, U. D. C., is named in her honor. To the end of her eighty years, no cause was so dear to her as that of the Confederacy.—*From North Carolina Women in the Confederacy, Mrs. J. H. Anderson.*

## CAPT. B. F. EDDINS—A TRIBUTE.

BY J. D. LELAND, GILMER, TEX.

Benjamin Farrar Eddins was born in Ninety Six, S. C., March 21, 1813, of sturdy Revolutionary stock, his grandfather, for whom he was named, serving with the South Carolina troops and subsequently under General Jackson against the Seminoles in Florida. As First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 41st Alabama Regiment, in which Captain Eddins commanded a company, I desire in this brief sketch to commemorate the virtues and perpetuate the memory of this truly loyal, gallant, and unselfish patriot, who, at the close of the struggle, gave up his life, a martyr to the cause he loved so well and served so faithfully.

Captain Eddins was a planter in the *ante-bellum* days, residing about two miles from Tuscaloosa, Ala., famous for the culture and refinement of its citizens, the seat of the State University and a number of flourishing female colleges, and justly styled the Athens of Alabama. Amid such environment, this typical Southern gentleman of the old school lived and reared a large family, who enjoyed all the advantages of schools and churches in the old city of Tuscaloosa. Captain Eddins and I were warm personal friends through life, and I often enjoyed the hospitality of the Eddins home with his boyhood and later army comrade, Alexander M. Eddins, the soldier son, who now sleeps by the side of his soldier father. Captain Eddins was a prominent and consistent member of the First Baptist Church, was a true Christian, and exemplified it in his daily walk, his splendid, useful life. A man without guile or falsehood himself, he found none in his fellow-men, but was ever charitable to the faults and shortcomings in others.

As a friend, he was always loyal and true; as a citizen, he took a deep interest in all matters looking to the advancement of Tuscaloosa and Tuscaloosa County's welfare, and none stood higher in the love and confidence of his fellow-citizens. In fact, "the elements were so mixed in him that all the world stood up and said 'This was a man!'" As a father and husband, he was loving, kind, considerate, unselfish, and was idolized by his family. During my army career, when sadly in need of a guiding hand and wise counsel, I was fortunate enough to enjoy the closest intimacy and friendship of this sterling, conscientious Christian gentleman and soldier, and none had a better opportunity to study his character from every viewpoint and to recognize its true worth,

the grandeur of the man's life, his lofty ideals, his spotless honor and integrity. To the weak and erring, he was a friend to lean upon and trust implicitly. In his daily life he exemplified all the virtues of the citizen, husband and father, and true, unselfish patriot.

The 41st Alabama Regiment, Volunteers, was organized at Tuscaloosa, in March, 1862, with Dr. Henry Tolbird, President of Howard College, as Colonel; Col. James T. Murphree, Commandant Alabama Corps of Cadets, as Lieutenant Colonel; Judge Martin L. Stancel, of Pickens County, Major; and the writer, who was in Virginia in Rodes' Brigade, Fifth Alabama Regiment, was commissioned by the War Department as First Lieutenant and ordered to report to the Regiment for duty. Captain Eddins, though not liable to military duty by reason of his age, but, his heart throbbing with patriotic feeling for his beloved Southland, and fired by the blood of his ancestors, raised a company of volunteers for this Regiment and was unanimously elected Captain. The Alabama Brigades in the Western Army having their full quota, the 41st Alabama was attached to the Texas Brigade, commanded by Gen. Sam Bell Maxey, upon its being ordered to join Bragg's army in Tennessee. Later, the 41st Alabama was attached to the famous old Kentucky Brigade, better known as Buckner's, consisting of four as splendid regiments as the South produced, and our gallant 41st Alabama, commanded by those superb soldiers, Gens. Roger Hanson, Ben Hardin Helm (who was a brother-in-law to Abraham Lincoln), and Trabue, all three of whom were mortally wounded within the space of one year. This splendid brigade was in every sanguinary engagement in the West and covered itself with glory. In all the engagements, Captain Eddins led his company with distinguished gallantry, winning the commendation of his superior officers by his coolness and soldiery conduct under fire. In the battle of Murfreesboro, or Stone River, as it was more generally known, Captain Eddins and the writer were captured. The prisoners were put in a pen, or ring, and guarded. The Federal General summoned the highest officers captured up to that time, and Captain Eddins and I were sent. He questioned us in regard to the number of Confederates engaged in the battle, future plans, etc. Captain Eddins hesitated, saying, "I'm no traitor, and I will die before I will give you any information that would hurt my country," but he said he did not know the strength of the army. General Rosencranz replied, "If you do not know officially,



say what you think. Upon his replying as best he could, the General straightened himself up and said, "You are a liar, Sir. Such a small number could not have whipped my army in such a manner." For it was a badly whipped army at that time.

After an imprisonment of several months at Camp Chase, Ohio, and Fort Delaware, near Philadelphia, we were exchanged at Fortress Monroe, and returned to our command. Camp Chase was very crowded at that time, and, in order to make room, it was the custom each morning to line the prisoners up, count them, and shoot the tenth man. At one time, Captain Eddins was next in line to the man who was shot, thus escaping death by a hair's breadth. It has been rightly said that no place on earth so quickly and surely brings out the "yellow streak," and all that is mean, selfish, and despicable in a human being as a prison filled with a heterogeneous collection of humanity. Amid these environments, with hunger and other worse suffering staring us in the face, did the true nobility of soul of Captain Eddins shine with transcendent brilliance, and irradiated everything and everybody within the sphere of his influence and example. Courteous, kind, considerate, unselfish, and with a heart of gold, he won the love and admiration and fellowship of his fellow-prisoners, but also by his personal magnetism won the respect and confidence of every prison official with whom he came in contact. None were insensible to the charm of character of this fine, true, Christian and soldier.

On account of ill health, due partly to his long imprisonment, Captain Eddins tendered his resignation, which was reluctantly accepted, and returned home to remain with his family, but not in idle activity. Captain Eddins sacrificed all for his country and himself until no longer fit for active service, and his son, the late Alexander M. Eddins, than whom was no more gallant, faithful soldier in the ranks of the Southern army. Though not in active service, Captain Eddins' heart and soul were still in the cause of his beloved Southland, and opportunity found him ever ready and responsive to the interest of the cause and its heroic defenders in the field.

And now we approach the last crowning act of his life, the last in the drama, his heroic life going out in a blaze of glory when almost the last gun had been fired. Thus he gave his life to the cause he had loved so long and served so faithfully and gallantly. News of approach of Croxton's raiders, April, 1865, spread like wildfire

throughout the otherwise quiet old City of Oaks, and quick preparations were made to defend it and check the invaders. Captain Eddins and other leading citizens began gathering together a handful of citizen soldiery and cadets, to meet the vandal horde. In the memorable engagement at the bridge over the Warrior River, April 3, 1865, this noble son of the South fell mortally wounded, shot by the Yankee to whom he had surrendered his gun; and seven days later, April 10, the knightly old hero, Christian soldier and gentleman, one of the dauntless host who followed the Starry Cross through the bloody years of the memorable struggle, crossed over to the land where heroes bask in the eternal light divine. At the last reveille and the last call of the Gray Hosts above, no braver, truer spirit will respond to name. No citizen of long ago is more deeply enshrined in the hearts of Tuscaloosa than Benjamin Farrar Eddins.

#### *"BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS" A WAR MYTH.*

In refutation of the popular belief that a battle took place on Lookout Mountain "above the clouds," which belief was the inspiration of a movement in Chattanooga to stage a celebration on the top of the mountain and to christen the place as "the Shrine of the Southland," Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Bradenton, Fla., contributed the following, which, needless to say, put a quietus on the movement:

"No one can deny that there was a battle on Lookout Mountain, but I can make affidavit that there was never a shot fired between Confederate and Federal soldiers on the top of that mountain, all of the fighting having been between Craven's farm and the river. That is shown by the location of the monuments to troops which did the fighting and by an official iron tablet placed on top of the mountain. I will further say as Chief of Artillery of Stevenson's Division (to which position I was promoted after Chickamauga battle), I had control of every piece of artillery which fired a shot from the top of Lookout, as I will now explain.

"When the pontoon bridge had been placed across the Tennessee River, one of the heaviest guns of our battalion of four batteries was driven to the point, by order of General Bragg, to ascertain whether that bridge was within our artillery range. A lieutenant with the gun detachment made the trial under my direction, and having found that none of our field pieces could throw

shot to the bridge, the gun was at once returned to its battery in our lines of investment below the mountain. At a later date, Stevenson's Division was sent up on the mountain, but several miles from the point overlooking Chattanooga, to guard against any attempt of the enemy to cross over the low slope of the mountain to get to the rear of our investing force. One of the batteries under my command went with the division, and the other three were near Rossville on the lower end of Missionary Ridge, none being near the point.

"When Hooker's forces were advancing, the firing on the morning of November 24 caused two guns of the battery to be sent, under one of the lieutenants, to see if they could be of any use on the side of Lookout on which the advance was moving, but it was found that the distance was far too great and the guns were brought near the point. Then, when the fighting was going on below, the lieutenant in charge fired a few shots in that direction, but the most extreme depression of the guns only threw shot or shell far over the combatants, and those artillery pieces remained there inoperative till the battery was brought down late in the afternoon under the General's orders.

"I was then with the batteries on the ridge nearly opposite and had a good view of the whole mountain. There was no cloud near the top at any time, but there was a heavy mist from the river to the Craven farm above the road, and the flashes of fire from the guns of the fighters were plainly seen through the mist. That caused some newspaper correspondent to write of it as a battle in the clouds. The foregoing is from my personal experience.

"Now, as to the forces engaged, I write from the official recorded facts. The number of Hooker's troops engaged is given as 9,681 men. The first Confederate troops encountered were those of Walthall's Brigade, which was surprised by an unexpected flanking force of superior numbers, and a large number of them captured. Moore's Brigade, of three Alabama regiments of infantry, and three regiments of Pettus' Brigade, were sent to re-enforce Walthall. The three brigades of Walthall, Moore, and Pettus were the Confederate troops that opposed the attack of General Hooker's army, advancing over the foot hills of Lookout Mountain, toward the Craven house on the road from Lookout Valley to Chattanooga. The Confederates were forced back beyond the Craven house to the junction of that road with

the Summertown road, where they held their ground till all troops had come down the mountain by that road, and then all Confederate troops were withdrawn to prepare for what was evidently to be expected next day. After the mountain was abandoned by all Confederates, some of Hooker's men worked their way up to the top, without equipment they could not have carried, and raised their flag on the summit. That is the only way anyone could have reached the top of Lookout from that battle ground, and any man of common sense would know that schoolboys, armed only with stones, could have repelled any attack. Yet some persons are made to suppose that armed Confederate soldiers could be so driven from the top of Lookout, as guides there have stated to visitors. On a visit to Lookout Mountain many years ago, I saw the tablet headed by my name as in control of the guns shown there and heard the fabulous account of one of the guides. So I called on the chief member of the government commissioners with request to correct the false impression made. This he did by having another tablet placed by which visitors were informed that no fighting was done on the top of the mountain, but where the monuments were placed at and around the Craven house below.

"If the tablet has not been removed, how could this movement succeed in making much of a historic shrine on top of the mountain? Or make it a great battle in which the three Confederate brigades engaged lost a total of 1,251 men killed, wounded and missing, of which number 845 of Walthall's brigade were captured in the first encounter, and some of Moore's brigade were captured in later fighting, so less than 300 were killed and wounded in this battle?

The report of General Hooker seems to have intended to give the impression that he had carried his assault to the top of the mountain, as had been suggested to him. When General John B. Gordon published his 'Reminiscences of the Civil War,' I was surprised to find that he had that impression, and I wrote to him about it. As he had served throughout in Virginia, he had no personal knowledge of events further west, and he informed me that he received from General Hooker, at Washington, his mistaken view of that battle, and he said that in any future publication he would correct the error.

"Now, consider what General Grant said about that battle. He said: 'The battle of Lookout Mountain is one of the romances of the war. There was no action very worthy to be called a



battle on Lookout Mountain. It is all poetry.' Those are what is said to be his words in Hon. John Russell Young's book, "Around the World with Grant." The official reports of the Confederates engaged and the casualties in their ranks, as hereinbefore given, seem to have prompted General Grant's estimate. General Grant's estimate of Hooker's boastfulness can be learned from Grant's report of the battle of Missionary Ridge, in which he made the following indorsement on Hooker's report: 'Attention is called to that part of the report giving the number of prisoners and small arms captured (by his commands), which is greater than the number really captured by the whole army.' This is the same Gen. Joseph Hooker who made a vile, slanderous charge against Tennessee soldiers in a communication to Hon. S. P. Chase, dated December 28, 1863, and to be found on page 339, Series 1, Vol. XXXI, part 2, "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies." In that communication he stated: 'Before the battle of Lookout, I had opened communication with Cheatham's Division, holding the summit of the mountain, and had good reason to believe that I would have succeeded in bringing in all of the enlisted men with some of the officers but for their untimely removal.' Cheatham's Division never occupied the summit of the mountain, and any reader of the operations of the two armies at that time will know that there was no opportunity for him to communicate with any command on the summit.

"I have hereinbefore stated that my plain view of the mountain showed no cloud near the top, and in commenting on the fanciful account of a 'battle above the clouds,' a writer in the New York *Tribune* at that time said: 'There were no clouds to fight above; only a heavy mist which settled down and enveloped the base of the mountain.' It is incontestably true that Hooker's advance was across the foothills of the mountain to and beyond the Craven house, on the eastern bench of Lookout, in plain view from Chattanooga, and no one ever saw clouds that low down. So that 'battle above the clouds' is a war myth as false and fanciful as the Barbara Fritchie tale at Frederick, Md.

"This writer, now in his 91st year, was an artillery officer in the Army of Tennessee on every occasion when the Confederates were in or around Chattanooga, and what is written herein is based on personal knowledge of facts and official reports."

### "BY REASON OF STRENGTH."

A RECENT CONTRIBUTION TO THE CONFEDERATE LITERATURE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY MRS. CABELL SMITH.

Some years ago there was published in Richmond, Va., a literary sky-rocket which dazzled the world with its brief glory. In a short time this amazing pyrotechnic was transferred to North Carolina, where the blaze continued with undimmed brilliancy. It was called "The Reviewer," and appeared quarterly. Among the galaxy of writers who carried its glittering flame to such heights was Gerald W. Johnson. His articles proclaimed a new genius, and when his books began to appear the triumph of his early promise was magnificently demonstrated. These books, "The Undeclared," "Andrew Johnson," "John Randolph of Roanoke," proved to North Carolinians that John Charles McNeil and O. Henry had a successor of whom either could feel justly proud.

Mr. Johnson was born in Richmond (now Scotland) County, North Carolina, in 1890. He was of Highland Scotch ancestry, and his grandmother was actually born at Roseneath, the home so graphically and beautifully described in his first novel. He was educated at Wake Forest College, and immediately went into newspaper work, first at Thomasville, then at Lexington, and later at Greensboro. From Greensboro he went to Chapel Hill as Professor of Journalism, but he soon realized that he was not intended for this profession, and, in 1926, he went to Baltimore as an editorial writer on the *Evening Sun*, the paper which Mr. H. L. Mencken edited for many years, and to which he still contributes an article every Monday afternoon.

During the World War, Mr. Johnson served in the 321st Infantry, 81st Division. He was overseas for a year, but on the front for only three weeks, and, to his disgust, saw no fighting worth mentioning. He married Miss Kathryn Hayward of Staten Island, New York. Her mother was Miss Minnie Duls, of Charlotte, N. C., a sister of Judge Charles Duls, who was the law partner of Judge Heriot Clarkson.

Mr. Johnson's first novel, *By Reason of Strength*, appeared serially in the *Household Magazine* last winter. Those who read Grandma Brown's reminiscences and "A Lantern in Her Hand" with enjoyment found in this chronicle of Grandma Whyte another fascinating angle of pioneer life, and followed her fortunes with a rel-

ish rarely accorded inhabitants of those days. Gathering his telling text from the Book of Books, the author tells the reader, in the beginning, that a part of the story of Grandma Whyte was told him by "Cousin Mattie," the creator and preserver of family legends (now become a legend herself); part of it is history, part a small boy who no more doubted that Donald Whyte, the saintly husband of Grandma, was a friend of God than he doubted that Jonah was swallowed by the whale; and the remainder, a man who knows far, far less than the small boy knew. Grandma Whyte, thus created, surpassed other women as only a Scotch woman adapting herself to a strange new land, and adopting the ideals which were to make its honor and glory, could. Brought up in a palace, constructed on a Scotch moor by Italian artists, surrounded by gardens whose famous roses furnished the classical name Roseneath, outlined by heather, with the charm of Loch Lomond and the witchery of the Clyde around her, this heroine of the Campbell clan rejected many royal lovers, collapsing finally under the spell of Donald Whyte. He was a Scotch preacher who had felt the call to America to preach. Eloquent and inspired, the gifted young minister lured the charming young woman across the ocean to the rigors of the New World. The newly-weds landed at Wilmington, N. C., and proceeded up the Cape Fear, settling finally on the Pee Dee, where they established dominion over forest, streams, Indians, and finally over mother country and the souls of men. The descriptions of pioneer days and ways, the picture of a man wedded to his calling, and a woman first lonely and homesick, but finally absorbed into the atmosphere and duties of the country around her, are drawn with great intensity and accuracy. The birth of three girls and then the coming of a little son, the accidental acquisition of slaves for humanity's sake, the gradual extension of cleared lands around the home, the building of the bridge and the mill at the instigation of the woman, while the man pursued his chosen calling with ever increasing zeal—these, and many other details, fill pages which no reader can skip. The horrible death of the little boy from burns lays bare the agony and misadventure of those trying days, but this is balanced by the peaceful passing of the saintly Donald, and the consequent ever widening influence and activities of the once lovely girl, now a capable, sympathetic woman.

The daughters marry, and there are grandchildren. The eldest grandson steals off to the Mexi-

can War and loses a leg. He returns home to a life of merry acceptance of his crippled lot. In spite of his levity, he is the pet of Grandma, whose solace in life exists in her descendants, for whom she now lives entirely.

"Peg-Leg," as he is called, laughs through life until bugles call the entrance of the South into another war. Incapacitated for action in the field, he becomes the mainstay of the family at home. Five other grandsons left under the Confederate flag. Henry fell at Fort Fisher, Archibald died in prison at Elmira; Kermit, of the 18th North Carolina, was killed in action; Duncan died in the fiery furnace at Petersburg; Malcolm succumbed to typhoid fever in a Virginia camp, while Robin, the youngest, was reported killed in a skirmish near Richmond. Consoling the wretched mothers through all these tragedies, Grandma failed when the baby was reported killed, and his wretched mother committed suicide. But Grandma lived on. She ventured into the land of the fierce Croats, where not even the sheriff would go, and nursed them through a terrible scourge of small-pox, returning unscathed. She was physician, lawyer, judge, and jury for the community. She had traveled far from the timid young thing who had experienced such terror at the noise of a hoot owl.

While Sherman was "damning himself to infamous immortality" in Georgia, a band of Union soldiers passed her home. One of the men was severely wounded, and an officer brought him to Grandma's house. He said to her, "This is an officer in the Union army. He must be treated respectfully, and his wants attended to, or all the lives in this house will answer for it."

"Sir," said Grandma, unmoved, "the man is injured and helpless. He may be an officer in the army of Beelzebub, but he is safe here. We are a civilized people."

"Peg-Leg" said to the soldiers, who thought he might have been one of them, "Don't mistake, I am a Rebel all right. Only, I made the mistake of serving your government first, and I haven't been much good for soldiering since."

In the end, Robin, the youngest, returned to Grandma. He was haggard and worn, and his youth was gone, but he was the fruition of all her hopes, and through him came many compensations. And "April swirled throughout the land blossoming and fragrant," while "Airs too faint to be called a breeze were stealing through the dusk, but somewhere they had passed a locust tree in bloom, and somewhere they had brushed a



jasmine, and somewhere they had touched a clump of hyacinths, and they strewed hints of these perfumes everywhere."

This chronicle is so convincing that it needs the author's preface to make us sure that the characters were not drawn from life, and so interspersed with magic phrases that it wrings tears from the eyes as the pioneers wrested material things from the soil.

Mr. Johnson is engaged in writing a new novel which he calls "Number Thirty-Six," which will doubtless bring him many new friends and readers, but "By Reason of Strength" his place in American letters is already secure.

### WASHINGTON PORTRAITS.

BY CASSIE MONCURE LYNE.

The question often arises, "Is the portrait of Mary Washington a real likeness or imaginary?"

Her picture is on every certificate of Membership issued to each *Daughter of the American Revolution*; hence, is fixed in the public mind as a sweet-faced girl, with a "Janice Meredith curl" on her neck; while the style in dress would suggest that Kneller was the artist most likely to have conceived this delineation.

But that is a mistake, for the portrait of Mary Washington is by Middleton and was painted from life. General Washington greatly treasured it, and took it with him to Philadelphia after his election as President, when the Quaker City became the seat of Government for the new Republic. All the treasures from Mount Vernon that were carried thither had to be conveyed in wagons; the roads were so rough; and it is a matter of history that a pole of a teaster bed struck the canvas of Mary Washington and jabbed a hole in it, so disfigured it that Washington had it hung in his bedroom, for the pleasure its presence on the walls gave him; but so very mutilated was its appearance, he felt it would cause remarks if displayed in his drawing-room.

The portraits of him and Mrs. Washington, which Sharpless sketched, also became injured, so, shortly before the General's death, it was decided to send the three canvases to England to have them repaired. This was done, and after President Washington's demise Mrs. Washington was too crushed in spirit to ever ask about them, and she seems to have forgotten all about them. Hence, the pictures remained in England until General Grant went on his famous trip

around the world. Then the custodians of the pictures of the artist who repaired them brought them to London and delivered them to the representative of the United States. The artist was dead—Washington and his consort had long slept in the vault at Mount Vernon.

General Grant brought the portraits back from England, and he advocated placing a likeness of George Washington in every public school as a means toward reuniting the sections, as Washington was "The Father of our Country"—a Virginian.

Dr. Moncure Daniel Conway, the able author and painstaking historian (being himself a citizen of Flammouth, which is on the Stafford side of Fredericksburg, hence close to the Ferry farm or Pine Grove Washington abode, after they left Wakefield) had the best opportunity of any writer to gather Washington data. Judge Lomax, Byrd Willis, and Basil Gordon, Sr., were all living when Dr. Conway made his investigations, and they had known both Mrs. Mary Ball Washington and General Washington personally.

Mary Ball knew no religion except the Church of England. Conway was himself a Unitarian, so had no personal reason for avowing that George Washington was a Christian, but he says that his early religious influence was Parson John Moncure, of Aquia Church, Stafford County, whose family were closely kin to Mary Ball; and that in later years, Washington felt the religious influence of Reverend Marye, who built St. George's Church in Fredericksburg, and taught a boys' school which Washington attended. Both Moncure and Mayre were cultured Huguenots.

\* \* \*

I myself descend from Mildred Washington, who stood as godmother for General Washington, being the sister of his father and named for her mother, Mildred Warner, daughter of Augustine Warner. Hence I am familiar with the record of John Washington, who arrived in Virginia in 1656 in capacity of mate to Edward Prescott, merchant. He married a Miss Pope, whence the name of Pope's Creek in Virginia. The name "John" is frequently repeated in the Washington family, for Lawrence Washington, the Mayor of Northampton, England, was son of John Washington of Wharton. Their arms are still to be seen on the old church though slightly different from the Washington coat-of-arms of the present. The stripes from which our flag takes its design indicated a knight's belt; and the stars

were at first a "cinq-foil," or five-pointed daisy, significant of agriculture in heraldry; but later they became "stars" when the Washingtons took to the sea as "mariners." None of the emblems used indicate high family; they were evidently what is known as "middle-class gentry." It is recorded that this early "John" of Washington lineage was baptized in a font given by Anne Boleyn, the Protestant wife of King Henry VIII. However, manuscripts in the Bodleian Library led Dr. Conway to interpret thus the change of shield from the flower to the star. There was nothing aristocratic either about the Balls. Joseph Ball, the brother of Mary, was a merchant in London, while Mary Ball's own mother, who was the second wife, was a housekeeper in the family. She was the "Widow Johnson" when Ball married her and, when widowed the second time, it is related that "she disappeared with her two children . . . from Epping Forest," and it is highly probable that Ball's first children did not tolerate her presence as she was below them in caste. Colonel Ball had been a Virginia Burgess, and his home, "Epping Forest," though not as handsome as "Bewdly," another Ball estate, was yet a good house for pioneer times. All her life, Mary Ball clung to Spartan simplicity. She was a working woman, and her energy helped to destroy Wakefield, for as she was sweeping up and burning the dry leaves in autumn the wind shifted and blew the flame to the house. Le Marquis de Lafayette and the French who met her as an old lady in Fredericksburg were amazed by her appearance, in clean apron, with gloves on, busy in her garden. She never assumed any airs. That she was a God-fearing Christian and a devout follower of the faith of the Anglican Church is positively true. She always prayed "*God save the King*." . . . When hearing of her son's progress in the Revolution, she constantly affirmed, "It will end in the halter for George."

Hence, one finds her attending *Aquia Church*, in Stafford County, for her connections there, her niece's husband, John Moncure II, was, like George Mason of Guston, a stanch Tory, albeit he framed "The Stafford Resolutions." These, however, were a protest for justice under the King, yet showed the spirit of liberty was stirring in the American colonists. When people spoke to her of her son as "His Excellency," she said, "Fiddlesticks!" When soldiers sought to commandeering her horses for the army, she said flatly:

"Tell George for me, he cannot get them until I finish planting my corn."

Such was Mary, the mother of Washington, of pioneer spirit and powerful will, of earnest faith in God's mercies, with a Puritan contempt for show. George Washington was such a strong Federalist that he did not care for the idols of Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the Democratic party. The difference in these two men lay, perhaps, in the fact that Jefferson lived in France and touched elbows with the French Revolution. Another fact, also of demarcation, was that Washington was a soldier—fond of adventure and willing to trust his ability to take care of himself. But Jefferson was a philosopher, a dreamer, a man with many ideals, and with no disposition to fight.

After the death of Joseph Ball, it is known that his second wife disappeared. It is probable she returned to England. Certain it is that Mary Ball lived in England with her brother Joseph, and when Joseph Ball died in 1760, at Stratford by Bow, it ended the male line of her house. That Mary Ball, the mother of Washington, was orphaned at thirteen years of age is shown by her mother's will, 1721, in which were legacies to Mary of a dappled gray riding horse and land in Stafford County. She is spoken of as the "Rose of Epping Forest," but this is figurative; also that her hair was golden—it never was, but very black; her guardian was Major George Eskridge, a Welchman, for whom she named her firstborn in grateful memory, for she lived under his roof awhile at Sandy Point in the Northern Neck.

Major Eskridge had a most peculiar history which helps to visualize the awful times current then and later on, for terrible things have happened in England. He was as a young man studying law at his home in Wales, and, chancing to be on the coast, a band of ruffians made upon him when he was bent in study, seized and bound him, and threw him on a ship, by which he was taken to Virginia and sold into slavery. Those were days when "Redemption" was common, and for eight years he was thus held, with no redress. He had to toil as a slave, and was forbidden to even write to his loved ones. But having by his work won his liberty, he very soon rose to high honor in the Colony, and had the distinction of having the First President of the United States named for him. Chapters could be written of the white slaves, or redemption emigrants, who paid for voyage by hard labor.



FOREIGN RELATIONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, PRIZE ESSAY OF NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION, U. D. C., 1931.

(Continued from January Number)

Let us consider now the value of cotton to the Confederacy and the part it had to play in the South's foreign relations. The United States government adopted measures, the object of which was practically and effectually to plunder us of a large portion of our crop of cotton and secure its transportation to the manufacturers of Europe. Instead of declaring the blockade ineffective, as it really was, England and France sought, through informal applications to Secretary Seward, to obtain opportunities for an increased exportation of cotton from the Confederacy. (In his *Rise and Fall of the Confederacy*, Mr. Davis quotes repeatedly from letters verifying these facts.)

It was especially in relation to the so-called blockade that the policy of European powers was so shaped as to cause the greatest injury to the Confederacy and to confer signal advantages on the United States. Neutral Europe remained passive when the United States, with a naval force insufficient to blockade effectively the ports of a single State, proclaimed a paper blockade of thousands of miles of coasts, from the Capes of the Chesapeake to those of Florida, and the Gulf of Mexico to the mouth of the Rio Grande. Mr. Davis says: "Compared with this monstrous pretension of the United States, the blockades known in history under the names of the Berlin and Milan Decrees, and the British Orders in Council, in the years 1806 and 1807, sink into insignificance. Those blockades were justified by the powers that declared them, on the sole ground that they were retaliatory; yet they had since been condemned by the publicists of those very powers as violations of international law. It will be remembered that those blockades evoked angry remonstrances from neutral powers, among which the United States were the most conspicuous, and were in their consequence the chief cause of the war between Great Britain and the United States in 1812; also, they formed one of the principal motives that led to the Declaration of the Congress of Paris in 1856, in the fond hope of imposing an enduring check on the very abuse of maritime power which was renewed by the United States in 1861 and 1862, under circumstances and with features of aggravated wrong without precedent in history."

We have seen that repeated remonstrances were made by the Confederate government to neutral powers against the blockade; that our commerce with foreign nations was interrupted, not by shutting up our ports, but by watching the ports of the West Indies, and by the capture on the high seas of neutral vessels by the cruisers of our enemies, whenever supposed to be bound to any point on our extensive coast. Neutral Europe received all this and submitted in unbroken silence to all the wrongs the United States chose to inflict on our commerce. Mr. Davis says that their declared neutrality was delusive, not real, and conferred signal advantages on our enemy.

It was said that England did not wish to raise the blockade, as she wished to see the Southern production of cotton destroyed in order to become both spinner and raiser, so that after the war the South could no longer control the market. England desired to become the main producer of cotton and was willing for it to be kept for years at a high price. She knew that cotton was the source of power in the Confederacy so long as it could be raised there in large quantities at low prices.

The privations resulting from the interruptions of foreign trade caused the Confederates to practice the closest economy, but it also gave remarkable stimulation to all kinds of domestic manufacturing. The administration was using every opportunity to get cargoes of cotton out to sea and to bring in through the blockade a return cargo of arms, clothing, and blankets. Some of these returns came into obscure ports, while others came by way of Mexico overland through Texas.

The Confederate government had early purchased in England two Clyde River steamers, the name of one being changed to Lady Davis in honor of President Davis's wife. These plied between Wilmington and Bermuda, carrying out heavy cargoes of cotton and bringing in arms and other supplies. As the war progressed, notwithstanding the attendant risks, blockade runners multiplied and the commerce became greatly enlarged. There were probably one hundred ships engaged at Wilmington alone during 1863, constantly carrying out cargoes of cotton. The provisions brought in were most helpful to the Confederacy, so much so that when Fort Fisher fell and the blockade runners ceased, the Confederacy fell, for our supplies were entirely cut off.

North Carolina engaged extensively in this cotton commerce with European nations, and, through the wise foresight of Governor Vance, a blockade runner was bought by the State early

in 1863, proving an invaluable carrier for North Carolina's cotton to Bermuda.

Until 1863, Fraser, Trenholm & Company were the only European bankers, or "Depositories," of the Confederate Treasury. They paid the drafts of the Confederate purchasing agents in Europe and the bills drawn by the heads of Departments at Richmond. So, when Congress made appropriations for building vessels in Europe, the navy made a requisition on the Treasury for the amount, and received Treasury notes to be converted by buying cotton and shipping through the blockade to these European bankers, who placed the proceeds to the Confederate navy. In this way, in 1862, a million dollars was placed to the credit of Captain Bulloch, the naval agent in Europe. It was found necessary before long to resort to other means of finance than cotton, for it was seen that the blockade and the war were continuing. In September, the Confederate Commissioner, Mason, suggested that money might be commanded in England by the use of cotton bonds or obligations for the delivery of cotton at any Confederate port upon the thirty days' remand of the holder of the bond, or within three months after peace. Erlanger (whose son was engaged to Commissioner Slidell's daughter) made a proposal to float Confederate loans of five million pounds. However, a loan based on cotton certificates was accepted by the Confederate government, it being placed on the European market March 18, 1863, and Mason, rejoicing that it was a brilliant success, wrote Secretary Benjamin that in two and a half days the subscription to the loan reached sixteen million pounds. Mason wrote: "I congratulate you on the triumphant success of our infant credit. It shows that *cotton is king at last*." Agents of the United States were trying to discredit this loan by large purchasers and low rates. "But," wrote Mason, "our purchase of the stock may yet turn out to be a money-making affair."

The loan dropped somewhat when the news arrived that the United States ships had run the batteries at Vicksburg. After the news from Gettysburg, it soon fell to thirty per cent. Mason saw that the Confederacy could not expect another loan, and that the government should arrange to ship cotton to Nassau and Bermuda by fast steamers running the blockade and under government control. C. J. McRae was sent to Europe about June 1 as special agent of the Treasury Department and to negotiate the sale of Treasury bonds, for Confederate disbursing offi-

cers in Europe were in arrears. In August there were only seven hundred thousand pounds on hand, while much more was needed for the Confederate government engagements for the army and navy.

Before the end of 1864, the net proceeds of the Erlanger loan were exhausted, and after the fall of Fort Fisher the small amount of funds from the sale of bonds ceased. The intercourse with the Confederacy being cut off, to get money for urgent wants, McRae sold several ships and transferred the funds to the Treasury Department. The financial agents of the Confederacy in Europe saw that transmission of supplies must cease and stopped their purchases and shipments.

The depreciation of the currency and the lack of transportation made it very difficult for the Confederate armies to get living rations during the last months of the war. Secretary of the Treasury Trenholm tried to mend the currency by purchasing all the cotton and tobacco, selling it to foreign merchants and buying Treasury notes with the proceeds.

When the war closed, the Confederate agents abroad had no large sums of money to turn over to the United States.

An interesting chapter in the history of the Confederacy is of the financial operations in England. The special Commissioner appointed by North Carolina to England was John White, of Warrenton, who was entrusted with State bonds and was authorized to deliver in England certain quantities of cotton. This agent also secured cotton contracts for the State, and the correspondence between Mr. White and Governor Vance concerning these financial operations is most entertaining, giving an insight into the Confederate foreign relations. Mr. White writes: "Cotton is equal to gold in England (this in 1864), and the clothing and other articles of merchandise sent from England will be of immense service to our soldiers." Governor Vance writes to Mr. White, expressing his approval of his negotiations, and says: "The generous merchants who befriended a people in their death struggle for freedom and independence must feel that their investment is a safe one."

It must be said here that without the protection of Fort Fisher by the Confederacy, these financial foreign relations could not have been kept up by our blockade runners.

One serious and early subject of diplomatic correspondence was caused by the construction at British shipyards of vessels said to be designed



for the use of the Confederacy. The steamers Alabama and Florida first floated as harmless trade vessels, but soon appeared in the character of destructive battleships, and the fear was reasonable that an increase of the Confederate navy of that pattern might ruin all commerce by vessels bearing the United States flag. When the American minister at London, in 1862, questioned Lord Russell as to Confederate ships built in British navy yards, the latter reminded him that the Queen's neutrality proclamation of 1861 had been disregarded by United States agents, who had bought and shipped from British ports to New York large supplies of arms and military stores. It is true the Confederacy had likewise bought munitions of war in England, but Lord Russell wrote that the United States had profited by far the most in these purchases. Furthermore, the British government, through violation of its own law and a deference to the demands of the United States, made an ineffectual attempt and did seize another vessel of the Confederacy and subjected her to great prosecution, just at the time when cargoes of war munitions were openly shipped from British ports to New York to be used in warfare against us. Truly, this leading European power observed a hollow profession of neutrality during the War between the States!

As to the claims of the United States against the building of the Alabama in a British shipyard, Mr. Laird, member of Parliament and senior member of this shipbuilding firm, exposed in the House of Commons the hypocrisy of the representations made by the United States; for he had letters from the United States government as first applying for terms on which the Messrs. Laird would build an iron-plated man-of-war, finished completely with guns, etc. Referring to the Alabama, as she left his shipyards, Mr. Laird said: "If a ship without guns and without arms is a dangerous article, surely rifled guns and ammunition of all sorts are even more dangerous." He then proceeded to expose to Parliament the bills of entry in customhouses of England of the great amount of ammunition and arms shipped to the United States.

The British government had detained several steam rams on the complaint that they were being built for the Confederacy, and more and more frequent was shown the injustice of England. Although it had been arranged to have four vessels of the Alabama type built in France, yet, when the United States protested, Napoleon found it inexpedient to favor the Confederacy.

The Confederacy had been disappointed by the action of the French government, whose Emperor had at first shown great sympathy for this government. Napoleon had proposed to England that the three courts should endeavor to bring about the suspension of arms for six months between the United States and the Confederacy, in order to bring about negotiations for peace. The three powers would only interfere to smooth the obstacles and within the limits which the two governments would prescribe in order to bring about a peaceful settlement of the war.

In England, Lindsay's motion for mediation had been hanging fire in the House of Commons for some time. He had reviewed the causes of the war and showed that the cause was not to the opposition against slavery, but to "taxation without representation." Although public sentiment in England was for the South, yet with the present ministry the British government could not be driven to a decided position. Mason contrasted the friendliness of French statesmen with the "rude incivility of Russell." Mason's house continued to be the resort for Confederate sympathizers.

The Confederate government felt that England had deviated from her own principles, that no blockade was binding unless enforced, and that she refused to reply to requests for explanation.

By December many in the Confederacy had despaired of the intervention by European powers, though Slidell, as special ambassador to Spain, found that the Spanish minister at Paris was in sympathy with the Confederates. But after the news of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, Slidell was informed that nothing could be effected at Madrid. The plans in the British Parliament had failed, though there were a number of Southern clubs organized throughout England that were eager to aid the Confederacy.

The Confederacy had a "Lafayette," for the Prince DePolignac of France came to the aid of the Confederacy and commanded a brigade in its army, under Gen. E. Kirby Smith.

Several Englishmen, too, of noble birth, served with honor in the Confederacy.

The Confederate Congress declined to send commissioners to the Industrial Exposition to be held at London and resolved further to abandon all attempts to conciliate the favor and secure the recognition of Great Britain.

In all attempts to secure European recognition or aid, by offer of commercial advantages or alliance, the Confederacy had failed, and in its

plans to raise a navy in French ports, it had been duped by Napoleon. Notwithstanding the immense war debts that had been piling up, the United States had the confidence of foreign powers, and they feared to oppose her while the Confederacy was being crushed. Very few now asserted the political power of cotton stored in Confederate warehouses, or doubted that the crisis in the English cotton famine was over. It was the darkest period in the Confederacy, and its President began to feel convinced that intervention by European powers was a forlorn hope. However, there was sent to England by the Confederacy, the last of the winter of 1864, an agent who had a commanding influence in this Confederate Congress. This was Duncan F. Kenner, of Louisiana, an intimate friend of Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State. An able man of conservative views, educated in Europe and speaking French fluently, he was asked to go to Europe with general instructions, giving him not only power as a Commissioner to make treaties, but with instructions to negotiate for the sale of cotton. But this was too late, for after the fall of Fort Fisher, England's actions toward the United States were even more friendly than before. All hope of recognition by England was gone, and the end of the four years' struggle for Southern independence was at hand. In a letter to Slidell on December 29, Secretary of State Benjamin stated that "the Confederacy had really been fighting the battles of England and France; that if the war had been against the United States alone, it would have long since ceased, but that, in calculating the length of the war, the Confederacy had not expected Europe to aid the United States by the abandonment of the rights of neutrals, by closing ports to Confederate prizes, by the seizure of vessels intended for the Confederacy, and by indifference to an unequal fight; that notwithstanding miscalculations and the afflictions caused by the blockade and devastation, the Confederates were determined to struggle for her rights of government."

The efforts to gain the recognition of England and France by economic pressure failed as we have seen. Finally, let us endeavor to summarize the reasons. First, the British manufacturers were stocked up with enough goods for two years and would have had to close their factories and take a tremendous loss had not the embargo and blockade cut off the cotton supply and permitted them to sell their old stock at an enormous profit (estimated at around 40,000,000 pounds sterling),

and the French manufacturers made proportional profits; the British were able to make great progress in building up their culture of cotton in India, which they hoped would soon make them independent of the Southern supply. England, due to Confederate commerce destroyers, took over a great portion of the American merchant marine and virtually all of the American carrying trade, which was worth more to her in the long run than the cotton; England made enormous profits from the sale of munitions to the United States, and an intervention in behalf of the South would have cut off this trade, of course; she made profits from her woolen manufacture and trade which exceeded by 27,000,000 pounds sterling that of pre-war days, and an excess profit in linen manufacture during the two years, 1862-64, of around 14,500,000 pounds sterling, besides employing in these two industries around 200,000 extra employees, thus making up to a large extent the unemployment in the cotton districts. These are the chief reasons why there was no intervention, and they may be characterized as profits. That is, despite all the calculations of the South, and despite much suffering among the operatives in the cotton industry, England actually made a great profit out of the American war, and chief of the profiteers were the owners of the cotton mills themselves. So, from a purely selfish reason, England did not range herself upon the side of the South.

So the Confederacy failed in gaining the recognition of foreign powers, but the result was not attributable to any fault or negligence on the part of those who worked for its success. All the history of this phase of the Confederacy shows diplomatic skill and reflects credit upon those devoted statesmen who took part in the foreign affairs of that government. The course of events was beyond their control.

The Confederate States government ceased to exist with the surrender of its armies. It had won the praise of eminent statesmen as having the best form of constitution the world ever saw. Its administration had been able, humane, and considerate of justice. It deserves the esteem which great nations gave it, though they did not take its part in its courageous struggle for States Rights.

An Englishman of distinction has given this deserved tribute to the Confederate government:

"No nation rose so white and fair,  
None fell so pure of crime."



## THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

BY MRS. C. F. COATES, SALEM, VA.

This well-known magazine of the "Old South," so familiar to every one who pretends to a knowledge of literature, and a household word to almost every refined family of that time, was first published in August, 1835. It continued in existence until 1864, when its career was interrupted by the chaotic conditions produced by the downfall of the Confederacy.

Among the editors we find the names of T. W. White, 1833 to 1864; Edgar Allan Poe, January, 1837, to January, 1843; B. B. Minor, from November, 1847, to May, 1863; J. R. Thompson, June, 1860, to January, 1864; G. W. Bagby, January to June, 1864; T. H. Alfriend, Benjamin Blake, and J. Reuben at short periods.

This magazine was devoted to every department of literature and the fine arts, and had for contributors the best writers of the day, Northern and Southern. Although devoted more exclusively to the interests of the South, it was liberal and just to its Northern neighbors and sought to equalize the prejudices of the "abolitionists" and the slaveholders of Dixie. The editor declares, "One object of a work like the *Messenger* is to improve the exercise of thought and the habit of composition. A literary novice, when he sees himself in print and contrasts his productions with those of more mature minds and more practiced hands, will rouse himself to greater effort."

A literary man of note, who says he is more "domiciliated" in the South, compliments the magazine in the following words: "Periodicals have for me a kind of physiognomy. Some look silly and death-doomed from their birth. Yours gives signs of a vigorous and healthful vitality. May it live long and prosper."

In examining carefully the first bound volume found in the Library of Roanoke College, at Salem, Va., we are struck with the variety of departments exploited at that early period of magazine editorship. We find remarkable editorials on the writers of the day—Mrs. Sigourney, Washington Irving, J. K. Paulding, J. Fenimore Cooper, John Quincy Adams, and Peter A. Brown—all of whom write encouraging letters to the editor commendatory of his literary venture. Washington Irving says: "Your literary enterprise has my highest approval and warmest good wishes. Strongly disposed as I always have been in favor of the South, and especially attached to Virginia by early friendship and cherished recollections, I can but

feel interested in the success of a work which is calculated to concentrate the talent and illustrate the high and generous character that pervades that part of the Union."

We quote also from J. K. Paulding's letter of comments: "The Muses must certainly reside somewhere in the beautiful Valley and on the banks of the clear streams of the mountains of Virginia. Solitude is the muse of the imagination; and if there be any Virginian lass or lad that ever seeks, they will assuredly find inspiration among the retired beauties of her lonely retreats." Then he advises: "Give us something new, something characteristic of yourselves, your country and your native feelings, and I don't care what it is. I am somewhat tired of licentious love ditties, border legends, affected sorrows and grumbling misanthropies. I want to see something wholesome, natural, and national. The best thing a young writer can do is to forget that anybody ever wrote before him, and, above all things, that there are such caterpillars as critics in the world."

James Fenimore Cooper encouragingly writes: "The South is full of talent, and the leisure of its gentlemen ought to enable them to bring it freely into action. If some I could name would arouse them from their lethargy, you would not be driven to apply to anyone on this side of the Potomac for assistance."

We find some wonderful poetry in the pages of the *Messenger*. The editor in comment quotes the saying of Horace, "Neither God nor men can endure middling poetry," but upon examination we find very few poems are of the "middling" variety. Many writers sign only their initials, and seem afraid to declare themselves the authors of their productions. Compared to some of the modern-manner poetry, these lyrics are as the flowing melodies of Spain and Italy to the Hawaiian jazz of to-day. The well known lines, "My life is like a summer rose," is one of these, supposedly written by R. H. Wilde, then a member of the House of Representatives of Georgia. "The Bowers of Faith" has been termed Miltonian by one critic. "Hymn to the Stars," by D. Martin, of Mobile, Ala., "Young Rosabel Lee," by Philip Pendleton Cook, of Winchester, Va., are all excellent. "Poem of a Collegian," of the University of Virginia, is especially beautiful. There are also poems by Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartford, Conn., and William Cullen Bryant. Many sonnets are included in the collection, such as, "To Virginia,"

"The Sea," "To Iolanthe," by Fergus, "Sorrows of Love," by Poe, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," "A Song of the Seasons," by Harry Lyle, "The Miniature," by George A. Norris, which was translated into four languages and set to music.

Harriet Martineau, of England, having come over to report on our morals and manners, condemns waltzing in the following verse:

"She is pretty, I agree,  
But she waltzes, Sir, you see,  
And I would not give a fig  
For a dancing Whirl-i-gig."

In the records of the Virginia Historical Society, published periodically in the *Messenger*, are found many historical occurrences not recorded in general accounts of that era. One is the record of Grace Sherwood's trial for witchcraft in 1705, in Princess Anne County, Virginia. Also, "Indian Wars," by Colonel Stuart of Greenbrier; "The Battle of Point Pleasant," in which Gen. Andrew Lewis figured; and the Stamp Act Rebellion, by the Sons of Liberty, with a history of the latter organization.

A feature of the magazine is a description of the many scenes of natural beauty to be found in the State of Virginia, as Bald Knob, near Rocky Mount; Home Mountain, near Lexington; Beaver Dam and Sweet Springs, Chotank and Blue Ridge Mountains, Peaks of Otter, White Sulphur, and numerous other springs; Natural Bridge, Mountain Lake, then called Salt Pond. Tribute is also paid in prose and verse to the caverns and caves, and the many stories of Indian warfare connected with them.

Many short stories by different writers are featured. Poe has "Morella," "Lionizing," "Visionary," "Berenice," "Wild Tale," "Bon-Bon"—all in the vivid Poe manner—tales which when read in childhood made your hair stand on end "like quills upon a fretful porcupine," or gave you the terrifying feeling when going upstairs to bed at night of something frightful following at your heels, ready to seize you.

Notable amongst the College Commencement addresses reported is one at Hampden-Sydney on La Fayette, given by John Quincy Adams. Adams' style is severely criticized. Another was "A Defense of Slavery," delivered to the law class at William and Mary by Blackstone.

Among the reviews of periodicals of that day mention is made of the *Southern Churchman*, or-

gan of the Episcopal Church, edited by William F. Lee, and *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, the *North American Review* (criticized for not being up to date), *London Quarterly Review*, and *American Quarterly Review*. Among the books reviewed, Lee's "Napoleon Bonaparte," Bancroft's "History of the United States," Spark's "Washington Correspondence" and "Life of Kosciusko," in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. Many biographical sketches of prominent men of Virginia and others of the South are included in the contents of the magazine.

The social life of that day is depicted in lively style in many articles, contrasting vividly with our modern club meetings, banquets, costume balls, erratic, fantastic, and savage dances, bridge parties, teas, automobile tours, European travel groups, and sea-bathing diversions. Frances Ann Butler, an English actress of the day who was introduced to Philadelphia and New York society, says in her journal: "Society is entirely led by chits who, in England, would be sitting behind a pinafore. It has neither the elegance, refinement nor propriety which belong to ours, but is a noisy, racketty, vulgar congregation of flirting boys and girls, alike without style and decorum." She also decries the waltz, just then introduced from Europe, while acknowledging its intoxication, and, after promising her partner to desist, exclaims in these words, "So, farewell sweet German waltz! Next to hock, the most intoxicating growth of the Rhineland."

Concerning the waltz and gallopade, another writer says, "The author is mistaken if he supposes we have favored those outlandish innovations upon Virginia simplicity." Still another says, "Dancing is of barbarous origin. The minuet was all right, and was danced by Washington with his wife." Conversation parties, which consisted of talk exclusively, each trying to outdo the other, and no one listening to anyone else, trying to outdo the Tower of Babel; soirees or evening parties of card playing, dancing, drinking, and uproarious mirth; the squeeze, crowding as many people as possible into the smallest space possible and dancing with various steps, yclept "chicken flutter," "forked lightning," "heel-and-toe," and "corn shuffle."

A young lady upon being scolded by her father for coming down late to breakfast after returning from a party that lasted from ten to three A.M., and being asked what she had to eat, says, "I only ate a chicken salad, a wing of turkey, some jelly, a few macaroons and mottoes, a dozen pickled



oysters, and drank a few glasses of champagne—that's all excepting a sponge cake or two, and a glass of lemonade during dancing, and a little ginger sweetmeats. There's Lizzie ate twice as much as I did"—to which Lizzie replied, "No, I didn't, but I was more select: A few slices of cold tongue, a piece of a-la-mode beef, three pickles, a few olives, some blanc-mange, two plates of ice-cream, a little floating island, some truffles and bon-bons, and oranges, and plum cake and custard during the evening. I am sure I do not care much for solids." Shades of balanced diet fiends of the present day with their vitamins and calories! The slender figure was certainly not in vogue at that day and time, or the digestive fluids they partook of counteracted the quantity and quality of food.

Jokes *per se* do not seem to be a special feature, although we find abundance of wit in many articles and book reviews. The criticisms are especially scintillant in sarcastic comment.

Contemporary history receives due attention, as in a series of articles on Affairs in Tripoli, the French Republic, and the English Parliament. La Fayette's visit to Williamsburg, the ancient colonial capitol, in state, with three hundred or more attendants, is minutely described by one correspondent. His carriage is drawn by four cream-colored horses, and he is attended by Lord Dunmore, Sir Alexander Spottswood, Lord Botetourt, and Robert Dinwiddie. A description is given of the first Convention assembled in Richmond attended by Madison, Monroe, Giles, Marshall, Randolph, Lee, and Governor Tazewell. Letters of Thomas Jefferson quoted show him to have been interested in several young ladies, whom he mentions by name.

Unlike the modern magazine, there are few, if any, illustrations, and no illustrated advertisements. Lack of the latter contributes substantially to efforts of concentration on the subject matter published.

Travelogues are an entertaining feature, both local and foreign countries figuring largely in its pages.

Another feature is entitled, "Notes and Anecdotes, from 1738 to 1830," of many prominent characters of the period, as Napoleon, Cuvier, and Michaud. These are translations from the French especially for the *Messenger*, and also from the Greek, German, and Swedish.

There are many articles on education, including discussions of the relative importance of language and science study, and stressing the use of good

English. The editor on criticism is especially caustic when there is a misuse of the language.

We find continued stories, some poetical, as "Navrine," by Miss E. Draper. We also find the editor using the trick of more modern magazines of leaving the conclusion of an interesting story for the first or second number of the ensuing year, giving the subscriber the alternative of renewing his subscription, or of missing the conclusion of the story.

Reviews of the works of many authors are given, as Dickens, Cooper, Bulwer, Mrs. Hemans, DeFoe, Letters of John Randolph of Roanoke, Coleridge, Halleck, author of the oft-quoted, "None knew thee but to love thee, none named thee but to praise." "The Culprit Fay," by Drake, is compared with Shelley's "Queen Mab" to the advantage of the latter. Many Italian writers are noticed, as "Francesca di Rimini," drama by Silvie Bellier, Manzoni, Monti and Nicolini. There is a notice also of the British and Foreign *Medical Review*, published in 1836.

There is scope for a much more extensive description of the contents of this most successful publication of pre-war days, but the limits of this paper preclude further comment. We advise those who have the opportunity to investigate this treasure house for themselves.

#### AT THE FALL OF SELMA, ALA.

[From memoirs of Capt. T. F. Pinckney, in the *Austin American Statesman*. Captain Pinckney, now living in Austin, Tex., is the last survivor of his company.]

It came to pass in the estimation of the Federal authorities at Washington that once the Mississippi River should fall into their hands, the backbone of the Confederacy would be broken; for, with New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, Vicksburg and Memphis in their permanent control, "what could the Rebels do?" In the summer of 1863 their heart's desire in that respect was realized and the spirit of their armies raised accordingly, and, truth to tell, although the outcome of the great conflict was then in the lap of the future, we now know that the chances for the success of the Southern cause were growing very dim, for on the day that Vicksburg surrendered (July 3, 1863), on that same day the army of Northern Virginia under General Lee was beginning its retreat from Pennsylvania and General Bragg was retreating from Tennessee.

And the Yankees, having thus split the Con-

federacy in two by a North and South line, they now proposed to subdivide it by an East and West line, from Vicksburg east to Meridian, to destroy the big railroad system there, and on east to Selma, the "very apple of their eyes" where there were large factories and stores of army supplies, and eastward or southward to the Seaboard.

And, in pursuance of this last bold scheme General Sherman started from Vicksburg for Meridian on February 3, 1864, but, on arriving at Meridian and destroying the railroads there and failing to get the help of Yankee General Sooy Smith, who was expected to meet him with his cavalry corps, Sherman returned to Vicksburg, and the capture of Selma was postponed to a later date.

And so, on April 2, 1865, the city of Selma was in fact captured by the Federal army under Major General James H. Wilson, and this victory was the culmination of another Yankee dream. But on that never-to-be-forgotten day of April 2, 1865, Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest was also at Selma. He had been fighting Wilson continuously in the effort to prevent him from reaching Selma, and in a desperate engagement at Bogler's Creek the day before, he had been wounded and had to carry his arm in a sling. He had made definite plans to defend the city to the best of his ability, although he knew that he would be greatly outnumbered. He had sent dispatches to his subaltern brigadiers by his couriers who had been captured by Wilson's scouts, and, at 10 A.M., without knowing that his couriers had been captured, he was eagerly and anxiously waiting to hear from his brigades commanders, and it happened that I was in company with him at that hour.

But he waited in vain, and, his brigadiers having failed to receive his orders, he was compelled to meet Wilson's vigorous attacks with an inadequate force. And no wonder that this great and glorious fighter, who never fumbled or refused a challenge to combat, should under such circumstances feel impelled to make every man help to defend the threatened city.

The capture of his couriers, the failure of his brigadiers to get to Selma in time to help him, and his whole campaign thus disrupted, though no fault of his own, was enough to make a saint swear. But, as all the world now knows, after all his troubles and disappointments his courage never faltered and, with only a mere handful of his brave followers, he cut his way out through Wilson's lines and the enemy failed to capture

the Wizard, although every Yankee general was hot on his trail with orders to "kill Forrest."

Here begins my own rather strange and somewhat amusing little story.

As stated above, on the morning of April 2, 1865, I was for a short time in company with General Forrest. We were sitting together on some wooden steps across the street south of Gee Hotel, waiting to take our turn for something to eat at the restaurant to which the steps led; and, while sitting there, a squad of Forrest's soldiers under a corporal came to the general for instructions. The general, sitting there, his wounded arm in a sling, told the corporal to patrol the streets of the city and to arrest every man they met and send them to the trenches, that it mattered not who they might be or what their rank or profession, all hands must go to the trenches (for Wilson was then approaching and in sight of the city), and so the corporal and his guards proceeded at once to carry out the general's instructions.

I was somewhat surprised to hear the general give this order, that I soon learned that the circumstances justified the order; but it so happened that I was captured a few hours later by Wilson's troops in consequence of this order of General Forrest.

It was then at Selma, a captain on extra or supernumerary duty, acting as ordinance officer on Colonel Royston's staff, and had been issuing arms to Confederate soldiers passing through the city returning to their several commands. While doing so, I had chosen for my own use a good army rifle in anticipation of General Wilson's attack on the city, and when I left General Forrest at the restaurant, I armed myself with my rifle and my sword, hurried to a livery stable, saddled and mounted a horse there, and put out for the trenches in the southwest part of the city, into a small fort, where I let loose my rifle against Wilson's hordes.

Wilson, with a body of splendid cavalry, was just commencing an attack on our little fort, but as they had to cross two deep ditches and a high railroad embankment, they retreated and dismounted and renewed their attack as infantry, and as they left obliqued toward a company of State militia on our right, those gallant heroes beat a hasty retreat and we in the little fort had to vacate it or be captured; and as our little fort was no longer tenable and the enemy were about to shut us off from the rest of our troops, and the city also, we simply had to skedaddle from there.



Leaving my noble steed to take care of himself as best he could, I made my way back toward the center of the city to join (as I thought) our other victorious Confederate defenders, and right then and there the result of General Forrest's unusual order given in my presence to his squad of soldiers reached its inevitable culmination.

As I went hurrying up the street, rifle in hand and my sword buckled around my waist, I ran into a body of Wilson's troops waiting for my approach at the corner. Thinking they were General Forrest's squad of patrols obeying his instructions to pick up stragglers, I marched boldly on, although I had ample opportunity to escape them, and when I reached the corner two of the troopers left their ranks and demanded my arms. When I told them I would see them in hell before I would do so, and explaining to them that I was a commissioned officer fighting on my own hook, and calling for the officer in command, made to him the same explanation. The commander, a Major Wood, rode up to the sidewalk and said, "It makes no difference, Sir. You are a prisoner of war."

And thus I was caught in a trap, but little did I care, for I knew they couldn't hold me long.

They then marched me up town to the Gee House, where they had herded up about a thousand of us Rebs and citizens.

In the meantime, General Forrest, realizing the situation and seeing that he could no longer withstand the overwhelming forces of the enemy, cut his way out through Wilson's lines with a handful of his brave and devoted followers, and, still fighting, made his way to Marion, where he halted waiting for further orders.

The Yankees then put their prisoners in a stockade in the suburbs of the city and kept them there while they built a pontoon bridge over the Alabama River and destroyed the factories and army stores at Selma. But as I was a commissioned officer and on the staff of Colonel Royston, the Commander of the Post, they granted me a parole to the limits of the city, which I strictly observed. When they had finished their pontoon bridge across the river, they gathered all their prisoners and proceeded across the country toward Montgomery and a Northern prison.

And that suited me to a dot, for as I had made up my mind never to allow myself to be taken to a Northern prison, I determined to escape even if I lost my life in the attempt.

So, about ten miles out of Selma on the route to

Montgomery, watching for a chance when the mounted guards were not watching me too closely, I made a dive for a thicket on the side of the road and lay there flat on the ground until all the guards and wagon trains had passed by. I then crawled to the bed of a nearby creek and thence up the creek and through the woods, wandering all night until next morning at daylight, I took to the highway back to Selma, where I stayed until the news of General Lee's surrender reached me there and put a stop to all the fighting, and we then made our weary way back to our ruined homes and families wiser if not better men.

And thus endeth the story of my last shot for the Confederacy and the land I loved.

Now, after the lapse of sixty-five years and plenty of time for study and reflection, I believe that the Southern cause could have been made successful, and our armies victorious if General Forrest had been made commander of all the Southern armies south of Mason and Dixon's line; and I also believe that if he had received the encouragement and support of the Confederate authorities at Richmond, and had been furnished with an adequate number of soldiers, he could have cut into Sherman's line of supplies and captured his whole army; or even if his plan for posting the banks of the Mississippi River with guerillas had been adopted, he could have stopped its navigation by the Federal transports and won the war for the Confederacy.

I think this plan of General Forrest's was even better than building forts on the river, for forts alone could not prevent the Federals from eventually getting control of it.

I fought the Yankee fleets with my battery both below New Orleans and at Vicksburg for many months, and I know how futile our efforts were to effectually block their fleets from navigating that great stream, which was the backbone of the Southern Confederacy, for, even though we sank many of their transports and gunboats, some of them always managed to pass our batteries.

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"Our dead are not just dead who have gone to their rest,

They are living in us whose glorious race will not die—

Their brave buried hearts are still beating on in each breast

Of the child of the South in each clime 'neath the infinite sky."

## GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

PLANTER, SOLDIER, STATESMAN.

[This paper was presented before a meeting of the C. R. Mason Chapter, U. D. C., of Staunton, Va., by Major Henry T. Louthan, Professor of History at Staunton Military Academy.]

Gen. Wade Hampton's great-grandfather migrated from Virginia and settled in Spartanburg County, S. C. There he and his wife, his son, Preston, and an infant grandchild were massacred by Indians. His son, Wade Hampton, escaped the massacre by reason of being absent from home.

This Wade was a Revolutionary soldier in Col. William Washington's cavalry, and rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel. He distinguished himself particularly at the battle of Eutaw Springs. He was a member of the United States House of Representatives in 1795-97, and again in 1803-05. In the War of 1812, he became a major general and commanded an American army on the Canadian border. He amassed a large fortune, having vast plantations not only in South Carolina, but also in Mississippi and Louisiana.

The son of this Revolutionary hero was usually known as Col. Wade Hampton, an officer of dragoons in the War of 1812, and who acted as aide and inspector general on the staff of General Andrew Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. After the British defeat, he rode horseback from New Orleans to Washington to bear the news to President Madison. He was the father of the third Wade Hampton, the Confederate hero, the subject of this paper.

Wade Hampton, planter, soldier, and statesman, was born March 28, 1818, on Hasel Street, Charleston, S. C., in the town house of his mother, and within the sound of old Mount Michael's chimes; but his boyhood was spent largely among the great oaks and rose gardens of Millwood, the baronial mansion of the family, a short distance from Columbia. This stately house with its impressive white columns, entwined with ivy, was the center of a hospitality almost mediaeval in magnificence. Great numbers of contented slaves worked in mansion and field, singing in the sunshine and warmly attached to an indulgent master. Guests were furnished with servants and horses and left to mingle familiarly with the family or to engage in the sport of riding, hunting, or fishing.

In this atmosphere, Wade Hampton grew to young manhood, devoted to all the sports, in which

he excelled. In early boyhood even, he was noted as a daring and graceful horseman. I was present when General Robert E. Lee's equestrian statue was unveiled in Richmond in May, 1891. I recall now three persons only who were in that great parade on the way to the monument. They were Generals Joseph E. Johnston, Fitzhugh Lee, and Wade Hampton—the latter two on magnificent horses, and seemed like centaurs of old, ready once again to fight for their beloved Southland.

## THE PLANTER.

Like the eldest son of the English landed aristocracy, young Hampton was educated to meet the traditional responsibilities of his class. At eighteen years of age, he was graduated from the University of South Carolina and later studied law. He now settled down to the management of plantations and the meeting of social duties. He entered the State senate and there made a speech against the reimportation of slaves, which Horace Greeley described as "a masterpiece of logic, directed by the noblest sentiments of the Christian and patriot."

In the fifties, the golden days of the South, Hampton had a town house in Columbia, rice lands on the sea, cotton plantations in South Carolina, and large planting interests in Mississippi, where he spent most of his winters, his cotton crop in 1860 realizing a quarter of a million dollars.

Hampton's life on his Mississippi plantation resembled that of an English earl in the days of Richard the Lion-hearted. He had a fatherly attitude toward his hundreds of slaves, who reciprocated his friendliness. He personally supervised their accommodations and care. When the evenings were cool, he usually spent his time in the library of his plantation house before a great log fire with his favorite books, but his residence resembled closely a vast hunting lodge, for he was a famous hunter.

He liked nothing better than to pit his prowess against the black bears of the Mississippi swamps, going in after them with his hunting knife when they had been brought to bay by his hounds, and, though he carried the scars of more than one combat, he had the record of killing as many as eighty in this daring way.

Idolized by his friends, beloved by his slaves, successful in the cultivation of his plantations, wealthy, cultured, untorn by ambition, finding pleasure alike with gun, rod, horse, or book, his was a happy life on his manorial estates before



the war; and when the war drums began to beat, he was the richest gentleman in the Confederate states.

#### CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Wade Hampton was a type of the finest fruitage of the chivalry and aristocracy of the Old South. He was a patrician by birth, instinct and training, yet his manner was thoroughly democratic. He was a born leader of men. Six feet in height, deep chest, broad shoulders gave him a superb presence. His complexion, hair, curly beard, and large blue-gray eyes gave him the appearance of an old Saxon king.

At the call to arms, he raised, in South Carolina, Hampton's Legion, which he outfitted largely at his own expense. His genius for command, his poise, dash and daring endeared him as a soldier to Stuart, Jackson, and Lee. He suffered like a Spartan. In a battle, he had seen one son fall; and, sending a second son to his succor, had seen him wounded also, and had ridden back to comfort them—then back to the fight and to sleep on the ground in the rain that night, not knowing the fate of those who were bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh.

So far as I can learn, no adequate life has been written of General Hampton, but he richly deserves one. From various books on the War between the States and concerning the Reconstruction period, I have gathered the data for this paper.

As Col. Wade Hampton of the Hampton Legion, composed of 630 South Carolinians, he fought at the first battle of Manassas, where he was wounded. In the Peninsular campaign, he had been promoted to brigadier of infantry, and was wounded again. Later he was named senior brigadier general of cavalry and he began to find his pace. After the Gettysburg campaign, he was made a Major General and given a division, to him being assigned the brigades of W. E. Jones, Baker and Butler. Still later, he was promoted to lieutenant general.

Hampton took part in the Seven Days' Battle around Richmond; fought at Frederick, Md.; was in the Sharpsburg campaign; helped Fitz Lee drive Pleasanton out of Martinsburg; was with Jeb Stuart in the raid on Chambersburg, and was made military governor of that town in Pennsylvania. I have a cousin, Berryhill M. Carter, of Carter Hall in Frederick County, Va., who "saw so much of the meanness of the Pennsylvania Dutch soldiers during the war," that I know he would have enjoyed having been Governor Hamp-

ton's first aide during those few days that he was ruler of Chambersburg.

When Lee's army lay south of the Rappahannock, while Burnside's was encamped on Falmouth Hills across from Fredericksburg, the records tell of some notable raids made by Hampton around the enemy's lines. With 208 of his cavalymen, he crossed Key's ford on November 27, rode thirty miles to Hartwood church, captured and brought back eighty-four of Averell's Pennsylvanians, surprised on picket. On December 10, with 500 sabers, he raided up to Dumfries and brought back fifty prisoners and a train of twenty wagons. This last adventure was made in the snow, and Hampton's South Carolinians had never before seen such weather.

When Gen. Maxcy Gregg, a much-beloved and admired officer, was killed at Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, General Lee offered Gregg's South Carolina infantry brigade to Hampton, but he, now growing into great reputation as a cavalry brigadier, elected to remain with Stuart.

The heaviest cavalry fighting of the war took place on Fleetwood Heights, near Brandy Station, in Culpepper County, Virginia. The conflict between Hampton's four regiments and about as many of Gregg's was one of the most important hand-to-hand combats of the four years of the war. Hampton's men used the saber only. His right echelon, a little behind the main body, charged up the heights from the northeast, and cleared them of Wyndham's men. Then Hart's battery, supported by sections of McGregor and Chew, galloped to the crest and opened a withering fire on Gregg below them. This artillery fire brought Gregg's attack to a close.

Jeb Stuart had 9,536 sabers by his return of May 30. Of these he used at Brandy Station fifteen regiments, most of Fitz Lee's and all of Robertson's brigade being unemployed. Opposed to Stuart was Federal General Pleasanton, who had 10,981 men, of whom all except one brigade of infantry were engaged. In this noted cavalry engagement, the Federals lost 936 officers and men, of whom 486 were prisoners, six flags and three pieces of artillery. Stuarts total loss was 523 officers and men. He accomplished his mission, which was to shield Lee's movements from observation. Pleasanton saw only some Confederate infantry near Culpeper; but how much was there, what it was doing, where it was going, he did not learn; so Hooker was as much in the dark as ever. And Hampton and his men had fought especially gallantly in helping to force the Fed-

erals back. My mother's youngest soldier brother, Henry Clay Brown, a member of the 6th Virginia Cavalry, was at one time a member of Hampton's Brigade—and he considered Hampton one of the great captains of the war.

On the third day of Gettysburg came the great cavalry fight, off to the northwest. Stuart had Hampton, Fitz Lee, Chambliss, and Jenkins. Pleasanton had Buford, Gregg, and Kilpatrick. The Confederates, said a Federal observer, ride down in array very splendid, flags and guidons in place, bright sabers at carry. Then, a straight, pounding fight. The blue dismounted lines are driven from the flat. The squadrons of Gregg and Custer and Buford come charging and cut up the gray lines of Jenkins. Hampton and Lee meet them furiously, and the battle sways in dense dust clouds, up and down. Hampton, fighting among his troopers, is slashed terribly to the skull with a saber. Flags are lost and taken, formations broken and formed again, and after some hours, the squadrons—blue and gray—draw off to the line from which each started. Dead horses and dead men lie in the trampled flat between.

The duel of the great guns is over. The Yankee huzzahs and the Rebel yells fall to a murmur. Pickett has made his heroic charge and has come back with a remnant of his men. General Lee has made his great invasion and has missed the mark, and soon must return to Virginia. But Meade was too stunned to follow.

Kilpatrick, with 4,000 picked cavalry and six pieces of horse artillery, supported by Dahlgren with 460 men, was on his way to capture, sack and burn Richmond, and assassinate President Jefferson Davis. On the night of March 2, 1864, Hampton, with only 306 troopers, struck Kilpatrick's men encamped at Atlee, ten miles north of Richmond, stampeded the whole brigade and bottled them up with Cockeyed Ben Butler on the James. Dahlgren, in attempting to escape, was killed in King and Queen County. Dahlgren's pistol, shortly after his death, came into the possession of my wife's father, who was one of Mosby's men. This attack of Hampton was one of the most daring of the war.

At Trevilians, at Sappony Church, at Reams Station, at Burgess Mill, and in numberless skirmishes, Hampton was there! Early in 1865 Hampton was ordered to South Carolina to help hold Sherman in check—and consequently was not with Lee, when the Confederate battle flags were furled. Only two cavalry officers in the Confederate army attained the rank of lieutenant

general. These were Hampton and Forrest—ranking in the order named.

## THE STATESMAN.

But the greatest work done by Hampton was during the Reconstruction days in the South. It remained for the brutal Congress of the United States to drive the disarmed Southern people to the verge of a new war by stationing negro troops in the midst of their homes. Hampton was moved to fury, and wrote to President Johnson denouncing "Your brutal negro troops under their no less brutal and more degraded Yankee officers," by whom "the grossest outrages are committed with impunity."

Hampton said, in effect, to Grant: "If we had known that you were going to back with bayonets the carpetbagger, the scalawag, and the negro in their infamous acts, we would never have given up our arms!"

At Chester, S. C., negro troops clubbed and bayoneted an old man; at Abbeville, white men were ordered from the sidewalks; in Charleston they forced their way into a house, ordered food, and after eating, felled the mistress of the home. In retaliation for the blow of a white man, entrusted with the guardianship of a young woman, who had been insulted, negro soldiers dragged him to camp, murdered him in cold blood, and danced upon his grave.

Is it any wonder then, that the Ku-Klux Klan began to ride—and no doubt Hampton was riding with them. For eleven years, the carpetbag and negro government plundered and insulted the defenseless South Carolinians, largely because Grant, who was President and commander-in-chief of the United States army, did not have foresight enough to remove the negro troops.

On June 28, 1876, the Palmetto Guard Rifle Club of Charleston determined to celebrate the centennial of the battle of Fort Moultrie. It was further determined to secure a decisive battle for the white man's right. There were many other Rifle clubs in line. When the enthusiastic thousands, in military array, headed by Wade Hampton, leading the veterans of the Confederacy and the young hot spurs were seen all solidly marching, it was the first grand demonstration of that magnificent campaign, which terminated in the redemption of South Carolina. In a short while, white Rifle Clubs had been organized all over the State.

Gen. Wade Hampton was nominated for governor by the straight-out Democratic convention



which met in Columbia in August, 1876; and a full state ticket was added. D. H. Chamberlain, the carpetbag governor, was nominated by the Republicans to succeed himself.

I think it was Chamberlain, who in after years, in telling of the Republican attempt to negroize South Carolina, wrote a book, entitled "A Fool's Errand by One of the Fools." For he then realized that no inferior race could overcome the Anglo-Saxon, who had been continually advancing in civilization since the days of Alfred the Great.

This campaign for white supremacy in South Carolina was unique in American politics. Hampton and other accomplished speakers spoke in every county in the State. By break of day, the crowds began to gather at the county seat. Rifle Clubs were there, and Red Shirt companies were present, in their red shirts of flannel, cambric, or calico, worn without a coat. The women and children were there to add to the success of the day. At Anderson, where the first "Hampton Day" was held, on September 2, the attendance was estimated at 10,000, and 1,500 Red Shirts were in line.

"Hurrah for Hampton" was the battle-cry of the white people of South Carolina in the fight to rid the state of negro rule!

The medium through which the plans of the Democrats were carried out were the Rifle Clubs and the Red Shirt companies. Every county had a number of Red Shirt companies and many of them were mounted. Unexpectedly, and without apparent reason, mounted Red Shirts would appear on the streets of a town, or on the roads, firing pistols in the air, and making the welkin ring with their shouts. When they were around, carpetbaggers, scalawags, and negroes made themselves scarce. The tactics of the mounted Red Shirts accomplished more for the success of the Democrats than probably any other phase of the campaign.

The Republicans called this "intimidation," but the Democrats considered it simply "taking advantage of the psychological moment."

Hampton believed thoroughly in his influence over the negroes. He always assured them that they would receive equal justice with the whites, "as soon as the power passes into the hands of the Democratic party here, which shall come to pass as surely as the sun goes down on November 7. Few of their votes were, however, won, but many were kept from the polls because they didn't like "the cut of the eye" of the members of the Rifle Clubs and of the Red Shirts! And they were

right, for the South Carolinians, after eleven years of oppression, were out "loaded for bear," and not all of them were black either.

During the campaign, on October 17, President Grant urged by the carpetbag government, ordered the Rifle Clubs, as insurgents, to disband, and ordered heavy reinforcements of United States troops sent to South Carolina. They disbanded, but as individuals were held together by "those ties of humanity which bind all good men together"—and they held on to their rifles. They did not intend to be left to the outrages of the Republicans at Washington for a second time.

Both sides claimed the election. But the State board of canvassers indicated that the Democrats had elected all of the State officers except four minor ones. The Democrats had a majority in the house of representatives, but the Republicans had a majority in the senate. But the Republicans still claimed the election of the governor and other state officers of both houses of the legislature.

The night before the legislature was to convene, a company of United States soldiers was marched into the State House by request of the Carpetbag Governor Chamberlain. They were there to keep out enough Democrats to give the Republicans a majority. The next day there were at least 5,000 outraged Democrats packed in the plaza in front of the State House. Hampton had to be called on to disperse them—else every soldier in that State House would have been dead in a few minutes.

There was now a contest between the two legislatures. On December 3, information reached Democratic headquarters in Columbia that one hundred members of the negro "Hunkey-Dory" Club of Charleston were coming up to eject certain Democratic legislators from the State House.

This news was flashed over the wires, and by the next night about 5,000 white men had reached Columbia. Many were Confederate veterans and all came armed, some with Winchesters, some with pistols, and others with both. They were determined men who had come for business, and their business was not only to protect the Democratic legislature, but to take possession of the State House. Arrangements had been made to shoot Mackey, the speaker of the house, whom the Republicans had forced in; and it was regarded as certain that the killing of Chamberlain would have quickly followed.

The Democratic legislators, however, decided

to withdraw to another place in order to prevent bloodshed, but the 5,000 armed men were not so easily handled. They called for Hampton to lead them. He had quieted a great multitude a few days before when they surged before the State House; now it was his part to control a great throng again. He tactfully addressed them:

"I am glad to see you all here; come to see the State fair? There is very good stock out there, and I hope you will all go to see it, and be very particular to behave in an orderly and quiet manner. I want you all to remember that I have been elected Governor of South Carolina, and, by the God above, I intend to be Governor. Go home and rely on that. I'll send for you whenever I need you."

When Hampton had closed his speech, the crowd gave a great Rebel yell, and then, as it had done a few days before, melted from the streets. Gen. Bradley T. Johnson said: "That speech and the yell that responded to it made Hampton Governor."

The Democrats had carried the legislative tangle to the State supreme court. It decided that the Democratic organization of the house of representatives was the legal one. But because General Ruger had orders from President Grant to uphold the carpetbag government, he said he would continue to use his troops to keep the Democrats out of the State House. So the tangle in regard to the executive and legislative branches of the South Carolina government continued.

On March 4, 1877, Hayes was inaugurated as President. He requested both Hampton and Chamberlain to come to Washington to talk over the tangle in South Carolina. They went, and Hayes decided to withdraw the United States troops from the State. Deprived of the soldiers, the carpetbag-negro government collapsed without a struggle. On April 11, 1877, at twelve o'clock, Chamberlain turned over the governor's office to Hampton, and the curtain was rung down upon one of the most thrilling dramas ever enacted in these United States.

Hampton was re-elected Governor of South Carolina in 1878.

When the legislature met that year, Hampton was elected United States senator, and he resigned the office of governor in February, 1879. He served two terms as senator. In 1893, President Cleveland appointed him United States commissioner of railroads, and he held that position until 1897, when he retired to private life.

In the spring of 1899, Hampton's residence on

the Camden road, near Columbia, was accidentally destroyed by fire. He was then in his eighty-second year and had very limited means. Friends of his, without his knowledge, raised a generous fund with which they built a handsome residence and presented it to him, over his strenuous protest. Here Hampton resided until April 11, 1902, when he passed away in his eighty-fifth year—exactly twenty-five years from the day when he took charge of his redeemed State as her governor. The gathering at his funeral was the largest ever seen in South Carolina. People came from every part of the state—the number estimated at 20,000, and a considerable proportion of them were negroes—all demonstrating by their sorrow the love and esteem in which he was held by all classes of his state.

Hampton's tomb is at Columbia, in Trinity Churchyard, while on Capitol Square, just opposite, stands the imposing equestrian statue to his memory, "erected by the State of South Carolina and her citizens," and unveiled on November 20, 1906. Yet his greatest memorial is in the hearts of the people of this whole Southland.

## ALABAMA IN NOVEMBER.

BY EDNA S. WILLIAMSON, DECATUR, ALA.

When Jack Frost passes in the night,  
He lingers here awhile,  
And leaves a kiss on valley and hill  
That makes all nature smile.

A kiss transforming the emerald slopes  
Into billows tipped with flame,  
While shining gold of maple leaves  
Rich harvest days proclaim.

The whole a marvelous tapestry  
Of gold and crimson bloom,  
And berries' royal purple caught  
In Autumn's magic loom.

Ripe nuts tumbling, squirrels calling,  
As they store their winter nests;  
Sirup boiling, and cider flowing  
To cheer the lingering guests.

Monster pumpkins, fields of corn,  
Gold in the slanting sun,  
The fleecy cotton piling higher,  
Until the day is done.

O Alabama, glorious State,  
By Nature so richly blest,  
We hail thee Queen of Dixieland,  
Here in beauty and plenty we rest!



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. WILLIAM E. R. BYRNE, *President General*  
Charleston, W. Va.

MRS. AMOS H. NORRIS ..... <i>First Vice President General</i> City Hall, Tampa, Fla.	MRS. GEORGE DISMUKES..... <i>Treasurer General</i> 1409 Chickasha Avenue, Chickasha, Okla.
MRS. CHAS. B. FARIS..... <i>Second Vice President General</i> 4469 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo.	MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON..... <i>Historian General</i> 707 West Morgan Street, Raleigh, N. C.
MRS. R. B. BROYLES ..... <i>Third Vice President General</i> 5721 Fifth Court, South, Birmingham, Ala.	MRS. A. S. PORTER, Hotel Monroe, Portsmouth, Va... <i>Registrar General</i>
MRS. W. E. MASSEY..... <i>Recording Secretary General</i> 738 Quapaw Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark.	MRS. J. W. GOODWIN, Allendale, N. J..... <i>Custodian of Crosses</i>
MRS. L. U. BABIN..... <i>Corresponding Secretary General</i> 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.	MRS. J. L. MEDLIN..... <i>Custodian of Flags and Pennant</i> 1541 Riverside Avenue, Jacksonville, Fla.

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:*  
Since the close of the Convention, I have been very busy forming committees and attending to the routine business of the Organization.

The New Year has begun, and after the close of the holiday season, the Divisions and Chapters have taken up their work with renewed zeal.

Mrs. Porter, Registrar General, has sent a circular letter to her Registrars giving a most detailed explanation of the work of her office. If these letters are read, studied, and closely followed, the work of this office can be made much easier.

Mrs. Anderson, Historian General, has sent, not only to the Division Historians, but to the Presidents, a copy of the Historical Program and Prize Lists. I hope there will be many contestants for the many valuable prizes offered this year.

Mrs. R. H. Chesley has been appointed Official Editor of the United Daughters of the Confederacy Department of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and is also Chairman of the Special Committee. Let us all give her our support in making this Department the best in its splendid history. See that your Directors send in reports of your activities. Each Division is interested in what the other Divisions are doing.

Make up your Clubs of four subscribers for \$5. No Chapter should be without this valuable magazine. It is our greatest organ for recording and preserving Southern history. Read it, study it, file it.

Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, of Richmond, Va., has accepted the Chairmanship of the Committee for Correctly Designed and Manufactured Battle Flags.

Mrs. A. C. Ford, of Clifton Forge, Va., is Chairman of the Business Committee.

Mrs. Marcus W. Crocker, of Columbus, Ohio, is Chairman of the Committee on Division By-Laws.

Mrs. Charles O'Donnell Mackall, of Baltimore, Md., is Chairman of the Memorial Committee.

We are told that the proper way to impress any subject on students is to repeat and repeat—that one learns by much repetition; so I am again calling your attention to the necessity of completing, at an early date, your quota to the Lee-Stratford Memorial Fund and the Mrs. L. H. Raines Memorial Scholarship Fund.

Remember, we are pledged to make the final payment on the purchase of Stratford, and we should be ready to do this when it is called for.

There are so many students applying for loans for graduate vocational work, and these loans can not be granted until the Mrs. L. H. Raines Fund is completed.

I have received several letters asking what the United Daughters of the Confederacy was doing in regard to the George Washington Bicentennial. No action was taken at the Jacksonville Convention relative to this matter, so I would merely suggest that as we Southern women claim George Washington as our own, we should co-operate with other organizations in honoring him in tree planting, and suggest further that, sometime in February, preferably the 22nd, the Chapters have a George Washington Program.

Before another issue of the VETERAN, the Minutes of the Jacksonville Convention will be in your hands. As many changes were made in the By-Laws, please read the Minutes very carefully.

Faithfully yours, AMANDA AUSTIN BYRNE.

# Confederate Veteran.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Massachusetts.*—The name of the Cambridge Chapter has been changed to the Woodrow Wilson Chapter, and the January meeting will be a memorial to our great Virginian and World War President.

One of the main objects which the Daughters of the Confederacy in Massachusetts are trying to accomplish, is to bring about a better understanding between the sections of our country, and to prove to our good friends in this Northern State the wonderful worth-whileness of our organization. That we are succeeding is being demonstrated to us in various ways every day. One illustration is the following letter to Mrs. Sayre from one of Boston's busiest ministers, which deserves a place of honor in our records:

"410 Washington St.,  
Boston, Mass., January 6.

"My dear Mrs. Sayre: I wonder if you will forgive me for writing an informal reply to your kind invitation to be present on the occasion of the very worthy program of the Daughters of the Confederacy in memory of our great President and Commander-in-Chief of the World War.

"Permit me to say that I regret exceedingly my inability to be present, owing to a prior meeting, which I have vainly sought to have changed in order to grant me the liberty and privilege of participating, or rather being a humble but interested spectator.

"On this day, after the bells have ceased ringing out in celebration of the ratification by the Senate of the Peace Pact, permit me to offer to you my humble tribute to the memory of the great leader of them all—your father. He was in the van in vision and achievement in the interest of World Peace; and the Kelloggs, Briands, and Borahs are only following. I dare to predict that the name of Woodrow Wilson will shine as a star with increasing brightness on the broadening firmament of history. For victory in such a struggle is not of today, it is of eternity. The victory is not in the triumph of this plan or that, it is in the spirit in which the life is lived. Woodrow Wilson was led to Mount Pisgah and saw the Promised Land of World Peace—though, like Moses, he was not privileged to enter in; but he looked forward confidently to the triumph of that cause for which he gave his last full measure of devotion.

"Though himself stricken in the conflict, his name, I repeat, is marked for a place among the

world's immortals—for the truth for which he stood and battled lives, and will live, until

" 'Peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendor fling,

And the whole world send back the song which now the angels sing.'

"With assurances of high regard and loyal interest,

"Yours truly,

S. W. ANTHONY.

*Brighton Congregational Church."*

This chapter will have as its main objective the establishing of a scholarship at the Harvard Law School for worthy descendants of Confederate soldiers, as a Memorial to the three Confederate Generals who were Harvard Law graduates: Gen. A. R. Lawton, Gen. S. R. Gist, and Gen. B. Tyler Johnson.

[Mary C. Chesley.]

*Kentucky.*—As this is written, the Kentucky Chapters are preparing to celebrate the birthday of Lee and at the same time to honor Jackson. In Lexington Chapter, the celebration will be the annual luncheon with notable speakers. In Frankfort, the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter will give a tea in the Governor's Mansion, at the invitation of Mrs. Ruby Laffoon, wife of the newly elected Governor. In Louisville, each year, the occasion is kept by the Albert Sidney Johnson Chapter with a breakfast.

The work of the State is going forward well with the new President, Mrs. Josephine Turner, of Louisville, in charge. The few veterans remaining in the Confederate Home at Peewee Valley are a sacred care to the Daughters, and are remembered at Christmas and other holidays in many ways which they appreciate. The cemetery there is well kept, and the graves are marked by the State.

The outstanding work of the year was the national project of placing a bronze bust of President Davis in the hall of Morrison College, Transylvania, Lexington, his Alma Mater. This was the dream of Mrs. George R. Mastin, and the General Organization, through a year of intensive work, completed it in a worthy manner. The occasion was graced by the presence of the President General, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, and Misses Lelia and Robine Webb, great-granddaughters of President Davis, while the speaker was United States Senator Alben W. Barkley. An academic procession of the faculty of Transylvania, with the Mayor and many prominent citizens, brought out



an imposing array of caps and gowns, while the flags—sixty in all—borne by girls in white, were generously loaned by the Mississippi Division and made a colorful and stirring beginning for the exercises. The Confederate Flag flew over the building during the exercises—and was still flying next morning when the sun rose in splendor and the fresh breezes stirred its folds. This was the first time since the War that this flag was so shown. The bronze bust by Lukeman, mounted on an oak pedestal designed by him and made by the Combs Lumber Company of Lexington, is a masterpiece; the face is mystic, the whole impressive and imposing. The bronze plate was made by the University of Kentucky under the direction of Professor Richard H. Johnson. The Kentucky *Progress Magazine* carried a page description of the ceremonies, a picture of the bust, and a fine picture of Mr. Davis, along with a picture of the obelisk at Fairview, Ky., the birthplace of Mr. Davis.

The classic old Hall, nearing its hundredth birthday, looks directly down the street where Gen. John Hunt Morgan lived and where he made his daring ride escaping from his enemies, galloping through the immense old halls, kissing his mother, and spurring his horse to jump over the high stone wall at the back.

The State has lost a charming member to the Golden West, Miss Mary More Davis, Vice-President, removing to California to make her home. The Division, as well as her own Chapter, feels the loss greatly. We hope the U. D. C. out there will find out what a treasure we have lost.

There has been great interest in old-fashioned gardens this past year. The Quill Club continues, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Lucian G. Maltby, to encourage its members to write and to print both history, fiction, and poetry. The Confederate Collection in the rooms of the Kentucky Historical Society at Frankfort, under the care of Miss Lena Benton, continues to grow and thrive.

[Mrs. W. T. Fowler, Lexington.]

#### DIVISION EDITORS—ATTENTION!

Division Editors are asked to have their reports in the hands of the Official Editor, Mrs. Chesley, by the first of the month in order to appear in the number for the following month. These reports generally have to be worked over by the Official Editor to fill the space available, but if carefully and concisely written they should need no editing.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

HISTORIAN GENERAL: Mrs. John Huske Anderson.

AIMS FOR 1932: To know your work—a fuller knowledge of the facts of our Confederate history.

### HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CONFEDERATE PERIOD.

*With Southern Songs.*

MARCH, 1932.

State Song.

Diplomatic and Foreign Relations of the Confederacy.

(VETERAN for January, 1932.)

King Cotton and the Blockade.

Reading: "The Confederate Note."

Song: "We're Old-Time Confederates."

### CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

MARCH, 1932.

Song: "Dixie."

Boy Soldiers of the War between the States.

Cadets at New Market, Va., and Natural Bridge, Fla.

Junior Reserves at Bentonville, N. C.

Parker's Boy Battery and Jackson's "Foot Cavalry" (Arkansas boys).

Sam Davis, of Tennessee.

### THINGS TO KNOW—WHERE TO ORDER.

Songs of the Confederacy. Arranged by Mrs. A. L. Mitchell, Paris, Ky. Price, 50 cents. The Willis Music Co., 137 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

Echoes of Dixie. Price, \$1. Noble & Noble, 76 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Special prices for distribution.

"Errors and Omissions in Textbooks on American History." Price, 10 cents, from the Historian General. For terms on "Library of Southern Literature" write to Historian General.

U. D. C. bookplates at \$3.75 per 100, and a "Confederate Portrait Album" at 50 cents (plus postage), may be obtained from Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Weissenger-Gaulbert Apartments, Louisville, Ky.

Short sketches of Lee, Davis, and Jackson, at 15 cents each, may be ordered from H. H. Smith, Blackstone, Va., suitable for schools.

History of the Confederate flags, 25 cents. Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va.

Extension study course on Confederate history, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.

Book on "Flags of the Confederate States of America," the Norman Publishing Company, 15 South Gay Street, Baltimore, Md.

Confederate Flags. J. A. Joel & Co., New York.

## HISTORIAN GENERAL'S MESSAGE.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:*

In this month of the two hundredth anniversary of George Washington's birth, I wish to emphasize what I said in my "message" of January. In this bicentennial observance, in which all Daughters will take part, radio talks are stressed and the planting of Memorial Trees to honor the Father of our Country.

I wish to make a correction in the February program on Stratford. This was not the birthplace of Washington's favorite general, "Light-horse Harry" Lee, though it was for many years his home, after he married the owner, his cousin, Matilda Lee. He continued to live there with his second wife, Anne Carter, the mother of Robert E. Lee, who was born at Stratford.

By permission of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, the winning essay in the U. D. C. prize list on "Stratford as a National Shrine," will be placed in the library of that historic home. The preservation of Stratford is one of most important historic accomplishments, and it not only behooves us to give liberally, but to study the history of the birthplace of our beloved Knight of the Confederacy.

I am sending out an S O S call for any short plays to be sent me, dealing with the Confederate period. Chapters, please respond to this.

Division Historians have received (on January 1) my programs and prize list to distribute to their Chapters. Please publish in State papers.

Yours faithfully, LUCY LONDON ANDERSON.

## USEFUL FOR REFERENCE.

Files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Story of the Confederacy, by Robert Selph Henry.

Lee, the Soul of Honor, by John E. Hobeika (Syrian). (Just off the press with fine reviews.)

Lincoln, by Edwin Lee Masters.

The South in American Life and History, by Mrs. Fannie E. Selph.

Jefferson Davis: His Life and Personality, by General Morris Schaff.

History of the United States, by John H. Latane.

Service Afloat, by Admiral Raphael Semmes.

Mosby's Rangers, by J. J. Williamson.

Living Confederate Principles, Lloyd T. Everett.

The Women of the South in War Times.

A Heritage of Freedom, Birth of America, American History and Government, by Matthew Page Andrews.

Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis, by Dr. J. William Jones, D.D.

Pamphlets of Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, Holdcroft, Va.

Brochure on Lee, by Landon C. Bell.

John C. Calhoun, by Gustavus M. Pinckney.

The South, by J. L. M. Curry.

Stratford—Material from Lee Memorial Foundation, Greenwich, Conn.

The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers.

Life and Labor in the Old South, by Dr. Ulric B. Philips.

Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, by Jefferson Davis.

Golden Tales of the Old South, by Becker, Editor *St. Nicholas Magazine*.

Confederate Wizards of the Saddle, by Bennett H. Young.

Library of Southern Literature.

General Minutes of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Historic Southern Monuments, by Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson.

History of the Confederate Southern Memorial Associations.

The South in History and Literature, Miss Mildred Rutherford.

Recollections and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee, by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee.

The Confederate Military History. Edited by Gen. Clement A. Evans.

Golden Tales of the Old South, by Miss May L. Becker.

In Old Virginia, by Thomas Nelson Page.

War Songs and Poems, compiled by Dr. H. M. Wharton.

Confederate Scrapbook, by Mrs. Minneyrode Andrews.

Southern Prose and Poetry, by Mims and Payne.

Marse Robert, Knight of the Confederacy, by James C. Young.

From Bull Run to Appomattox (A boy's view), by Luther W. Hopkins.

The Scout (The Story of Sam Davis), by C. W. Tyler.

The Partisan Rangers of the Confederate Army, by W. J. Davis.

Prize lists for U. D. C. and C. of C. will appear in the February number of the VETERAN.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MRS. BRYAN WELLS COLLIER.....*Historian General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MISS WILLIE FORT WILLIAMS.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUINBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Little Rock.....Mrs. Sam Wassell  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
MISSISSIPPI—Biloxi.....Mrs. Byrd Enochs  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates  
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. T. A. Buford  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. ADA RAMP WALDEN, Editor, Box 592, Augusta, Ga.

## NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

A blessed, happy, and prosperous New Year to one and all!

As the clock strikes the hour marking the passing of the old year, may the stroke that ushers in the New Year ring loud and clear in prophetic rhythm—while hope springing eternal may with its magic wand unfold a new vista of life that shall thrill and fill our souls with glad expectancy that with the dawning of the morning the mists and clouds of depression that have veiled the sunlight of prosperity be lifted and our country shall again rise to a renewal of prosperity and peace. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," so let us think prosperity, talk prosperity, and soon we shall see prosperity—while depression is lifted from our land.

Again a most happy New Year, and may the blessings of the Heavenly Father be with and abide with you.

Faithfully yours, MRS. MCD. WILSON.

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

*My Dear Co-workers:* Through some inadvertence, my New Year's greetings, prepared and sent to the VETERAN for January, went astray, and failed to appear, but I do want you to know that you could not have been forgotten, and that every good wish of my heart has been and is with you. May the New Year bring fresh inspiration, and as you take up your work in planning for our Memorial Day, that all will be done with a deepened sense of appreciation and of the dear heroes in gray who, each passing year, more deserve and

need our loyal and loving service in looking to their comfort, welfare, and happiness.

\* \* \*

The President General is pleased to announce the appointment of Mrs. T. A. Buford, of Dallas, Tex., as State President for Texas. Mrs. Buford has been interested in the work since the organization of a State Committee, and is most capable as a leader and popular in various lines of work in Dallas.

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,  
President General, C. S. M. A.

## THE PITTSYLVANIA SOLDIERS AID SOCIETY.

(The following letter was read before a meeting of the Rawley Martin Chapter, U. D. C., of Chatham, Va., and a copy of it sent to the VETERAN by Mrs. James S. Jones, Historian, as a valuable record of the work done by the ladies of Pittsylvania County, Va., in the days of war. The original letter is on file in the office of the County Clerk at Chatham.)

CHATHAM, VA., OCTOBER 21, 1861.

To Hon. Justices of Pittsylvania County—

*Gentlemen:* The "Pittsylvania Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society" wishes to state to your honorable body the purpose for which it was organized, what it has done since its organization, and appeal to your generosity for means to carry out its object. We propose to supply the destitute and needy, of as many companies from our county as we may be able with fatigue shirts, undershirts, drawers, and socks. Also, to aid in furnishing the hospitals with necessities and delicacies for the

sick. The Society has been in operation a little more than a month, during which time we have made upward of 400 yards of cloth into undershirts, etc. We have sent one box of clothing to "The Chalk Level Grays," one box of hospital stores, etc., to "The Chatham Troop," and have now on hand 81 pairs of socks, 75 shirts, and 45 pairs of drawers, besides hospital stores, and half worn clothing for the sick, enough to fill a large box, which we intend sending to Richmond during the present week. But we have been able to collect by private contributions only a very small sum of money, and consequently are indebted to our merchants for nearly all of the material we have made into the above-mentioned garments. We now throw ourselves upon your liberality to appropriate a sum sufficient to liquidate our debts, in the first place, and as we are willing to work until all the needy among our gallant and brave soldiers are cared for, we leave it to you to say whether we shall be able to continue our labors.

Hoping that you may see the justice of our cause, we remain.

Yours very respectfully,

Mrs. Dr. Robertson, President; Mrs. T. White, Vice-President; Mrs. James P. Johnson, Corresponding Secretary; Miss M. A. Martin, Recording Secretary; Miss Ellen White, Treasurer; and many members.

## 

A beautiful and impressive event was featured by Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C., at the meeting on the afternoon of November 24, when Mrs. A. O. Woodward presented to the Chapter a life-size oil portrait of Gen. R. E. Lee.

The Chapter House is a fitting resting place for so valued a treasure as this portrait, which was the property of the late Dr. Amos Fox, former Superintendent of the Confederate Home in Atlanta. In appreciation of Mrs. Woodward's untiring efforts to contribute to the comfort and happiness of the veterans, Dr. Fox gave the portrait to her, and she, with most unselfish spirit, presented it to the Chapter, where it will be appreciated and enjoyed by generations yet to come.

The exercises of the presentation were opened by an invocation by Dr. Herman Lee Turner, of the Covenant Presbyterian Church. Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, spoke for the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, of which she is President General.

Gen. J. Colton Lynes, Adjutant General on the

staff of the Commander in Chief, U. C. V., paid a tribute to the women of the Confederacy and their "Daughters." Capt. H. M. de Jarnette, of Atlanta Camp No. 159 U. C. V., eulogized his leader, General Lee, as a Christian gentleman. Mrs. Howard McCall, gave brief expression to her appreciation of Mrs. Woodward's gift to the Chapter. Mr. Martin Harmsen, Commander of the John B. Gordon Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, spoke on the preservation of Confederate relics. John Ashley Jones, past Commander in Chief, S. C. V., paid a glowing tribute to the Daughters of the Confederacy, and spoke of the special work Mrs. Woodward had accomplished as Chairman in raising funds over a period of many years to enable the veterans to attend the annual reunions. Dr. Ellis A. Fuller, of the First Baptist Church, was the speaker of the occasion, and chose for his theme, "Lee, the Man of Conviction," and in graphic words left an impress on his hearers of Lee the man who is still the inspiration to nobility of character in the young manhood of the South and of the world. To gaze on that recumbent stature, so noble in outline, of General Lee at Washington and Lee University, where he took up his task after Appomattox, brings out the best impulses of the youth of this Southland he loved and for which he lived and served.

In a beautiful tribute to the Confederate soldier, of which General Lee was the highest type, Mrs. Woodward, in her speech of presentation to the Chapter, likened him to the silver-clothed Knight of our dreams—"the composite of all the manly qualities, he stands a modern Arthur in faith, a Merlin for wisdom, a Launcelot for daring, a Sir Galahad for purity. The valorous deeds of the Confederate soldier have been to every Southerner a glory undimmed for more than a half century, and I count this the greatest privilege of all to pay him homage in word and deed."

Mrs. William J. Poole, 1st Vice-President of Atlanta Chapter, and daughter of Mrs. Woodward, unveiled the portrait, drawing away the large Confederate flag which covered it.

Mrs. Warren D. White, President Atlanta Chapter, received the gift on behalf of the Chapter, expressing the earnest desire that, as the Daughters looked upon this peerless leader, they would be inspired to follow the teachings of this beloved Confederate hero and great American.

Musical features were interspersed through the program, and refreshments were served at the informal reception following its close.



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GEORGE W. SIDEBOTTOM, Huntington ..... West Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to Edmond R. Wiles, Editor, 1505 W. 22nd St., Little Rock, Ark.

## GENERAL ORGANIZATION INTERESTS.

### DIVISION NOTES.

*Florida.*—Col. John Z. Reardon, Commander Florida Division, Tallahassee, reports the organization of E. B. Summerall Camp, No. 471, Eustis, Fla., with the following officers:

J. C. B. Koonce, Commander; Claude D. Walker, 1st Lieutenant Commander; J. Rufus Ashmore, Second Lieutenant Commander; Dr. David T. Johnson, Adjutant; Dr. David T. Johnson, Treasurer; C. Z. Osborne, Quartermaster; Attorney H. W. Wilkerson, Judge Advocate; Dr. R. E. Wummitt, Surgeon; Harris B. Odum, Historian; S. E. Bailes, Color Sergeant; Rev. R. McS. Byrne, Jr., Chaplain.

Organized December 22, 1931, by Col. John Z. Reardon. Colonel Reardon is to be congratulated on his splendid work for the cause of the Sons. He is always on the job.

*Tennessee.*—Division Commander Claire B. Newman, Jackson, announces the organization of W. B. Tate Camp, No. 234, at Morristown, October 24, 1931, with the following officers elected:

P. L. Henderson, M.D., Commander; Baldwin Harle, 1st Lieutenant Commander; R. L. Moore, 2nd Lt. Commander; Gay Clark, Adjutant; George F. McCanless, Treasurer; Jesse W. Bye, Quartermaster; Attorney John R. King, Judge Advocate; Dr. C. T. Carroll, M.D., Surgeon; W. J. Barron, Historian; W. R. Toney, Color Sergeant; James W. Henley, Chaplain.

This is splendid work, and we congratulate Commander Newman on his interest in the Cause.

*South Carolina.*—Through General Orders No. 1, to be read before all Camps of the South Carolina Division, William J. Cherry, Commander South Carolina Division, announces the appointments of the following comrades as members of his staff and Brigade Commanders for the coming year:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Thomas L. Johnson, Rock Hill; Inspector, James D. Grist, York; Judge Advocate, I. H. Hunt, Newberry; Surgeon, Dr. W. E. Simpson, Rock Hill; Historian, A. L. Gaston, Chester; Quartermaster, D. A. Spivey, Conway; Commissary, Guy A. Gullick, Greenville; Chaplain, Rev. Henry D. Phillips, D.D., Columbia.

### BRIGADE COMMANDERS.

First Brigade, W. Rothrock, Aiken; Second Brigade, Samuel T. Lanham, Spartanburg; Third Brigade, Dr. W. E. Anderson, Chester; Fourth Brigade, E. O. Black, Columbia.

We congratulate Commander Cherry on his splendid start as a Commander of the South Carolina Division, and predict that he will make a splendid record as the leader of the Sons cause in this most typical of the Southern States.

*Virginia.*—We are in receipt of General Order No. 3, issued by Gen. R. M. Colvin, Commander of the Virginia Division, who is not only a Son, but also a Veteran of the War between the States.

If we had a dozen other Commanders with as much enthusiasm and determination to really accomplish things, we would be able to make the organization of the Sons the leading patriotic organization in the South. We regret that space will not permit reproducing General Colvin's order in full, a large part of which is taken up with an appeal to the Sons to support the VETERAN by sending in their subscriptions, making it possible to continue this, the only official organ representing the veterans and other allied patriotic organizations.

\* \* \*

The annual Confederate Ball, sponsored by Stonewall Jackson Camp No. 981, was held at the Hotel John Marshall, Richmond, Va., Thursday, January 21, 1932. This is one of the most notable events given during the year in the Capitol of the Confederacy, and it is a great pity that more Southern States do not keep alive the birthdays of Lee and Jackson. The fact that the birthdays of these two great generals fall within two days of each other makes it possible to honor the memory of both by one event.

## ARKANSAS PENSIONS.

Confederate veterans and widows of veterans are still without their pension money. None has been paid since last August, with the exception of \$9 each, sent out during the Christmas holidays.

A meeting of the State Pension Board with the Honorary Pension Board appointed by the Governor recently, composed of Hon. J. S. Utley, Division Commander, S. C. V., Little Rock; Mrs. Brown Rogers, Russellville, State President U. D. C.; Mrs. George Hughes, Benton, Past State President, U. D. C.; and Edmond R. Wiles, Past Commander-in-Chief S. C. V., Little Rock, was held January 7 at the State Capitol for the purpose of discussing the pension situation and to lay plans for bringing relief to the widows and veterans, to conserve whatever moneys may come into the pension fund during the year, and to more equally distribute pensions to the veterans and widows. The first step taken was to classify the widows, placing them in three classes, with the graduated scale of monthly payment as follows: All veterans and widows seventy-seven years old and up, \$40 instead of \$50 per month; widows sixty-five years to seventy-seven years of age, \$20 per month;

widows sixty-five years down to fifty-three years, \$10 per month. It is estimated that this will conserve a million and a half and reduce the total amount for the pensioners now from two million seven hundred thousand dollars per annum to one million two hundred thousand dollars per annum, which we have accomplished without materially reducing the amount paid the veterans or the aged widows who are unable to earn any part of the necessary fund for their maintenance.

The Confederate veterans and widows of the State of Arkansas in all the years that have passed since the War between the States, and since pensions were first established, have never faced so serious a situation as they are confronted with at the present time. Especially do we refer to the aged veterans, the youngest of whom is eighty-one years old, too feeble to earn any part of the necessary fund to maintain himself in a respectable manner, and the aged widows who are in the same position. This is not the fault of anyone, nor is it the result of untimely legislation, but rather the outcome of the present depression which has reduced the income from the two mill tax assessed against the total property valuation of the State heretofore producing more than \$1,250,000 to only \$960,000 in 1931. If there had been no falling off in this revenue, additional bonds could have been sold up to \$14,000,000. In addition to this unfortunate situation, the State Note Board, in order to try to protect the credit of the State, tied up all bond issues by agreeing with bond purchasers not to offer bonds until next fall.

We felt, as descendants of Confederate Soldiers, that the Confederate pension is the first obligation that a Southern State owes to its veterans, and is certainly now a humanitarian matter rather than one of policy and expediency. Unless something is done immediately to relieve the present situation with the veterans and aged widows, there will be untold suffering throughout the State of Arkansas before relief can reach them under the agreement for sale of State Pension Bonds.

M. L. Tuggle, Fallon, Nevada, renews for himself and brother, and says: "Am sorry that I cannot be of more help in swelling the subscription list, as I consider the VETERAN a valuable addition to the reading matter in the home of any one who is at all interested in the true history of the South."



*THE OLD TRAIL TO DIXIE.*

BY MABELLE B. WEBB, FORMER POET LAUREATE MISSOURI DIVISION, U. D. C.

The old, old trails are widening  
And stretching into space;  
The old tracks to new tracks  
Are slowly giving place;  
But yet, with Time's effacement  
Of old footprints in the sod,  
The old ideals grow brighter  
And are marching straight to God.

The old days, the good old days, the days our  
fathers knew  
Pass, a gladsome company, before our mental  
view.  
They steal in glad procession, in phantomlike  
array  
Adown the trails, the far Trails, as in the olden  
day.  
And the trails wind through the far lands  
Where echoing voices call—  
But the one that leads to Dixie  
Is the fairest trail of all.

The Trail that leads to Dixie!  
O Dixie—Dixie Land!  
We see as our fathers saw you  
With your Southland's happy band.  
We breathe the old-time fragrance  
Of your spicy groves—and sigh,  
"How sadly calls the whippoorwill  
Where Southern soldiers lie."  
Light shines adown earth's highways,  
But the fairest backward view  
Is the land of far-off Dixie,  
Our fathers' rendezvous.

O, the Trail that leads to Dixie  
Are springs beside the way,  
And little loves and fancies  
In wanton gladness play;  
And peals of childish laughter  
Blend with tender tones of prayer,  
And mirth and joy, and hope and love,  
And reverence are there.  
Beside the road to Dixie  
The candle sputters low,  
On the road to Dixie  
The phantoms come and go.

On the road that leads to Dixie  
No pitfalls there are found—

Lot's wife might safely cast a glance  
Back o'er that hallowed ground.  
Dixie's tunes are thrilling  
With their charm and melody,  
Orpheus waked no sweeter airs  
To charm Eurydice.  
O, the Trail that leads to Dixie  
Is the long road, and the best—  
The Trail that leads to Dixie  
Where the South's Immortals rest.

*TO VETERAN SUBSCRIBERS.*

The little slip inclosed with the January number of the *VETERAN* was something of an innovation in this work, as communication has been heretofore by letter direct to the subscriber. But postage bills have been high, with the prospect of being higher, so this means of reaching subscribers was tried out. The response has been encouraging, and it is hoped that many others will use this convenient order blank for renewals and new subscriptions.

The slip had to go through the entire edition (by postal law), hence it went to many well paid in advance, and some have been concerned as to the status of subscription. By referring to the label on each copy, the month and year of expiration may be seen, and thus every subscriber is kept posted as to his standing with the *VETERAN*.

To those who have responded so promptly goes the *VETERAN*'s appreciation and thanks, and if others will be as considerate as renewal becomes due, a great deal will be saved in the expense of printing and postage, for every letter sent out carries a burden of expense. Every good friend and true will be anxious to make that burden as light as possible that its revenues may go toward sustaining the *VETERAN* in its necessary expense.

The *VETERAN*'s plan of economy provides such a small office force that it is not possible to acknowledge receipt of all subscription orders, but the change in date on label of copy will show that proper credit has been given. Subscribers will please watch for this change and call attention to any error that may be made.

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*Error.*—On page 36, January *VETERAN*, column 2, typographical error put the battle of Big Bethel on April 10, 1861, instead of June 10, 1861. Proper date given in Column 1.

**TIDES ALWAYS TURN. . . .**

The bottom has not dropped out, and won't,  
And there's money aplenty in the land,  
And metal in the mines,  
And salable goods in the stores,  
And a sun in the sky, and rain in the clouds,  
And abounding life in the soil,  
And strength in men's minds and hearts,  
And genius in great industries,  
And skill in government,  
And a hundred and twenty millions of people  
Who, hungering, must be fed,  
Living, must be sheltered,  
And, under the law and the climate, must be clothed.  
And their needs and appetites  
Are for commingled comforts and luxuries.  
And soon America will again be creating, consuming,  
Buying, selling, saving, investing, prospering.  
And time will gradually restore our health of mind,  
And saintly of survey, and the enjoyment  
Of all those things that make our Nation  
The envy and the hope of the whole wide world. —Exchange.

**WHAT ABOUT VACATION PLANS?**

Have you made plans for a vacation this summer?

Why not take a trip to Europe and escape our hot summer months?

The Travel Service Bureau, of Nashville, Tenn., has some fascinating itineraries mapped out at such modest cost that even the economists of the present time will consider them bargains. Write for their literature and prices, and especially consider that trip advertised in the January VETERAN. The accommodations on boats and hotels will be excellent and far beyond what has been offered heretofore. Make your reservations early and get the choicest of these accommodations.

The VETERAN commends this Bureau, and asks that you mention where you saw the advertisement in writing to the Travel Service Bureau, 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn.

The North Carolina Historical and Genealogical Record, a quarterly magazine of North Carolina history and genealogy, is being published by Clarence Griffin, with headquarters at Forest City, N. C., Box 533. The subscription is one dollar per year, 35 cents per copy. The purpose of the

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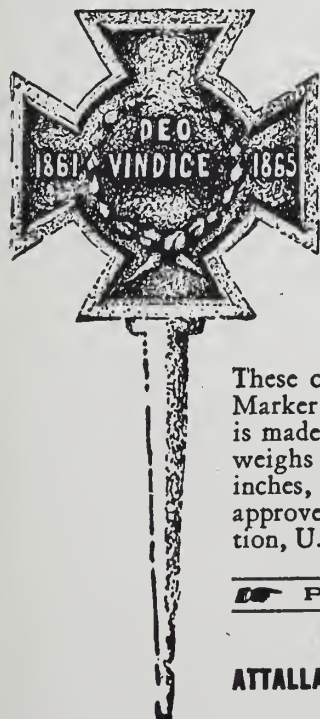
publication is to preserve local history material, and every part of the State will have its contributions from time to time. Manuscripts, old letters, genealogical material, county histories, etc., are solicited. No sample copies will be sent of this first number (January, 1932), but orders for it will be appreciated, and advance subscriptions are solicited.

**COTTON TWINE FOR A COTTON COUNTRY.**

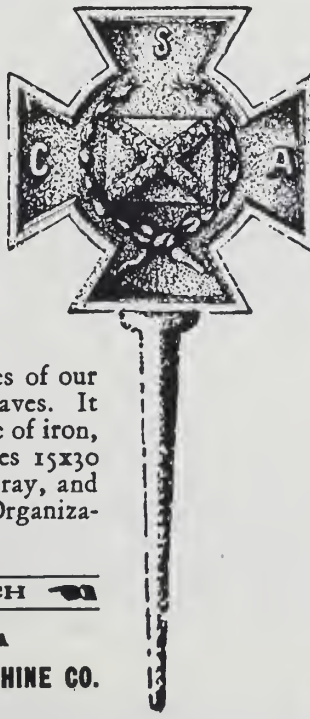
After years of hammering for substitution of cotton for jute in bagging the South's staple crop, jute still holds its own, but where effort to push out jute in favor of cotton bagging has failed, substitution of cotton twine for jute twine, at least for use by the Post-Office Department, has become not only a possibility, but a probability. It was developed during the meeting of the postmasters in Charlotte that the department has placed orders for 50,000 pounds of cotton twine to take place of the jute, and the hope is expressed that the experiment will result in adoption of cotton twine as the staple article for wrapping purposes by the department. Six thousand bales would be used by the Post-Office Department, but the suggestion being followed in general use of cotton twine by industry of all kinds, a new "use" for cotton would be developed that would make a considerable drain on the supply. The Post-Office Department has hit upon a practical idea in utilization of cotton, and its example followed in general would result in displacing the foreign article to an extent worth while. And it stands to reason that a cotton country should be using cotton string. —Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

Macpherson (hoping for free advice)—Doctor, what should I do for sprained ankle?

Doctor (also Scottish)—Limp.



**"Lest  
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# NEW BOOKS AND OLD

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Among the new books which will be of special interest to readers of the VETERAN are the following:

- The Story of the Confederacy. By Robert S. Henry. Handsomely bound and illustrated. 497 pages.....\$5 00
- Robert Barnwell Rhett, Father of Secession. By Laura A. White, Ph.D. The story of a strong character, a storm center in Southern politics, and a power in the establishment of the Southern Confederacy..... 5 00
- Light Horse Harry Lee. By Thomas Boyd. A vivid picture of an interesting figure in the stormy period of American life, beginning with those days in Princeton just before the Revolution, with scenes of Colonial Virginia society, and to the pathetic end far away from home and kindred..... 5 00

Among the old books:

- Memoirs of War in the Southern Department of the United States. By Gen. Henry Lee (Light Horse Harry). Revised by Gen. Robert E. Lee, who added a biographical sketch of the Lee family. In good condition..... 5 00
- Memoirs of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Gen. A. L. Long, who served in the artillery of the Confederate army. This book was written after the writer had become blind. In good condition..... 4 50
- Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By John Esten Cooke. Illustrated..... 5 00
- Lee and His Generals. By William Parker Snow. One of the early books of the kind. Illustrated..... 4 50
- Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Gen. John B. Gordon. Splendid copy and a most interesting story..... 5 00
- Confederate Wizards of the Saddle. By Bennett H. Young. Out of print. In good order, but binding soiled..... 4 50
- Early Life and Letters of Stonewall Jackson. By T. J. Arnold. A few copies only, bindings soiled..... 1 50
- Narrative of a Blockade Runner. By Capt. J. Wilkinson, C. S. N. 1877..... 3 00
- France and the Confederate Navy. By John Bigelow..... 3 00
- Submarine Warfare, Offensive and Defensive. By Lieut. Com. J. S. Barnes, U. S. N..... 3 00
- Story of the 26th Louisiana Infantry. By Winchester Hall..... 1 50

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VOL. XL

MARCH, 1932

NO. 3



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT  
*"To him who made our country great"*



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Inquiry comes for a life of John Esten Cooke, and anyone knowing of such work will please communicate with the VETERAN. Even an extended sketch would be appreciated.

Frank H. Camperson, Jr., 5220 Twentieth Avenue, Seattle, Wash., a late subscriber to the VETERAN, writes that it "is the first *thoroughly* enjoyable magazine I have ever come across." He wishes to get in communication with someone who has Confederate money and stamps to sell.

## CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

A splendid set of the Confederate Military History is offered at \$25. This work contains twelve volumes, and the history of each State in the Confederacy is given through a leading man of the State. Every Chapter U. D. C. should have this work for reference. Write for particulars.

Information is sought on the war service of Plez H. Coker, who it is thought served with Georgia troops, as he moved from that State to Texas after the war. Anyone who recalls him in any way is asked to write to J. L. M. Miller, Route 6, Ozark, Ala.

Charles D. Evans, City Commissioner, Shreveport, La., wishes to establish the war record of his father. He enlisted in June, 1863, Greene County, Ala., for the period of the war, and served as corporal with Company B, 7th Alabama Cavalry, until discharged in November, 1863, because of his minority. His name has been found in list of troops surrendered by Gen. Richard Taylor, May 4, 1865, and paroled at Columbus, Miss., May 18, 1865, and his second entry into service is desired—time and place.

## U. D. C. MINUTES.

Copies of the Minutes of Missouri Division Convention, U. D. C., are now ready for distribution and may be procured from Mrs. W. S. Alnutt,

Recording Secretary, Richmond, Mo., at 25 cents per copy, this to cover cost of mailing, etc. The address on Gen. Robert E. Lee which was given by Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky when President General is in this volume and will be of general interest.

W. J. Gooldy, 1600 Highland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., writes on the 29th of December to renew his subscription and mentions that it is his ninety-fourth birthday. He says: "I am very well for a man of my age. Of my company, which was D, 28th Virginia, Inf., there are only two living besides myself. I was wounded in my left hand and right arm badly crushed, and expect I said some words you don't hear at Sunday school to keep them from cutting it off. Would like to hear from any old soldiers as to their experiences. I cannot do without the VETERAN."

From F. M. Knox, Commander 4th Brigade, Texas Division, U. C. V., Anson, Tex.: "Inclosed find check for another year. I don't want to lose a

single copy and am going to take it as long as I live, and want some of my family to take it as long as *it* lives, and hope it will *never* die. I am now in my ninetieth year, but able to attend to business as usual. Was born on the 29th day of October, 1842, in Henry County, Mo., and saw service as a member of Company K, 16th Missouri Infantry; was sworn in on the 16th day of August, 1862. If there are any of my company now living, would like to hear from them.

In sending order for subscription, J. A. Erwin writes from Rome, Ga.: "I am the son of a Confederate veteran and am vitally interested in perpetuating the memory of those grand old heroes of our dear Southland."

"I don't see how anyone who loves the South can do without the VETERAN," writes Mrs. Minnie V. Durham from Spartanburg, S. C., when renewing her subscription.

## ECONOMIC AND MORAL BREAK-DOWN.

The breaking down of old-fashioned principles of morality and integrity in America is the fundamental cause of much of the general distress existing today, Judge Drain said in his charge to the County Grand Jury. He had no remedy to suggest, but it was the duty of courts, officers, and juries to do what they could to get the public mind back to the old-time reverence for law and right living. "Nothing else will bring this country back to where it should be," he said. "I am not a professional reformer, but I do believe that greater respect for our laws, and for the people who are chosen to enforce them, will have a vital bearing upon our welfare in the future."

LEGS AND THE BOY.—As the cup was handed over into the youth's hands, there went up cries of "Speech! Speech!" and the hubbub broke out anew. Meanwhile the lad was able to collect his thoughts and, of course, to catch his breath. Then he stepped up on a bench. There came an abrupt and eager hush. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have won this cup by the use of my legs. I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

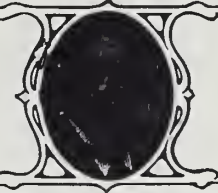
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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XL.

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No. 3

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## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

### GENERAL OFFICERS.

GEN. C. A. DE SAUSSURE, Memphis, Tenn..... *Comander in Chief*  
GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn... *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*  
MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 1723 Audubon Street, New Orleans, La.  
*Assistant to the Adjutant General*  
REV. THOMAS K. GORMAN, Skiatook, Okla..... *Chaplain General*

### DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

GEN. HOMER ATKINSON, Petersburg, Va.... *Army of Northern Virginia*  
GEN. SIMS LATTI, Columbia, Tenn..... *Army of Tennessee*  
GEN. R. D. CHAPMAN, Houston, Tex..... *Trans-Mississippi*

### DIVISION COMMANDERS.

ALABAMA—Tuscaloosa..... Gen. John R. Kennedy  
ARKANSAS—Russellville..... Gen. J. P. McCarther  
FLORIDA—..... Gen. W. E. McGhagin  
GEORGIA—Savannah..... Gen. William Harden  
KENTUCKY—Richmond..... Gen. N. B. Deatherage  
LOUISIANA—LaFayette..... Gen. Gustave Mouton  
MARYLAND—.....  
MISSISSIPPI—..... Gen. W. R. Jacobs  
MISSOURI—St. Louis..... Gen. W. A. Wall  
NORTH CAROLINA—Ansonville..... Gen. W. A. Smith  
OKLAHOMA—Okmulgee..... Gen. A. C. De Vinna  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Sumter..... Gen. N. G. Osteen  
TENNESSEE—Union City..... Gen. Rice A. Pierce  
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VIRGINIA—Richmond..... Gen. William McK. Evans  
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg..... Gen. Thomas H. Dennis  
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles..... Gen. S. S. Simmons

### HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va.... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. M. D. VANCE, Little Rock, Ark.... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. R. A. SNEED, Oklahoma City, Okla... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. L. W. STEPHENS, Coushatta, La... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. B. COOKE GILES, Mathews, Va... *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## ATTENTION, TENNESSEE COMRADES!

The reunion and convention of the Tennessee Division, U.C.V., will be held at Morristown, Tenn., October 5-7, 1932.

Brig. Gen. J. H. Steele, Adjutant Tennessee Division, U.C.V., 910 New York Street, Memphis, Tenn.

## VIRGINIA: "THE BECKONING LAND."

"Virginia in this year of grace . . . stretches out her hand across the nation in the founding of which she labored so mightily, wrought so nobly, and sacrificed so freely, in welcome to all who would come and share with her own people her shrines that are national, her scenery that is famous, her recreational advantages that are rich and varied, and her economic opportunities that are writing new history in the Southland."

In *this* year of grace 1932, Governor John Garland Pollard's foreword for the handsome booklet which carries the above title is even more appealing now that Virginia is beckoning to the host of United Confederate Veterans to come and enjoy the hospitality of her capital city—Richmond, "the Heart of Historyland." Not only for its association with the Confederacy is this old city attractive, for at all times it has its own peculiar charm, and at all times there is a distinctiveness that pleases and satisfies. To the veterans of the gray, it is the Mecca of their hopes in the sixties to which they return as to a holy shrine. Richmond is already well organized for entertaining the Confederate veterans, for, without considering that it will be host to many other conventions this year, this is the fifth time that the United Confederate Veterans have been honor guests of the City. That it will be the largest gathering of the gray that can ever get together again is the happy expectation.

The Jefferson Hotel, about which cling memories of other reunions, will be official headquarters, U.C.V. Headquarters for the Sons of Confederate Veterans will be at John Marshall Hotel.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## THE REBEL YELL.

Hear the old Confederate yell—  
Rebel yell!

Once what deathly summons  
Did its acclamation tell!  
How it echoed and re-echoed  
All along the charging line,  
Rising higher with the clashing  
Of the column's murderous flashing  
In a frenzy superfine;  
Dealing death, death, death  
In the passion of each breath  
That uplifted in the wild, defiant yell.

[From a newspaper of 1864.]

A gala occasion in New Orleans was the coming together of Confederate veterans of the city and vicinity on the 19th of February to test their ability to make the welkin ring again with the Rebel Yell, that indescribable cry which was wont to stir the Confederate soldier to deeds of valor. This meeting was the outcome of the resolution passed by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in convention at Jacksonville, Fla., last November, to have the Rebel Yell preserved for posterity by means of a victrola record. The resolution has aroused considerable interest, and inquiries have been made as to the nature of the Yell—"and what, if any, were the words to it?" It is something that cannot be described—that must be heard, yet the writer in the New Orleans *Times Picayune* conveys some idea of it in the following:

"It paragon's description, that yell! How it starts deep and ends high, how it rises into three increasing crescendos and breaks with a command of battle—these are part of the spirit that made it, the spirit that came back to those veterans of the war when they forgot their eighty or ninety years and were back on the edge of the fight.

"Behind the crowd the gray ranks formed once more. Histories state that New Orleans sent 20,000 fighting men to battle for the Southern Cause. When the ranks formed again Saturday, fourteen of those 20,000 were present to record the cry that inspired Louisianians in many battles.

"Attention! Forward, March!"

"The crowd opened up. Flags were lifted high

and hats were removed, as the veterans filed proudly into the center of a circle.

"Singly they tried their vocal strength, to much applause, then it was—

"'All right, boys! Let's all go together now.'

"From throats that had given the weird cry seventy years ago as Louisianians charged into battle came the same eerie notes of the yell that is referred to as 'awe-inspiring' and 'nerve racking' in annals of the war.

"Veterans turned and patted each other. The crowd cheered with glee. The 'Girls of the Sixties' applauded and waved Confederate flags."

Yes, they were there, the Women of the South, cheering by their presence as in the days of the sixties. Twenty-five of them, all over eighty, sang Southern songs, solos, and in chorus. The VETERAN hopes to give more of this later.

## GIFTS TO THE VETERAN.

Every now and then the VETERAN receives a gift of money to be used for subscriptions to those not able to pay for themselves, and such gifts have twofold value in sustaining the VETERAN and in giving pleasure to veterans. Some pathetic letters come from veteran friends of many years who find the late "depression" makes it necessary to drop subscription until times get better.

One of the good friends remembering the VETERAN and his comrades in this way is Gen. W. A. Smith, Commander of the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., who sent a liberal check to the VETERAN as a Christmas gift and also in appreciation of the editor's work, and through this gift the VETERAN will go into a number of homes that would not otherwise have it.

In writing later, General Smith told of being honored by some friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Nelms, of Wadesboro, with a dinner in celebration of his eighty-ninth birthday, January 11, with other friends and comrades as guests also. Despite this advanced age, General Smith is one of the most active of Confederate veterans, and ever advancing the interests of the organization.

Another gift comes from Miss Mary D. Carter, of Upperville, Va., for supplying subscriptions, and this will be applied as there is need. Many good friends have also sent advanced subscriptions for themselves, thus showing their interest and confidence in the continuance of the VETERAN. To all these, and to those friends who have so loyally worked for the VETERAN, and are still working, grateful thanks are given.

## WASHINGTON.

Long are the years since he fell asleep  
Where the Potomac flows gently by,  
There where Mount Vernon's green stretches  
sweep

Under the blue Virginia sky.  
Warrior and statesman and patriot true,  
Well had he wielded both sword and pen,  
Truly they said as they laid him to rest,  
"First in the hearts of his countrymen."

Long are the years—and the land that he loved  
Stands among nations grown strong and great,  
True to his visions of long ago,

Proud of the hand that so shaped her fate.  
Time but adds splendor to fame so fair,  
Years but test greatness—and now, as then,  
Sleeps he in peace on Mount Vernon's hill,  
"First in the hearts of his countrymen."

—B. Y. Williams.

From coast to coast, from the North's icy borderland to the South's sunny seas, throughout these United States of America, which George Washington loved with a love passing all else, the bicentenary of his birth will be celebrated on appropriate days throughout nine months from the 22nd of February. This celebration was launched officially with extraordinary ceremonies of oratory and song on Capitol Hill in Washington, D. C., the formal opening of which was an address by the President of the United States before a special joint session of the Senate and House, and in that audience were gathered the principal executive and judicial officers of

the Federal Government, Governors of States, and diplomats from many foreign lands. Following this, in front of the Capitol, was the singing of "America" by a massed chorus of 10,000 children and 2,000 adults.

At many other places on the 22nd, special exercises inaugurated the bicentennial celebrations. Of the many things that were said, and will be said, of him who was truly the Father of his Country, perhaps the highest tribute is that which presents his utter selflessness—that quality which took no regard of self where his country was concerned, on whose altar he sacrificed his own desires that he might help to make his country great and in very truth a land of liberty. For his country he prayed such prayers as this, which should become a part of every history taught in our schools:

## WASHINGTON'S PRAYER FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that thou wilt keep the United States in thy holy protection; that thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; and entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow-citizens of the United States at large. And finally, that thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation. Grant our supplication, we beseech thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

What country hath a greater than our Washington? May his spirit of patriotism be revived and followed in the coming years.



HOUDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, WHICH STANDS IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE STATE CAPITOL, RICHMOND, VA.



## THE FIRST OVERT ACT.

BY DR. W. C. ALEXANDER, NASHVILLE, TENN.

In an article in the *Nashville Banner* of January 22, I called attention to the fact that the statement frequently made that the bombardment of Fort Sumter was the first overt act of war on the part of the South was erroneous. I stated that the authoritative attack on the vessel, the *Star of the West*, over three months before the reduction of Fort Sumter was the first overt act of war on the part of the South.

I also stated that the men who manned those guns were not men at all—they were boys who had left their school in Charleston, then known as the Citadel Academy, and had been enrolled as State troops. I stated that my interest in this incident was in the fact that I had been once a cadet in that famous school, and was anxious that this incident should not be overlooked.

The article referred to called forth a number of letters, and one of them is so interesting that I have been requested to give it to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It is from a classmate of mine, Col. O. J. Bond, who has been prominently connected with the Citadel Academy ever since his graduation, first as professor, then for many years the very able superintendent, and at present the Dean of the School, whose present name is "The Citadel, the Millitary College of South Carolina." This is his letter, of date January 28:

"*Dear Will:* Your article, according to our records, is entirely correct as to the facts about the 'first hostile shot of the War of Secession.' . . . The *Charleston Mercury* of January 10, 1861, in its account of the *Star of the West* incident, used the headlines:

" 'THE WAR BEGINS

ENGAGEMENT AT FORT MORRIS

ATTEMPTED RE-ENFORCEMENT OF FORT SUMTER  
THE STAR OF THE WEST IS FIRED INTO AND DRIVEN  
BACK

THE CITADEL CADETS FIRE THE FIRST SHOTTED GUN  
THE UNITED STATES FLAG HAULED DOWN  
THREE OF THE SHOTS TAKE EFFECT.' "

"Similarly, *Harper's Weekly*, New York, in its issue of January 19, 1861, headlines its article on the engagement:

" 'THE FIRST OF THE WAR,'

and gives its readers a picture of the *Star of the West* and a map of Charleston Harbor.

"Just after the Ordinance of Secession, in order to protect the entrance to Charleston Harbor,

Governor Pickens ordered fortifications to be constructed on Morris Island; and on January 1, 1861, the Zouave Cadets, German Riflemen, and Citadel Cadets, under the command of Lieut. Col. John L. Branch, of the First South Carolina Regiment of Rifles (and a Citadel graduate of the Class of 1846), occupied Cummings Point on this island and began the construction of the 'Sand Battery.' When completed, it was armed with four smoothbore 24-pounders, and manned by the Citadel Cadets, who were the only troops there familiar with artillery.

"When the *Star of the West* appeared in the early morning of January 9, the Cadets were ordered to their posts, Maj. P. F. Stevens, the Superintendent, in command. When the vessel came opposite the Battery, Major Stevens ordered the Cadets to fire, and the Cadet Captain gave the command: 'Number One, Fire!' Cadet G. E. Haynesworth, of Sumter, pulled the lanyard, and was, therefore, the man who fired the first shot of the war. After that the firing was by the four guns in turn.

"Captain McGown, in command of the *Star of the West*, made the following report of the action:

" 'When we arrived about two miles from Fort Moultrie—Fort Sumter being about the same distance—a masked battery on Morris Island, where there was a red Palmetto flag flying, opened fire upon us, a distance of about five-eighths of a mile. We continued on under fire of the battery over ten minutes, several of the shots going clean over us. One passed just clear of the pilot-house. Another passed between the smoke-stack and the walking beam of the engine. Another struck the ship just aloft of the fore-rigging, and stove in the planking, and another came within an ace of carrying away the rudder.'

"The *New York Evening Post* quoted an officer on board the vessel as saying, jokingly: 'The people of Charleston pride themselves upon their hospitality, but it exceeded my expectations. They gave us several balls before we landed.'

"As this action occurred before the inauguration of President Lincoln, it has been passed over as 'an incident,' and the actual beginning of hostilities at the later date when the policy of the United States was decided upon, and the State of South Carolina, seeing that a conflict was inevitable, ordered the reduction of Fort Sumter."

I beg leave also to append the following extract from the historic sketch in the present catalog of the School:

"The value to the State of the military training given at The Citadel is strikingly shown by the fact that, of the two hundred and forty graduates before the close of the War between the States, about two hundred were officers in the Confederate service, and forty-three laid down their lives on the battle field. The list of Citadel officers in that great conflict is an honor roll of which any institution may well be proud.

"There are two dates in the history of the two State military academies, the Citadel and the Arsenal (in Columbia) which mark the boundaries of this greatest military struggle of the century. Between January 9, 1861, and May 9, 1865, what a tragic history was enacted! On the former date, Maj. P. F. Stevens, Superintendent and graduate of The Citadel, in command of a detachment of Citadel Cadets, manning a battery of 24-pounders, drove off the steamer *Star of the West*, which was attempting the relief of Fort Sumter—*thus firing the first hostile shot of the War*.

"On the latter date, Capt. J. P. Thomas, Superintendent of The Arsenal, and also a graduate of The Citadel, with the cadets at his command, had a skirmish with Stoneman's raiders near Williamston, S. C., *thus firing the last shot of the War* delivered by any organized body of troops east of the Mississippi River.

"At the present time, the corps of cadets has an annual drill for the *Star of the West* medal, for the best drilled cadet of that corps, presented many years ago to the institution by Dr. B. H. Teague, a veteran of the Confederate army. This medal gets its name from a piece of oak wood, in the form of a star, taken from the historic vessel."

We believe that these facts should not be forgotten.

## THE FIRST OVERT ACT OF THE SIXTIES.

BY MRS. FANNIE E. SELPH, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Much has been written and said about the first overt act which brought on the conflict known as the War between the States. Some say it was the firing on the *Star of the West* in January, 1861; others that it was the firing on Fort Sumter, and that this "was a great blunder."

A close student of history will give a different version of the facts and will make the incontrovertible statement that it was neither of these happenings, but that it was the act of the Federal Government in sending heavily armed warships with provisions to seize and hold Fort Sumter,

which was the lawful property of South Carolina and necessary for her protection.

A brief review of historic data will clearly show the situation which made it a necessity. At the close of the Revolutionary War, the treaty of peace was not made between England and the American Nation, but between England and the thirteen Colonies, each one being recognized as a separate and independent power, its sovereignty fully recognized. These Colonies then became thirteen independent, sovereign States.

When the Constitutional Convention was held to organize a government covering these States, each State sent instructed delegates, and their instructions emphasized the title of "sovereignty." This was the "Ark of the Covenant"—the one foundation upon which that covenant rested, and not until this was firmly guaranteed to these States did they ratify the Constitution. When South Carolina withdrew from this union, it was a peaceful withdrawal with no thought of anything but the peaceful enjoyment of her constitutional rights.

Fort Sumter was the lawful property of South Carolina and necessary for her protection. It was also one of the important gateways to the South. It was then a necessity, and not a blunder, to fire on Sumter. When the Federal government sent warships to seize and hold Sumter, it was a violation of the covenant between the States without a cause. The seriousness of the situation was further emphasized by the expressions from the higher authorities in regard to holding Sumter after promising to evacuate it. Members of the Supreme Court waited on members of the Cabinet with the information that "without serious violations of the Constitution and statutes, coercion cannot be successfully effected by the Executive Department."

General Scott, Commander in Chief of the Federal Army, advised against it. It was discussed by the Senate of the United States, and Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, made a strong speech condemning it. Also, Major Anderson, in command of the fort, advised against holding it. Notwithstanding all this, the Federal Government persisted in its course, and the war vessels were sent to hold the fort with the notification that "unless peacefully allowed to enter with provisions, an entrance would be made by force."

This made it a necessity to demand an evacuation of the fort, and this having been denied, the fort was fired on. This caused the evacuation of the fort, but it bore no evidence of a warlike



spirit. The Stars and Stripes was given a salute and the Confederate commander, Beauregard, assisted Major Anderson in removing the Federal troops and property.

### CRITICAL COMMENT.

BY BRISCOE B. BOULDIN, GREENSBORO, N. C.

The S. C. V. Department of the VETERAN for January contains interesting notes and comments upon the battle at Bethel, in Virginia, June 10, 1861, this article based upon statements in a letter of Col. Alfred H. Baird, Springdale, Ark., a color bearer in that battle. The editor quotes from the letter and says that Colonel Baird's statement needs no verification. With due respect for both his and Colonel Baird's statements, I beg leave to quote Colonel Baird's letter and point out some of the striking utterances therein contained. The Colonel writes: "This was a big battle, lasting from sunup until four o'clock in the evening, and I hate to see it overlooked. There were three hundred Union soldiers dead on the field. We lost one man by the name of Wyatt. There is a monument to his memory as the first soldier to die for his country. It is in Raleigh, N. C. I was color bearer in this battle, and the old flag I carried is now in the State Museum at Raleigh, with my name on it."

Now, so far from having been overlooked, the fight at Bethel has been, with the exception, maybe, of Gettysburg, more discussed, particularly in North Carolina, than any of the more important battles of the war. It is a matter of history—undisputed—that it antedated Manassas. It is known of all men that Henry Wyatt (the brave Virginian), who volunteered to burn the house which General Hill said hid the enemy from his view, proceeded alone, and was shot square in the forehead when about halfway to the house. The others who volunteered were called back to cover (D. H. Hill, Magruder, Randolph).

The battle was opened at about fifteen minutes past nine by a shot fired from a Parrott gun of the Richmond Howitzers, which gun was aimed by Major Randolph and fired by Major Carter, both of Virginia. "The fight at the angle lasted about twenty minutes. It completely discouraged the enemy, and he made no further effort at assault, but the troops were called in and started back for Hampton" (Hill). On the Confederate side one man, Wyatt, of Richmond, Va., was

killed and seven were wounded (Hill, Randolph). Colonel Baird states there were three hundred Union soldier dead on the field. General Hill and Major Randolph saw only seven, though both thought there must have been a greater number killed. Gen. B. F. Butler, of the Union army, reported officially eighteen killed, including those killed on the retreat.

The fight at Bethel was in no sense a great battle, but the moral effect was fine.

Of the monument in Raleigh, Colonel Baird says that it was erected to the memory of Wyatt as "the first soldier to die for his country." The erection of this monument to the memory of Wyatt (the Virginian) was a gracious act on the part of North Carolina. It is not claimed, however, that Wyatt was "the first soldier to die for his country." There was another encounter between soldiers of the Northern and Southern armies which antedated Bethel ten days, and in which there was exactly the same number of casualties as at Bethel. At Fairfax Court House, Va., on the morning of June 1, 1861, there was a sharp encounter, and the gallant Captain Marr of the Warrenton Rifles fell pierced through the heart while defending the town against the raid made by Lieutenant Tompkins. Colonel Ewell (later General Ewell), wounded in this fight, took command, and was assisted by Governor William ("Extra Billy") Smith, of Virginia. A monument stands at Fairfax Court House to the memory of Captain Marr, who fell fighting for his country ten days before the other gallant Virginian, Henry Wyatt, fell at Bethel.

Many feel, however, that the honor of being first to die for the Confederate flag belongs to the hotel proprietor at Alexandria. He had raised a Confederate flag on the roof of his hotel. A Union officer cut it down, and the proprietor killed him. A squad of Union soldiers then killed the proprietor—the first man who died in defense of the Stars and Bars.

Why North Carolina claims "First at Bethel," and what that may mean, has puzzled many a reader of Confederate history.

A Virginian aimed the first gun fired at Bethel; a Virginian fired the first gun aimed at Bethel; a Virginian was the only one killed at Bethel. Does "First at Bethel" belong to North Carolina, or can Virginia justly claim it?

Keep History straight.

*THE NATIONAL PARK AT VICKSBURG.*

BY MRS. JOHN VERNON, LAUREL, MISS.

As a native Alabamian, with only four years residence in Mississippi, I had my first view of the National Military Park at Vicksburg recently. The only unsatisfactory feature of the trip was that it had to be a brief one.

Vicksburg is situated on the Mississippi River, among the Walnut Hills, and is about forty miles west of Jackson, below the mouth of the Yazoo River. It is approximately halfway between the cities of Memphis, Tenn., and New Orleans, La.

The city has a Federal Building, a National Cemetery, and several hospitals, in addition to the park. Its industries are varied. Among them, there are railroad repair shops, lumber, and cotton seed oil mills, machine works, and an extensive trade in cotton.

Vicksburg has been called the "Gilbraltar of the Confederacy." The reason for its importance lay in its strategic position. Vicksburg was the only real stronghold that barred free navigation of the Mississippi River. General Grant has been quoted as saying, "When Vicksburg fell, the fate of the Confederacy was sealed." The capture of Vicksburg severed Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas from their sister States of the Confederacy. It also meant the end of the most important source of supplies for the Southern armies. The starving of the South counted for more in its final defeat than did victories on the battle field.

As one walks over this park, which is the former battle field, a history of the siege of Vicksburg is interesting to contemplate.

In January, Grant attempted its capture without success. He tried to dig a canal across the peninsula, which was only about a mile wide. This ended disastrously after six weeks of hard labor. A flood drowned many horses, and the men had to flee for their lives. Later, the Northern troops went down on the west side of the river, and, in April, supply boats ran past the eight miles of batteries. These enabled the army to cross the river, and the city was soon besieged. Pemberton was in command of the Confederates, and the bombardment continued at intervals from May 26 to June. Grant had more than twice as many men as Pemberton. At last, Pemberton was forced to ask terms for an armistice from Grant and Porter. Grant answered that nothing but unconditional surrender could be accepted, adding, "Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those in Vicksburg will always

challenge the respect of an adversary, and I can assure you will be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war." Vicksburg people say, "The Yankees could have shelled the city till hell froze over without capturing it." The capture was due to starvation. The entire battle consisted of the closing in of the Union soldiers and the brilliant defense of the Confederates.

In order to commemorate the campaign siege and defense, the United States government has constructed this Military Park. A commission was appointed under the direction of which the work was done. The beauty of the countryside adds enormously to the attraction. The rolling hillsides and the valleys and bluffs in themselves make a scene worth far more than a passing glance. Where once there were scarcely any trees, the growth is thick and lovely. The winding roads afford views of great natural beauty. The park contains thirteen hundred and twenty-three acres. It practically includes the battle lines of the two opposing armies from May to July. I was informed that the roads in the park cover eighty miles.

As I passed under the Memorial Arch at the entrance, I was able to see tall towers and memorial buildings in the distance, and, as I rode along, I saw markers which indicated Confederate and Union trenches. Some of them seemed very small and insignificant ditches to me. On my return home, my imagination was active in considering what admirable trenches various bluffs and small declivities which I saw would make. Some of the trenches consisted of deep bluffs, and, on the hillsides, occasionally might be seen the cannons placed as they were during the siege. They seemed very heavy and cumbersome for moving from one position to another. In order to load them, the soldiers were compelled to step in front in full view of their opponents. In all, there are one hundred twenty-eight mounted guns on the old battery sites.

I was quite interested in the bronze statues and busts. There is a lifelike statue of Jefferson Davis, with the Confederate flag. Other statues include those of Generals Grant, Logan, and Stephen D. Lee. With one exception, a bronze portrait of each brigade and division commander engaged in the struggle has been placed in the park.

Three huge observation towers are located in the Military Park. Each has a spiral staircase. I was anxious to go up and look over the entire park. However, the only observation tower that



I had time to approach was not in a very safe condition, so I did not mount it. The steps seemed to be crumbling. One of these concrete observation towers is located on Logan Circle, one on the area bounded by Confederate Avenue and Observation Circle, and the third on Confederate Avenue near All Saints College.

A Union Navy Memorial is located at Battery Selfridge in memory of the service of the Union Navy.

Sixteen State memorials have been finished—those of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Louisiana, Michigan, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. I was disappointed on finding that Alabama Circle had nothing more than a marker. However, I did see several markers further on to indicate the different lines of the Alabama divisions. Three remarkable memorials are those of Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Iowa.

Illinois has a beautiful marble rotunda with a classic portico. I mounted the many steps that led to it, and looked within. More than thirty-five thousand names are engraved upon the inside walls. In this way, Illinois has preserved the identity of her soldiers in this campaign.

The Iowa memorial has six artistic bronze battle field pictures, each in a separate panel.

There are sixteen bridges, some of steel and some of re-enforced concrete, in the park.

The United States government has placed seven statues, forty-nine busts, and fifty portrait tablets there. Various states have contributed twenty-one busts, statues, and tablets. An equestrian statue, four statues, five busts, and twenty-nine tablets were gifts.

There are eight hundred ninety-eight tablets, largely of bronze, which tell briefly of the siege and defense. Five hundred sixty-nine of these are Union, and three hundred twenty-nine are Confederate.

Anyone interested in seeing the South has surely failed if this National Military Park at Vicksburg, Miss., is omitted from the itinerary.

#### *COURTESY IN WAR.*

BY JUDGE E. A. McCULLOCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I read with much interest the narrative in the December *VETERAN* written by Rev. J. W. Ware of an incident in which a Federal officer, Gen. Wesley Merritt, appeared in a generous attitude in his dealings with a Southern family during war

time. This reminded me of a somewhat similar incident in the military career of General Grant during his Mississippi campaign in 1863, preceding the siege of Vicksburg. I do not think this story has heretofore appeared in print. General Grant had headquarters at Holly Springs, Miss., in the home of Mr. E. P. Govan and family. He occupied headquarters there for several months—Mrs. Grant joining him, and bringing their small son, Jesse, who related one of the incidents here referred to in his book published a few years ago. My information was received from members of the Govan family—especially from Capt. Frank H. Govan, a son of Mr. E. P. Govan.

The Govan family was a distinguished one in Mississippi. There were five brothers—E. P., John J., William H., Daniel C., and George M.—each of them serving in the Confederate army except E. P. Govan, who was too old for military service. Maj. William H. Govan moved to Arkansas before the war, and became Adjutant of Hindman's Division. Gen. Daniel C. Govan also went to Arkansas before the war, and commanded a brigade of infantry in Cleburne's Division. Capt. Frank H. Govan, son of E. P., enlisted in the Confederate army at Holly Springs in April, 1861, when he was just fifteen years of age, and became a captain during the last twelve or fifteen months of the war, serving on the staff of his uncle Daniel.

General Grant occupied a room downstairs in the Govan home as his official headquarters, and he and Mrs. Grant lived in a suite of rooms upstairs. They boarded regularly with the Govans, sitting at the family table, and always joining in conversation with members of the family, there being a large family circle—four daughters and three sons. Capt. Frank Govan has often related to me his experiences at home on furlough while General Grant was there. He was a mere boy, not over seventeen or eighteen, and, of course, had laid aside his uniform and all evidences of military life. He told me that he sat at the General's elbow during meals for nearly a month, and was morally certain that the General was aware of his being a furloughed Confederate soldier, but never took notice of the fact—merely treating the young soldier in the same manner as he did the other members of the family, that of friendliness and quiet courtesy. When the furlough expired, the young soldier quietly slipped away and rejoined his command, leaving the Grants still there as guests or boarders.

If that incident had occurred in the presence or

knowledge of some other Federal officers, a great noise would have been made about it, and doubtless young Govan would have been arrested and executed as a spy.

Later, General Forrest made a raid on Holly Springs and came very near capturing General Grant, who made a hasty escape by a margin of less than an hour. Jesse R. Grant tells of this in his book, but here is an incident of which he doubtless was not apprised. In making his hasty departure, General Grant carried away his official papers from his office, but left behind all private baggage of his wife and himself. A squad of Forrest's cavalry raided the house, and, discovering the General's escape with his official matters, dashed upstairs for further search of the rooms and baggage. Mrs. Govan followed them, requesting that the trunks be left undisturbed, as they were the private property of Mrs. Grant. The cavalymen were not disposed to be thus thwarted in their search, but the old lady threatened to report them to General Forrest, and reminded them that the General would not tolerate such a discourtesy. They then desisted. Mrs. Govan was not aware, at that time, of the fact that one of the trunks contained the sword presented to Grant by Congress as a memorial of the capture of Fort Donelson.

After the raid ended, Grant returned to Holly Springs with a stronger guard and, with his wife, resumed headquarters at the Govan home. When he left there later to move further South on his Vicksburg campaign, he voluntarily gave to the Govan family a "protection order" entirely in his own handwriting and signed as "Major General, U. S. A." I have seen the document several times, and it is still in the possession of Captain Frank Govan's widow, at Marianna, Lee County, Ark.

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#### ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.

BY MARGARET HEARD DOHME, AUGUSTA, GA.

Some years ago, among ante-bellum relics in the attic of our home in Elberton, Ga., I found an autographed photograph of Hon. Alexander Stephens and his servant, Alex Kent. The discovery excited my interest, and research followed, resulting in the facts brought out in this article.

Mother told me that the photograph had been given to her by Mr. Stephens the last time he was the guest of her family in Augusta. She also said that my grandfather, Col. James Lawrence Heard, was a close friend of Mr. Stephens, and had always entertained him when he visited Elberton.

Without waiting for more, I ran across the garden to the old home next door, where I found grandmother knitting by the big wood fire in her bedroom. Yes, Alexander Stephens had often been their guest, and she described his visits as though they were of yesterday. As I listened, the gentle voice carried me far from the present to those difficult post-war days between 1873 and 1882, when Mr. Stephens was representing his State in Congress. I could see the big coach stop at the front gate, the doors open, and the frail little man, aided by his servant, descend from it on crutches and swing himself slowly up the box-bordered walk to the white columned porch, where my grandparents waited to welcome him.

After the exchange of greetings, Alex Kent would pick his master up and carry him to his room upstairs. The servants followed with the luggage, and the household walked on tiptoe and spoke in whispers till the guest had rested from his journey and returned to his favorite chair on the front porch. Friends called, refreshments were served by the old butler, and finally the afternoon was gone and supper was being announced. Supper was more than a meal. It was a symposium which leaders in the community, special friends of the guest of honor, shared. Southern problems, principles, and ideals were discussed with typical Southern wit and animation.

Sometimes the older children of the family were permitted to be present. On one occasion, when the conversation waxed hot over the question of higher education of women—a movement that Mr. Stephens strongly advocated—the host's young daughter volunteered her opinion on the subject. Mr. Stephens' flashing eyes located the little speaker near the end of the long table, and, in a tone of voice which would have silenced the average child, said, "Young lady, children should be seen, not heard." To which she replied, "But, Mr. Stephens, I can not help being heard." The company laughed and Mr. Stephens chuckled and resumed his argument. Several days later, when he returned to his home, he wrote the little girl a charming letter. He loved children. My father, then a very small boy, remembered being patted on the head and put at ease when he stumbled into his presence clad in embarrassment and very stiff new boots.

Aunt Martha, now a family pensioner, but cook at the time of Mr. Stephens' visits, was smoking in front of her cabin. She removed her pipe and pulled her gold-rimmed glasses far down on her nose to peer over them at the photograph I held



before her. "Well, if dat aint Marse Alex Stephens an' his body-servant!" she exclaimed, her black face crinkling up in a toothless smile. "Sho, I 'members him, Li'l Miss. We had some moving about up at de house when Marse Alex was comin' to visit Marse Larence and Miss Melisse.

"His room had to be fixed specially for him. De bed had to face a certain way, de windows had to be open, and de bed linen changed every day and in between times if Marse Alex laid down during de day. No, ma'am, he wouldn't sleep twixt de same sheets twice, an,' frail as he wuz, he would let de night air in his room.

"He wuz curious 'bout his eaten, too. Couldn't eat certain things, and dat Alex Kent would stan' back o' his chair in de dinin'-room, an' when de butler would pass Marse Alex something dat he couldn't eat, Alex would reach over an' whisper, 'Mr. Stephens, you don't want that,' an' Marse Alex wouldn't take none o' dat dish.

"It made Sam, de butler, mad, but what riled me wuz dat Alex coming out to de kitchen wid dat upity air o' his to watch me cook. He was faithful to Marse Alex and respectful to de white folks, but he sho was sassy to us niggers. He'd say to me, 'What you cooking dat for? Mr. Stephens can't eat it! Or, 'You sho don't do dat like we does at Liberty Hall.' One day I done stood him as long as I could, an' I says to him, 'Look here, nigger, if you wornt Marse Alex's body-servant, I'd run you outen dis kitchen.' Den he look at me an' roll his eyes an' say, 'Valet.' I say, 'What dat you call me?' 'I say, "Valet," says he. Den I reach for a stick o' wood, an' if dat triflin' Alex hadn't dodged outen de door, Marse Alex wouldn't had no body-servant. No, Li'l Miss, I ain't low no young nigger to call me outen my name."

Aunt Martha was still shaking her bandannaed head and mumbling about the shortcomings of the younger generation when I left her to find my grandfather.

He was in the back yard, having the smoke-house prepared for the curing of the winter's meat. Very busy, but he sat down on the steps and told me of his friendship with Mr. Stephens. He spoke reverently as men of his generation spoke of their fathers, for he was some twenty years younger than the great man whose friendship and political views he had shared. Even now I can see his face shine with enthusiasm and pride as he showed me Alex Stephens the man, the slender, pale cripple with burning dark eyes, shrill voice, brilliant brain and great heart, who rose

from obscurity to become a leader of his State and the Southland.

Alexander Hamilton Stephens was born near Crawfordville, Ga., on February 11, 1812, and three months later his mother died. Left with three little children his father married again. One of the five children of this second marriage, and Alexander Stephens' favorite, became the famous lawyer and Georgia Supreme Court Judge, Linton Stephens.

Alexander Stephens' childhood was spent in farm work and irregular attendance at the nearby rural school, for his people were very poor. Through the efforts of his Sunday school superintendent, a Mr. Mills, he was sent to an academy in Washington, Ga., soon after his father and step-mother died within a few days of each other. He became devoted to the headmaster of this school, Alexander Hamilton Webster, and, because of this affection, adopted Hamilton for his middle name and Mr. Webster as his model. Fortunately, the schoolmaster was a real teacher, one of those rare beings who live again in the lives of their pupils, so the lonely, precocious boy developed rapidly under his leadership.

When he was ready to enter Franklin College, there was no money, so a society of the Presbyterian Church made him a loan, which he later returned. At the time of the loan, he was thinking of becoming a preacher, but was so undecided about it that he accepted the loan on condition that he return it if he did not enter the ministry. He was still undecided at the time of his graduation, and accepted a teaching position in Madison, Ga. He was five feet seven inches in height, and weighed only seventy pounds at the time.

By 1834, he had abandoned the idea of the ministry for law. It was the day of "reading law" before schools of law were considered essential preparation for the profession, so Mr. Stephens began to "read law." After several months of hard study, he passed an excellent examination and was admitted to the bar in the summer of the same year. No small accomplishment. Law was evidently the wise choice, for he became one of Georgia's greatest lawyers.

Two years later he was elected to the legislature, where he served till the end of 1840. During this time he worked hard for his college, the higher education of women, and the building of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, Georgia's first railroad. It is interesting to read in his diary: "July 3, 1834. . . . The stupendous thought of seeing steam engines moving over our hills with

the safe rapid flight of fifteen miles an hour produces a greater effect in the discussion of the undertaking than any discovered defect in the chain of argument in its favor."

It is amusing to imagine what his opponents in this successful fight for the railroad would think of the recent record of over sixty-nine miles per hour made by the Cheltenham Flier of the English Great Western Railways, or of Major Doolittle's transcontinental flight at an average of two hundred and thirty-two miles an hour.

Between 1840 and 1842, Mr. Stephens had a brief vacation from public service and devoted the time to his increasing law practice. Then he was elected to the State Senate, and the following year was sent to Congress, where he remained for sixteen years.

It is not possible in this brief sketch to describe those years in Congress, nor to discuss his position on the many important questions of that critical period, but, whatever the issue, he remained true to his belief in the sovereignty of the States under Constitutional government and the protection of the liberties of the people.

It was at this time that a Washington reporter described him in the following manner: "A little way up the aisles sits a queer looking bundle—an immense cloak, a high hat, and, peering somewhere out of the middle, a thin, pale, sad little face. This brain and eyes, enrolled in countless thicknesses of flannel and broadcloth wrappings, belong to Honorable Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia."

He does not tell how the great brain functioned and the dark eyes flashed with enthusiasm as the Georgian fought for the admission of Texas, against the War with Mexico, or in favor of the compromise of 1850. Whatever the fight, so dominant was the personality of the speaker and so logical and forceful the speech that he held the attention of his listeners in spite of the handicap of a shrill voice.

The nature of his public service is best described in these words from one of his speeches: "I am afraid of nothing on earth, or above the earth, or beneath the earth, except to do wrong. The path of duty I shall ever endeavor to travel, fearing no evil and dreading no consequences. I would rather be defeated in a good cause than triumph in a bad one."

He was placed on the Douglas electoral ticket in 1860, and the next year was sent to the Georgia Secession Convention. Here he worked against immediate secession, but signed the ordinance

when it was passed and represented his State at the Confederate Convention in Montgomery. He was elected Vice-President of the Confederate States, and filled the office so creditably that he won the loyal support of all factions of the Confederacy.

Near the close of the war, he was sent to the Peace Conference at Hampton Roads and soon afterward was imprisoned for several months in Boston Harbor, at Fort Warren. As soon as he was released, Georgia sent him to the United States Senate, where he was refused a seat. By 1873, the worst of Reconstruction was over and conditions were more normal. He was returned to Congress from his district, to remain there till elected Governor of Georgia, nine years later.

By this time his physical strength was rapidly failing; only his mind and will power were as strong as ever. For one year he literally gave the last full measure of his useful life to his people. It was 1883, the year of the Sesqui-Centennial in Savannah, and he felt that the Governor of the State should attend. In spite of the efforts of his friends to dissuade him, he went to Savannah, contracted a cold, grew rapidly worse, and died on March 4. Georgia was crushed, and the nation joined her in honoring his memory.

Years passed, and he was chosen one of Georgia's representatives in Statuary Hall in Washington. The Stephens' Monument Association was organized and bought Liberty Hall, his home at Crawfordville, and erected a monument over his grave there. On this monument they carved the words, *Non sibi sed aliis*—"Not for himself, but for others."

What more appropriate words could have been used? At Liberty Hall he extended hospitality to great and lowly alike. There a room was kept in readiness at all times to offer shelter to any poor traveler who chanced to pass that way. A large part of his income was spent in helping others, and he made college education possible for more than fifty young men and women.

His mental energy was unusual. Besides the strenuous political activity outlined above, he found time to keep a diary and write "The War between the States," a brief history of the United States, and countless charming letters to his friends.

Being very human, he had his weaknesses. He had to fight melancholy, over-sensitiveness, and a high temper. But with it all he was kind and considerate, loyal to his friends, just to his enemies, extremely patriotic—a statesman of great



purity and strength of character. He was a man of great refinement and loved music and flowers. My grandmother said he never failed to express appreciation of the flowers in his room or about the place at the time of his visit.

Mr. Stephens never married, but he had the highest regard for women and treated them with courtly courtesy. Nor was he blind to their charms, for he once told grandfather that one of the prettiest pictures he had ever seen was the face of a beautiful Southern girl framed in a pink sunbonnet.

Was Alexander Stephens also a prophet? It seems so, for he said in a speech soon after the war, "Cotton will be the curse of the South. I wish there were only one cotton seed left in the world. Then, gentlemen, I would swallow it."

[Note.—In writing the above, I wish to acknowledge indebtedness to the various excellent biographies of Mr. Stephens as well as to a Fourth of July speech made by Judge Henry Lumpkin at Crawfordville, Ga., some years ago, soon after the interviews mentioned in the first part of this article.

My grandfather, Col. James Lawrence Heard, was a major in the Confederate Army, and died at his home in Elberton in 1922 in his ninety-first year. He was the first Mayor of Elberton, Ga., and, at the time of his death, the oldest living alumnus of the University of Georgia.—M. H. D.]

#### WHERE PATRIOTS REST.

BY GENEVA ELTIE IN DALLAS NEWS, 1925.

The old cemetery of Austin, Tex., comprises fourteen city blocks. It is situated on a knoll, which slopes gently to the east. The view from the top of this knoll reveals the city in every direction, with its beautiful trees, homes, churches, and schools.

The location of the cemetery is ideal. On it are many beautiful trees; and flowers from every State in the Union are growing there. The grass forms a carpet of green all over the ground where there are no flowers. The cemetery is surrounded on the east, south, and west by a low concrete wall, and on the north by an unpainted picket fence. The wall was built in 1912.

I walked up seven white concrete steps to a little iron gate. On the tip of each little upright rod is a white Texas star, and there are four of these stars in the center of the gate. . . . Passing through this gate, I walked up three more steps and found myself on top of the knoll, in the city of the illustrious dead.

The first grave to my right was marked by a small headstone on which was carved "Brazier." Next to this grave is an imposing monument of gray marble, low and square, with this inscription: "George W. Smyth, Sr., born in North Carolina, May 16, 1808. Died Austin, Tex., February 21, 1866. Second Land Commissioner of Texas. First Congressman from East Texas. A signer of the Texas Declaration of Independence. Representative to second constitutional convention."

On the first grave to my left was an old weather-beaten and blackened marble monument, from one-half of whose base rises a tall shaft, upon which sits a vase with a Texas star carved upon it. Upon the other half of the base stands a life-size figure of an angel carved in marble, represented as weeping over the grave below. The inscription on this monument is as follows: "Here lies John Hemphill, born in Chester District, South Carolina, on the 18th day of December, A.D. 1803. Died at Richmond, Va., on the 3rd day of January, A.D. 1862. From 1840 to 1857 he was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Texas. From 1857 to 1861 he represented Texas in the Senate of the United States."

Only a few steps from this grave are two beautiful cedar trees, between which I walked, and looking up I found myself at the base of a wonderfully beautiful monument of gray marble. Its base is built in the form of a stairway of three steps, and from the top of the massive pile is a tall marble shaft rearing its stately and graceful length many feet up toward the sky, looking down upon the many discolored, weather-beaten and insignificant little stones which mark the resting place of so many of the Texas heroes. Carved on the massive base of this monument in bold outline is this word, "Davis." Other inscriptions are, "Edmond J. Davis, born October 2, 1827 at St. Augustine, Fla. Died February 27, 1883, at Austin, Tex. Erected to his memory by his brother. Judge of the District Court of Texas, Brigadier General United States Volunteers, Governor of the State of Texas from 1870 to 1874."

Over by the side of the Davis monument is a small marker, so faded and dim and dark that the inscription is difficult to read, "Judge Abner S. Lipscomb, born February 10, 1789, in Edgefield District, South Carolina. Came to Washington County, Texas, in 1839. Secretary of State under President Lamar, Associate Justice Supreme Court from the State organization until his death in 1856."

The oldest grave in the cemetery is marked by

a small blue marble shaft resting on a dark base, bearing these words: "In memory of General Ed Burleson, of the Texas Revolution. Died December 26, 1851. Age 53 years."

A small stone near-by bears this inscription: "Take thy rest, dear father. Last survivor of the battle of San Jacinto. W. P. Zuber. July 6, 1820-September 22, 1913. Age 93 years."

On a dark low monument are these words: "Erected by Thankful Hubbard Chapter, Daughters of American Revolution, in memory of Stephen Williams, a sergeant in the Revolutionary War and a gallant soldier in the struggle which gave Texas her independence."

A tall marble monument, blackened and weather beaten is inscribed: "In memory of Gen. William Scurry of the Confederate States Army. Died April 30, 1864. Age forty-two years."

Only a few feet east of the Davis monument is a small square covered with beautiful growing flowers. There are four graves in this square. On a low, blue granite marker are these words: "Died July 27, 1893, aged 61 years. Daughter of Colonel James W. Fannin of the Goliad massacre, 1836. Hero, martyr for Texas liberty." On the base below, "Fannin." The other three markers are inscribed as follows: "Frank W. Johnson," "William L. Hunter," and the last one, "Col. T. Ward, died November 25, 1872, aged sixty-six years."

Under the shadow of the Stephen F. Austin monument stands a tall marble shaft, marred, blackened and weather beaten, all its beauty and attractiveness gone. The name on this monument was entirely unfamiliar to me, but I discovered that the man whose body was sleeping there was one of the bravest and most romantic soldiers who ever lived in any age. These are the words which startled and amazed me, "August Buchel, killed at the Battle of Pleasant Hill, La., April 15, 1864. We know that those who for their country die, live again immortally. Bred an officer in Germany, an officer in the Foreign Legion of France, knighted by the Queen for gallantry in the Carlist War in Spain, also Pasha in the Turkish Army. Immigrated to Texas in 1845. Chaplain Company H, First Texas Foot Rifles and aide-de-camp to Major General Taylor, Mexican War; Lieutenant Colonel Third Texas Infantry; Colonel, First Texas Cavalry; Brigadier General, Confederate Army."

It is well worth a visit to the State Cemetery to see the grand and imposing monument of Stephen F. Austin. It is built of red Texas granite,

on top of which stands the full size bronze figure of "the father of Texas." On a bronze tablet attached to the base of this monument in raised letters is the following: "Stephen F. Austin, the father of Texas. Was born in Wythe County, Virginia, November 3, 1793, and died in Brazoria County, Texas, December 22, 1836. Wise, gentle, courageous, and patient. He was the founder of a mighty commonwealth."

The bronze figure on this monument is so wonderfully made and so real that you can with very little imagination hear his voice, and he stands with his right hand raised and holding a manuscript in his left hand, which is resting upon the stump of a tree. Commissioned by the Legislature in 1910, V. O. Weed, who has been an undertaker in Austin for many years, went to Peace Point, Brazoria County, Texas, disinterred the body of Stephen F. Austin, brought it to Austin and placed in its present resting place in the State Cemetery. More than 200 people stood reverently by the side of the grave as it was opened and viewed the remains. The coffin was gone—melted to dust—but the skeleton was intact and in perfect condition. It was carefully removed and taken to Austin, where it lay in state in the Capitol building, from which place it was followed to the cemetery by a funeral procession which slowly wound its way through the streets of Austin as the bells were tolled and the cannons fired. A fitting tribute it was from the State he loved, showing that, although he had been dead seventy-four years, he still lived in the grateful hearts of Texans. Many noted men from all parts of the State acted as pallbearers on that occasion.

A small granite monument is inscribed, "Wallace," and below this one word are the following words: "Big Foot Wallace. Here lies he who spent his manhood defending the homes of Texas. Brave, honest, and faithful. Born April 3, 1817, died January 7, 1899."

A large Texas granite monument marks the last resting place of Gen. William P. Hardeman.

The monument over Governor Lubbock's grave is of white marble, inscribed: "October 6, 1815-June 22, 1905. Governor of Texas 1861-1863. State Treasurer 1879-1891." The remains of Mrs. Lubbock lie beside those of her husband.

Beautiful flowers cover the grave of Judge W. L. Davidson, who died January 25, 1921, in Austin.

A large and most attractive monument stands on the west side of the only drive in the cemetery.



On top of this monument is a life-size statue of the woman who sleeps beneath, Joanna Troutman. A bronze tablet attached to this monument at the height so that all may read, tells the beautiful story of this patriotic woman as follows: "This monument is erected in honor of Joanna Troutman for the service she rendered the cause of Texas independence. Born in Crawford County, Georgia, February 19, 1818. She lived to see Texas free and one of the mightiest States in the American Union, and died August 1880."

When Texas was struggling to establish her rights as a State in the Mexican Republic she sent forth an appeal for help. Georgia responded by raising a battalion of volunteers, and Miss Joanna Troutman, then eighteen years of age, first with her love of liberty and the zeal of the volunteer, with her own hands made a beautiful Lone Star flag and presented it to the Georgia battalion, and they landed in Texas with it in December, 1836. The flag was symbolic of the lone struggle Texas was making.

The flag was unfurled at Velasco and later carried to Goliad, where it proudly waved over the walls of the fortress. The flag was raised as the national flag on the walls of Goliad by Fannin when he heard the Declaration of Texas Independence on March 8, 1836. It was constructed of white silk, with an azure star of five points. On one side was "Liberty or Death," and on the reverse side, in Latin, "Where Liberty dwells there is my country." The tattered shreds of this flag silently witnessed the murder of Fannin and his men at Goliad, March 27 following. Gentle, pure, patriotic, the hands of Joanna Troutman wrought her love of liberty in the beautiful Lone Star flag which witnessed the sacrifice of the men who brought it to Texas as the emblem of independence.

On the north, south, and west sides of this monument are also bronze tablets, and on these three tablets is a list of the names of the "Martyrs of Texas Independence at Goliad." Ex-Gov. Oscar Colquitt is said to have paid \$500 of his private means to have these three tablets placed upon this monument.

East of the driveway is the magnificent tomb of Albert Sidney Johnston. Inside the locked doors lies the lifelike statue of this hero, the wonderful creation of Elizabeth Ney, the world-famed sculptress.

Miss Ney lived in Austin until her death, and her home, known as the "Elizabeth Ney Studio," is under the care of the Texas Fine Arts Associa-

tion. There are many famous pieces of art in the collection at the Ney Studio, all executed by this talented woman. The bust of the German philosopher, Schopenhauer, is in the collection. At one time Miss Ney won the prize of thousands of dollars given by the German government for the best statuery submitted in a contest on Grecian art. The doors of the Elizabeth Ney Studio are opened to the public from time to time during the year.

These words are carved on the Johnston tomb: "Albert Sidney Johnston. By the State in the year, 1904."

The life of Albert Sidney Johnston was one of heroism and romance and has been told over and over in song and story. It was he who followed the redskins into their camp and rescued Mrs. Rebecca Fisher and her little brother when they were small children. Mrs. Fisher lived in Austin past her ninety-eighth year, and she was an historical figure in Texas. When she was a very small girl, about eight years old, the Indians murdered and scalped her father and mother and other members of her family, and burned their frontier home, taking Mrs. Fisher and her little brother away with them.

East of the driveway is a monument with the inscription: "John Wharton, Major General C. S. A. Born July 5, 1827. Died April 6, 1865."

On the sloping side of the knoll on the north are eighteen rows of graves, with forty-one little white markers in each row, and on the east side eleven rows of graves, with ninety-one markers in each row, making a total of 1,739 graves. In these graves on the hillside, over which the ever-green cedars cast their grateful shades, rest gallant and heroic Confederate soldiers of Texas.

There are a number of women buried in this part of the cemetery. Occasionally, in the old part of the cemetery will be found the grave of a woman, usually the wife of some hero who is buried there.

Masonic emblems are carved on a great number of the monuments in the cemetery.

The Stephen F. Austin monument cost \$10,000 and that of Joanna Troutman \$5,000. The bronze statues on each of these monuments were executed by Coppini.

Beautiful flowers grow in this old cemetery, and at the time of my visit there was a bed of bluebonnets planted to represent a Texas star, 200 feet in circumference and 41 feet in diameter. There were over one thousand plants in this star.

## RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS

BY HENRY W. BATTLE, D.D., CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

During the War between the States, mother and I lived with my paternal grandparents at Tuskegee, Ala., father having organized a company and gone to be with Lee in Virginia. My grandfather, Dr. Cullen Battle, a man of large wealth and sterling character, was a Unionist in theory. He maintained that if the South had wrongs that called for the arbitrament of the sword (which we did not deny), that sword should be drawn beneath the flag of the Union. This conviction, openly avowed, did not prevent his wholehearted and absolute enlistment in the cause of the Confederacy after secession had actually occurred and the die irrevocably cast. He owned hundreds of slaves, but he did not believe in the institution of slavery—the spacious sophistry of the times could not convince him that it was morally right. But he argued that as it was too firmly entrenched in the political and social structure to be affected by anything he could do, his wisest and best course was to provide the negro with a humane master, protect him in rights essential to the enjoyment of home, health, and religion, and, in turn, require from him reasonable and faithful service. He had observed, too, that the experiment of emancipation, in the midst of the almost universal operation of the existing institution, usually resulted disastrously. Accustomed to depend on some white master for judgment and authority, the suddenly freed black, even when provided with land and equipment for farming, soon grew dissatisfied and often came to want; and, strange as it may seem, a bitter social breach between the enslaved and the emancipated negroes was thereby created—“a free nigger” and “poor white trash” were phrases in which the slaves of a well-to-do and respectable master expressed their utmost contempt. In view of the serious complications with which the practical problem was enmeshed, it is not strange that Lincoln should have declared, six years before he became President, “I surely will not blame them (the Southerners) for not doing what I should not know how to do myself. If all earthly power were given me, I should not know what to do as to the existing institution.”

I have dwelt at some length on the attitude of my honored grandfather toward the existing institution of slavery because I regard him as representative of a highly respected and influential class, *the large planter of the South*.

My father, gifted and eloquent, was the intimate friend of William L. Yancey, the flaming advocate of secession. Together they spoke on many platforms North and South. Yancey, when at the height of his impassioned eloquence before an emotional audience, must have been irresistible. I recall this incident as related to me by my father, who was present and witnessed it. It was during the session of the famous Charleston Secession Convention. Mr. Yancey was replying to Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, I believe, “in sentences that blazed like comets and cut like knives,” when the immense audience broke into wild applause. To the utter amazement of all, Mr. Pugh joined enthusiastically in the applause. When the noise had subsided sufficiently for him to be heard, Mr. Pugh sprang to his feet and shouted: “Mr. Chairman, I did not applaud the gentleman’s *sentiments*; I *applauded American genius!*”

It is believed that this phenomenally eloquent man, Yancey, grieving over his failure to win from Great Britain recognition of the Southern Confederacy, died of a broken heart.

Those were the days when untutored eloquence on a background of passionate feeling was in the ascendant in the South. They continued long after the war. Youth always reacts in its own ardent way to the temper of the times. The hero of every school then was the orator, as the hero of every school today is the athlete. The type of youthful oratory, as displayed in the schools each Friday afternoon, and on special public occasions, was significant: Regulus defying the vengeance of Carthage; Patrick Henry crying, “Give me liberty or give me death”; Robert Emmett exclaimed: “Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them.”

Let it not be thought that the temper of the times was conducive to spineless sentimentality in the growing generation of the South. No school day ended normally without a fight. All the boys knew where it would take place, and usually who would be the combatants, though this essential feature was sometimes left to be determined after “the battle ground” had been reached. The fundamental requirements were that the two should be physically well matched; that the combat should be fair; and that there should be no hard feelings afterward. The law of the ring was unwritten, but inviolate.

With the surrender at Appomattox, followed by



the assassination of President Lincoln, the reign of the odious triumvirate, Carpetbagger, Scalawag, and Negro adventurer, was ushered in. The legislatures of proud states changed their *complexion*; strangers or more ignorant and detested Scalawags presided over the courts; not infrequently Negro soldiers paraded the streets, reveling in the intoxicating consciousness of a transformation so new and wonderful, with all its glittering insignia of dignity and authority, that no mortal could be reasonably expected, in such circumstances, to behave reasonably. One of these metamorphosed soldiers, in sheer exuberance of new-found pomp and authority, wantonly thrust his pistol in my face, and poured forth vile profanity and dire threats, to try the nerve of a child, for the delectation of his comrades. It was not unusual for ladies to be insultingly taunted and rudely pushed from the sidewalks by their erstwhile maids. The genial air of the proud, but now conquered and humiliated South carried on its bosom the strident notes of a new song: "De Bottom Rail's on Top Now, and We's G'wine to Keep It Dar." It contained a statement that was absolutely true, and a prophecy that was yet to be tested. Conditions grew more and more intolerable until, out of the darkness of the midnight, there rode silent, mysterious, white-robed horsemen, and through chattering teeth there came a whisper that the ghosts of the armies that had died for the Confederacy had come to earth to wreak terrible vengeance. Nor were superstitious terrors the only means these mysterious horsemen employed—foolhardy indeed the man who failed to heed a warning signed, "K. K. K." Congress hastened to pass a special act for the protection of "the wards of the nation" in the exercise of all their high and extraordinary privileges, and the victorious army of the Union was again sent South to enforce its provisions. For once that army met defeat—a mighty, subtle, illusive moral force, such as has often changed the course of history, was inexorably at work for the salvation of Southern civilization. About the year 1872 this cabilistic band disappeared as suddenly as it had come, and passed into the history of the troublous times that gave it birth. *Its mission had been accomplished.*

The Federal cavalry general, James H. Wilson, passed through my native town, Tuskegee, during his expedition into Georgia and Alabama, 1865. My father had been seriously wounded at the battle of Cedar Creek, and was at home. His wound had not healed, and he was still very

feeble. As General Wilson's troops moved down the wide street fronting our home, father, mounted on Old Frank, an ancient race horse, rode leisurely toward the advancing column. He approached within easy reach of their rifles and drew rein.

There he sat rigid as a statue, gazing at the oncoming enemy (technically the war had not ended), as if held in the grip of the memory of battle fields in Virginia. I clung to mother's hand and shared her terror. When there seemed no escape, he was seen to bend for one moment over the arched neck, as if whispering love and trust into the delicate, quivering ear; then, as with one supreme response, the glorious old horse whirled and sped away with his precious burden fast as the eagle cleaves the air. Some of Wilson's men left the ranks and started in pursuit, but soon returned empty-handed.

General Wilson acted in knightly fashion toward the family of the foeman, the temper of whose steel he had tested, whatever may have been the experience of others; and the same knightly courtesy is said to have characterized his treatment of his illustrious prisoner, Jefferson Davis.

An officer with a squad of soldiers carrying a large United States flag came up the steps of the porch where grandmother, mother, and I stood, respectfully saluted, and inquired, "Is this General Battle's residence?" My grandmother drew her aged form up to its utmost height and haughtily answered: "*Yes, and I am proud of it!*" Oh, wonderful, incomparable *woman!*—the same in all ages! A moment ago, pale and trembling, she is ready to fall at the conqueror's feet and plead for the safety of her child; now, that she believes that child safe, she is ready, with haughty bearing and flashing eyes, to defy Wilson's whole army! The officer continued: "You need not remove your valuables, and you may feel entirely secure in your persons. This home is under special protection." We subsequently learned that it was a soldier's chivalrous courtesy. If my memory is correct, the flag was placed above our home. (There was no one to protest, and it meant protection). I had a flag just like it, but that was a captured flag my father brought to me from Virginia. It was hastily hidden in the woods on the approach of Wilson's army and never recovered. I love that flag now! Since then it has been consecrated by the holiest of Southern tears and baptized in the richest of Southern blood. *I love it now; I did not love it then!*

We had barrels of money, but it was Confederate money. Some of it was actually beautiful (or seemed so to me), with the picture of the handsome artillerymen and the cannon drawn by fine horses in a dead-run for the battle field. Some bore the signature of the husband of my father's only sister, John Gill Shorter, War Governor of Alabama. I loved him very dearly, but I couldn't buy anything with his money! Perhaps I should qualify that statement. One day a friend offered me twenty dollars for one of my white fan-tail pigeons. After much persuasion, I accepted the offer, with the condition that he must catch the pigeon. *The pigeon was never caught.* I bought a *fish hook* with the twenty dollars from another boy. Alas, pathetic symbol of a brave people's resistance to oppression and wrong! It was that beautiful Confederate money.

But—we were made rich at another time by the possession of a sure enough, shining five-dollar gold piece. It came to us with a beautiful story told by the negro nurse of my baby sister. This was the story she told:

"Some Yankees stopped me to look at baby. One of them said, 'Is that a girl baby?' I said 'Yes sir,' then he said, 'Whose baby is it?' and I said, 'General Battle's baby.' He looked like he jumped when I said that, and he up and said, 'I'll give you five dollars in gold if you'll let me kiss that baby.' I knowed we needed some real money mighty bad, so I said, 'All right.' He kissed the baby mighty gentle like, and he up and said to the other soldiers, 'When I get home, I'll swear that I kissed the daughter of a rebel General and she didn't care.'"

It was literally true, but — ah, well, perhaps he was thinking of his own little blue-eyed darling far away, and the kiss was pure and gentle as an angel's.

After measurably recovering from his wound, the war being over, my father decided to enter the race for Congress. The time had almost passed, and there were two candidates already in the field. It was then too late to make a complete canvass of the district, so he assigned certain important points he could not reach to Prince, his beautiful black war horse. Prince had been brought back to his master, after the surrender, a pathetic shadow of his one-time beauty and pride; but a well-filled trough and loving care had done wonders for Prince. Bridled and saddled, the sheathed sword hanging from the saddle horn, he was led by a veteran in a tattered and faded

gray jacket from place to place. The children stroked his shining neck, and the women decked him with garlands of flowers. *Prince did not lose a vote!* His master was triumphantly elected, but was not permitted to be seated for the policy of Reconstruction was still in force.

There was a curious thing about that horse. While the war lasted, he did his duty superbly, and bore on his body scars that attested his courage and loyalty. At Seven Pines, the Wilderness, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, in fact, almost every great battle fought by that army until his master, faint and bleeding, was lifted from the saddle at Cedar Creek, he had been the living embodiment of the sublime picture—

"He paws the valley proudly, facing the clash of arms;

He mocks at fear; unterrified, he flies not from the sword;

But on he charges with wild rage, straight ahead, never swerving;

The trumpet sounds—'Aha!' he cries, scenting the battle from afar,

Where captains thunder 'midst the shouts of war—"

But after the war was over, Prince was the most thoroughly and permanently *reconstructed* horse in all the world! He could not bear even the crack of a whip, and the explosion of a fire-cracker would almost throw him into convulsions. Once, when Prince was entitled to plead exemption on account of the decrepitudes of age, father decided to ride him to a "dove-shoot," promising that he would tie him to a tree where the reports of the guns would be dulled by the distance. The day had not far advanced before Prince came home at full speed, with the limb to which he had been tied tossing on his back at the end of the tangled halter.

Prince was a soldier, and he had thought it all over and fully persuaded himself that when a soldier fights and honorably *quits*, he ought to *stay quit*. He was right!

Over what a strange way, scathed by passion and torn by suffering, have we passed to this glad day! Was it needful? Is there a power in this mundane order of things that weaves our blunders and sins into a fabric where discords are brought into harmony, deformity transmuted into beauty, and hate changed to love?

Such has been our glorious national destiny.



## MOSBY'S RANGERS.

BY MRS. M. C. F. COATES, HISTORIAN SOUTHERN  
CROSS CHAPTER, U. D. C., SALEM, VA.

What a thrill of adventurous memories awaken at the mention of the achievements of the brave men led by Col. John S. Mosby, who gave their peril-filled aid to the cause of the South when the War between the States was at the height of conflict, and, all unknown to its participants, nearing a disastrous end.

John Singleton Mosby was born in Powhatan County, Va., in 1833, consequently, when war was declared in 1861, was old enough to appreciate the aim for which he fought, and young enough to be filled with the *esprit de corps* of a cause that fired the spirits of the men of the South. He studied at the University of Virginia, was admitted to the bar of that state, and, in 1861, entered the Confederate army under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. In 1862, under General Stuart, he secured command as a scout of a force of volunteers, with whom he made devastating raids into the Northern States, many of which were disastrous to the Union cause; and, for his efficiency in that regard, he was made Colonel of a battalion, 43rd Virginia Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia, by General Lee. At the suggestion of General Grant, Mosby and his forces were treated as belligerents. Some years after cessation of hostilities, President Hayes appointed him Consul to Hong Kong, a post he held from 1878 to 1885, and from which he was removed by President Cleveland. He was at one time Attorney General for the Southern Pacific Railroad and also Assistant Attorney for the Department of Justice in Washington. He published his "War Reminiscences" and wrote a number of articles for periodicals.

The story of his career as a fighter and protector of that section of Virginia between the Rappahannock River and the Blue Ridge Mountains, comprising the counties of Fauquier, Clark, Loudon, and Fairfax, which became known through his deeds as "Mosby's Confederacy," is as fascinating as anything we find in the history of military achievements.

James J. Williamson, in his "Mosby's Rangers," published in 1909, gives a most minute description of the Colonel's operations from 1863, having kept a diary, as was his habit, acquired while in prison to while away the time, and when he was exchanged, and again participated in active warfare, he continued the practice. Thus his descriptions of what took place are minute and accurate.

The region occupied by Mosby was disputed territory outside of the lines of the regular army, and left unprotected by civil and military authorities on both sides, and but for "Mosby's men," the defenseless inhabitants would have been at the mercy of roving bands of deserters from both armies, as they wandered from Richmond to Fredericksburg and Washington. The mountains were infested with horse thieves and robbers, ready to prey upon the inhabitants, regardless of their allegiance to North or South, so the Rangers performed the duties of police while Mosby, acting as military ruler and judge, kept down the lawless element without fear or favor. This action was a necessity of the times and manners.

Williamson gives Mosby's personal characteristics as follows: "He was a brave man, and as a scout he was unsurpassed. He was generally taciturn, particularly toward strangers. At times he was quite talkative and very agreeable, while at others he would scarcely answer a question put to him. In conversation his voice was low, his utterances slow and distinct, but when conversing upon a subject in which he took more than ordinary interest, he became a rapid talker. He spoke plainly and to the point, and there was no mistaking the meaning of his words. He had a pleasant face, white and regular teeth, and keen, restless eyes, which seemed an index to his mind. His reasoning was good, and the conclusions arrived at generally correct, yet he was very set in his opinions, and when he made up his mind it was hard to change. In his manner he was plain and unassuming. Cool in danger, quick to think, and practical in carrying out his ideas—these were qualities which aided in his success.

"There was a rich vein of humor running through his nature so close to the surface that it required little digging to reach it, and no school-boy ever enjoyed a bit of fun with keener relish than Mosby."

Speaking of his characteristics as a soldier, Lieutenant Channing Smith remarked of him, after having witnessed a fight between one hundred and twenty-eight of Mosby's men and the 12th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Colonel Rino, and a regiment of infantry under General Bino: "I acted independently in this fight, and had good opportunity to see and judge of the fighting qualities of Mosby's men, and came to the conclusion that the conscientious, brave soldier who loved the excitement and danger of battle could be accommodated as well with Mosby on the border as in the ranks of the regulars who followed the lead of Stuart.

And the impression this made upon me of the coolness, presence of mind, and courage of Colonel Mosby has never been effaced."

Of the many brilliant exploits of the Rangers, it is difficult to select examples, but the capture of General Stoughton, commander of a large troop of Yankee soldiers which occupied and surrounded Fairfax Court House where he was quartered, by a small detachment, amidst the utmost danger, stands out conspicuously.

The best description of this event is given by Mosby himself in an article published in *Belford's Magazine* in 1892. It is too long to quote in full, but after giving the motives that inspired the attempt, the location of the hostile troops, and describing the triangular line of pickets that surrounded them, leaving one small, unprotected, possible entrance into the enemy's lines, all information having been given by one Ames, a deserter, he continues his narrative, as follows:

"I had only twenty-nine men; we were surrounded by hostile thousands. Ames, who also knew to what point he was piloting us, rode by my side. Without being able to give any satisfactory reason for it, I felt instinctive trust in his fidelity, which he never betrayed. When we reached the Court House square, which was appointed as a rendezvous, the men were detached in squads; some were sent to the stables to collect the fine horses I knew were there, others to the different headquarters, where the officers were quartered. We were more anxious to capture Wyndham than any others.

"There was a hospital on the main street in a building that had been a hotel. In front of it a sentry was walking. The first thing I did was to send Ames and Frankland to relieve him from duty, and to prevent any of the occupants from giving the alarm. Ames whispered gently in his ear to keep quiet, that he was a prisoner. A six-shooter has great persuasive powers. I went directly with the command to the house of a citizen named Murray, which I had been told was Wyndham's headquarters. This was not so. He told us they were at Judge Thomas' home which we had passed in the other end of town. So we quickly returned to the Court House Square. Ames was sent with a party to Wyndham's headquarters. Two of his staff were found there asleep, but the bird we were trying to catch had flown. Wyndham had gone down to Washington that evening by train. My men identified themselves to some extent for the loss by appropriat-

ing his fine wardrobe and several splendid horses that they found in the stables.

"The irony of fate made Ames the captor of his own captain. He was Captain Barker, 5th New York Cavalry, detailed as assistant adjutant general. Ames treated his former comrade with the greatest civility and seemed to feel great pride in introducing him to me. Joe Nelson saw a tent in the courtyard. He went in and took the telegraph operator who was sleeping there. We had already cut the wires before we came into the town to prevent communication with Centerville. Joe had also caught a soldier, who told him that he was one of the guard at General Stoughton's headquarters. This was the reason I did not go with Ames after Wyndham. I took five or six men with me to go after Stoughton. I remember the names of Nelson, Welt Hatcher, and Frank Williams. Stoughton was occupying a brick house on the outskirts of the village, belonging to a Dr. Gunnell.

"When we reached it, all of us dismounted, and I gave a loud knock on the front door. A head bobbed out from an upper window and inquired who was there. My answer was, 'Fifth New York Cavalry with a dispatch for General Stoughton.' Footsteps were soon heard tripping down the stairs and the door opened. A man stood there with nothing on but his shirt and drawers. I immediately seized hold of his shirt collar, whispered in his ear who I was, and ordered him to lead me to the General's room. He was Lieutenant Prentiss of the Staff. We went straight up a stairs where Stoughton was, leaving Hatcher and George Whitescarver to guard the houses. When a light was struck, we saw lying on the bed before us the man of war. He was buried in sleep and seemed to be dreaming in all the fancied security of the Turk when Marco Bozarris with his band burst on the camp from the forest shades—

'In dreams through court and camp we bore  
The trophies of a conqueror.'

There were signs in the room of revelry that night, and some uncorked champagne bottles furnished an explanation of the General's deep sleep. He had been entertaining a number of ladies from Washington in a style becoming a commanding general. The revelers had retired to rest just before our arrival with no suspicion of the danger hovering over them. The ladies had gone to spend the night in a citizen's home. Long and loud, I have been told, were the lamentations next morn-



ing when they heard of the mishap that had befallen the gallant general. He had been caught asleep ingloriously in bed, and spirited off without being able to say 'goodbye.' As the general was not awakened by the noise we made when we entered the room, I walked up to his bed and pulled off the covering, but even this did not awaken him. He was turned over on one side, snoring like one of the seven sleepers. With such environments, I could not afford to await his convenience or to stand on ceremony. So I just pulled up his shirt and gave him a spank. Its effect was electric. The brigadier arose from his pillow and, in an authoritative tone, inquired the meaning of the rude intrusion. He had not realized we were not of his staff. I leaned over and said to him, 'General, did you ever hear of Mosby?' 'Yes,' he quickly answered. 'Have you caught him?' 'No,' I said, 'I am Mosby. He has caught you!' In order to deprive him of all hope, I told him that Stuart's Cavalry held the town and that General Jackson was in Centerville."

Mosby succeeded in getting out of Fairfax Court House with his captures—one general, two captains, thirty privates, and fifty-eight horses. The result was that Stoughton's reputation was blasted, Wyndham was relieved of his command, also his successor, who was as unable as he to cope with Mosby. The latter won high praise from General Stuart for this exploit, and he confessed he was never able to duplicate it, as the Northern troops were ever after on the *qui vive* for a similar surprise. The result was his promotion to the rank of Major, with authority to organize a battalion.

Many notables of Virginia were amongst Mosby's Rangers, three of them being preachers who thought they could at that time best serve God by serving their country. A remarkable instance of bravery was the act of the Rev. Sydnor Ferguson; who unhorsed a cavalryman, after his own revolver refused to shoot, by striking him in the face with the butt end of his pistol. Drs. Dunn and Monteiro were surgeons with his forces, Dunn being accused by Mosby of being more fond of fighting than of curing the sick.

He became known throughout America and beyond the seas. Soldiers of fortune came from Europe to join him. He never had more than five hundred men, but they did the work of many thousands of ordinary troopers. They took captive six thousand Northern soldiers and seized millions of dollars' worth of supplies. Once they

captured two of Sheridan's paymasters with \$173,000 in greenbacks. At times, by threatening Washington, they made ineffectual 50,000 Federal troops.

On March 20, 1916, at Washington, where he held the post of Assistant Attorney General in the Department of Justice, this brave warrior answered his last roll call, and found a last resting place in Warrenton, Va.

In deference to his love of poetry (he carried a copy of William Cullen Bryant's poems in his pocket into battle), this article is closed with the following quotation from Pope:

"Statesman, yet friend to truth of soul sincere,  
In action faithful, and in honor clear!  
Who broke no promise, served no private end,  
Who gained no title, who lost no friend;  
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,  
Praised, wept, and honored by the men he loved."

#### BATTLES FOUGHT ON MARYLAND SOIL.

BY SALLY WASHINGTON MAUPIN.

The records of the War Department at Washington show that during the history of the United States one hundred and sixty-one battles, minor engagements and skirmishes in which blood was shed, have been fought in Maryland, distributed as follows: One in the Revolutionary War, three in the War of 1812, and one hundred and fifty-nine in the War between the States.

The names and places of these engagements and the dates on which they were fought follow:

#### REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Gwyn's Island, Chesapeake Bay, July 8-10, 1776.

#### WAR OF 1812.

Blandensburg, August 24, 1814; McHenry Fort, September 13, 1814; Moore's Field, August 30, 1814.

#### WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, 1861-65.

Adamstown, October 14, 1864; Altamont, April 26, 1863; Antietam (3), September 16, 17, 1862, July 6, 1864; Antietam Bridge, July 8, 1864; Antietam Creek, September 15, 1864; Antietam Ford, August 4, 1864; Antietam Iron Works, August 27, 1861; Baltimore, April 19, 1861; Barnesville, September 9, 1862; Beaver Creek, July 9, 1863; Benevola, July 9, 1863; Berlin (2), September 18-29, 1861, September 4-5, 1862; Boonesborough (3), September 14, 15, 1862, July 8, 1863; Boonesborough Gap, September 14, 1862; Brownsville, July 7, 1864; Budd's Ferry, October

22 to November 12, 1861; Carroll, Fort, April 21, 1861; Catoctin Creek, June 17, 1863; Catoctin Mountain (2), September 13, 1862, July 7, 1864; Cavetown, July 10, 1863; Clear Spring (2), July 10, 1863, July 29, 1864; Conrad's Ferry, Potomac River (2), June 17, 1861, October 4, 1862; Crampton's Pass, September 14, 1862; Cranberry Summit, April 26, 1863; Cumberland (3), June 11, 1861; Dam No. 1, Potomac River, April 16, 1862; Dams Nos. 4 and 5, Potomac River, December, 1861; Downville, July 7, 1863; Edward's Ferry (5), June 18, October 23, 24, 1861, September 3, 4, 1862, August 27, 1863; Emmitsburg (2), July 4, 1863, July 30, 1864; Fair Haven, April 4, 1865; Fairview Heights, October 10, 1862; Falling Waters, July 14, 1863; Flintstone Creek, August 1, 1864; Four Locks, October 9, 1862; Frederick (6) September 6, 12, 1862, June 21, 1863, July 7, 8, 11, 1864; Frederick, Fort, December 25, 1861; Funkstown (2), July 1, 10-13, 1862; Great Falls (3), July 1, August 25, September 4, 1861; Green Spring Furnace, October 10, 1862; Gunpowder Bridge, July 10, 1864; Hager's Mountain, July 7, 1864; Hagerstown (8), September 20, 1862, July 6, 10-12, 13, 1863, July, 5, 6, August 5, 15, 1864; Hancock (3), January 5, 1862, July 31, August 2, 1864; Jefferson, September 13, 1862; Keedysville (3), September 15, 1862, July 5, August 5, 1864; Leitersburg, July 10, 1863; McCoy's Ferry, October 10, 1862; Magnolia, July 11, 1862; Maryland Heights (3), September 12, 13, 1862, June 30, July 7, 1863; Mattawoman Creek, November 14, 1861; Middletown (3), September 13, 1862, June 20, 1863, July 7, 1864; Monocacy (3), October 12, 1862, July 9, 10, 1864; Monocacy Aqueduct, September 4, 1862; Monocacy Church, September 9, 1862; Monocacy Junction, July 30, 1864; Monocacy River, October 12, 1862; Montgomery County, October 7-11, 1864; Muddy Branch, June 29, 1863; Nolan's Ford, October 12, 1862; Oakland, April 26, 1862; Offutt's Crossroads, June 28, 1863; Old Antietam Forge, July 10, 1863; Oldtown, August 2, 1864; Point of Rocks (8), August 5, September 17, 24, December 19, 1861, September 4-5, 7, 1862, June 17, 1863, July 5, 1864; Poolesville (6), September 4, 5, 8, 9, November 25, December 14, 1862, July 14, 1864; Poplar Springs, June 29, 1863; Relay House, May 6, 1861; Rockville (4), June 28, September 22, 1863, July 10, 13, 1864; Rockville Expedition, June 10 to July 7, 1861; Sandy Hook (2), August 1, 1861, July 8, 1864; Seneca, June 28, 1862; Seneca Creek (2), September 16, 20, 1861; Se-

neca Mills (2), June 14, 1861, June 11, 1863; Sharpsburg (5), September 15, 16-17, 19, October 1, 1862, June 24, 1863; Solomon's Gap (2), July 5, 7, 1864; South Mountain (2), September 13, 14, 1862; Sugar Loaf Mountain September 10, 11, 1862; Turner's Pass, September 14, 1862; Urbana, July 9, 1864; Westminster, July 29, 30, 1863; White's Ford, October 12, 1862; Williamsport (12), September 11, 18, 19, 20, October 1, 29, 1862, June 15, July 6, 8, 14, 1863, July 25, August 5, 26, 1864.

### SLAVE LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

An interesting letter comes from Rev. Franklin W. Irvin, 2 Holden Street, Walden, Mass., asking for information on slave life in the South befo' de wah. Doubtless many of the VETERAN readers can give such information from personal knowledge, which will be all the more worth while to him. The VETERAN has suggested some books which would be of value to him in his research, and such suggestions could be made by others to good effect. This is his letter:

"I am a native of Kentucky, of Virginia ancestry, and the son of a former owner of slaves in Kentucky. I recall many things that mother used to tell of the happenings of those days, but, being only a child then, I have forgotten, or never was told, many of the details of life that I should like to know now.

"Incidentally, I might say that I am a Baptist minister, and have on many occasions mentioned certain facts and incidents incident to slave life in the South. Whenever I started relating these experiences it was a signal for rapt attention on the part of these Northerners, whose ideas and thoughts of those days are so crude and warped, and miles away from the real facts. So interested have they been from time to time, that they have repeatedly begged for more, or asked me to give them evenings from time to time that they might hear more of the romance of the South of those days.

"Personally, I am deeply interested, and for my own sake as well as theirs, I should like to know more. These folk in the Northern sections have had no opportunity to learn the truth, and know nothing of those wonderful days forever gone. I want information as to who called the slaves from their cabins in the morning, how it was done, what then did they do; who told them what to do for the day; who or what called them to breakfast; where did they eat; what next; did they

(Continued on page 118)





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

### IN TRIBUTE.

*To My Father, Gen. Pinckney Rayburn Young.*

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

"Dead? Is he dead?  
So thoroughly alive was he," they say,  
"Last week, last Sunday—yesterday—"  
Dead! We who loved him bow the head  
And grieve. But love undaunted heard  
And gently said,  
"I do not know the meaning of that word,"  
And then went questing, winging  
Out, out beyond the sound of falling clod,  
And found you, O Beloved, resting, singing,  
Upon the warm, kind heart of God.

### COMMANDER CHARLES FRANCIS SEVIER.

Charles Francis Sevier, born October 16, 1842, in Greene County, Tennessee, died December 22, 1931, at Savannah, Tenn. He was a member of pioneer families, a great-grandson of Valentine Sevier. He entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1859, resigned in June, 1861, and joined the Confederate Navy, going aboard the Curlew on the North Carolina coast, where he participated in the battle of Roanoke Island. He served on the Livingston about New Orleans, and was on the Palmetto State in Atlantic Coast patrol for sixteen months. In the James River fleet, he was aboard the Patrick Henry, and became first officer of the Drury. He was again ordered into coast service as Commander of the cruiser Chickamauga, and destroyed ships from New England to the Bermudas. He witnessed the fall of Wilmington and was ordered to Richmond, where he organized a battalion of infantry, and became captain of a company of volunteer sailors. He fought at Sailor's Creek, and was captured and taken to Washington the night Lincoln was assassinated. From the Old Capitol prison he was taken to Johnson's Island, where he remained until the end of the war.

Charles Sevier served one year, 1860, on the

famous ship Constitution, and eagerly anticipated seeing her again on the proposed cruise in Southern waters. A number of his comrades included Dick Floyd (uncle of William G. McAdoo), Marmaduke, Pearson, Benton, and Long Berny.

Captain Sevier rounded out a well spent life as a cotton planter in Hardin County, Tennessee, honored and revered by all who knew him, idolized by his family and the local Daughters of the Confederacy. His zeal for the South's cause never waned. Dignified in life, in death he was every inch the soldier as he lay in state under the Stars and Bars.

### MISS NANNIE MARIA SEVIER.

Miss Nannie Maria Sevier, former President and active leader of Shiloh Chapter, No. 371, U. D. C., of Savannah, Tenn., passed away on June 14, 1931. She was descended from distinguished Virginia and East Tennessee families, a great-granddaughter of Valentine and Robert Sevier, brothers of Governor John Sevier. As an active and consecrated believer in the South and all things Southern, she held sacred the principles for which her father laid down his life in the battle of Atlanta, and devoted her talents to keeping alive in the minds of today's youth the glory of the heritage left by the heroes who wore the gray.

Shiloh Chapter showered honors upon her and was blessed by her undivided love and attention. In service she found her greatest pleasure. Calmly as she faced every problem as she gone from our midst, but the inspiration of her life lives on in the hearts of her friends.

[Mrs. A. M. Patterson, President Shiloh Chapter No. 371 and First Vice-President Tennessee Division, U. D. C.]

### CAPT. JOHN H. HATFIELD.

Capt. John H. Hatfield, a member of St. Louis Camp, No. 731 U. C. V., died at the Confederate Home of Missouri, at Higginsville, on February 10, at the age of eighty-nine years. He was born in Mesopotamia, Ala., and enlisted in the Confederate army at Aliceville, Ala., in 1861, being one of the original members of Captain McCaa's Rangers, and served with Generals Forrest and Wheeler. He took part in the battle of Missionary Ridge, Shiloh, Brice's Cross Roads, and other bloody engagements, until the close in 1865.

Captain Hatfield came to St. Louis in 1870, and was associated with Samuel C. Davis in a dry-

goods company. He was a former Commander of the St. Louis Camp, U. C. V., in a day when the Camp boasted a membership of hundreds, the majority of them being Missourians and citizens of St. Louis who had served the most glorious cause. More recently he was a member of the staff of Gen. William A. Wall, present State Commander of Missouri Confederate Veterans. He was a staunch Democrat, the kind most popular in Missouri. The passing of Captain Hatfield is much lamented by his comrades and the members of the Southern Society of St. Louis. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and a daughter.

[William E. Wootten, Adjutant Colonel.]

## HON. SCOTT FIELD.

Hon. Scott Field passed away on Sunday, December 20, 1931, at Calvert, Tex. Eighty-six years of age.

He had long been a sufferer because of the loss of his eyesight, and he was not disturbed by the summons from the Grim Reaper. I know also that he met him fearlessly and confidently—he was not afraid.

Scott Field was the last survivor of Harvey's Scouts, a famous company that served every commander of the Army of Tennessee from first to last. He entered the service from Madison County, Miss., when sixteen years of age. He and I were boyhood friends; we sat on the same bench at school. His passing leaves me alone, the last of those who enlisted from that neighborhood.

After the war, Scott Field attended the University of Virginia. He was admitted to the bar at Canton, Miss., in 1872, but later moved to Texas. He was District Attorney for Robertson County, Tex., and was a member of the Texas Senate for two terms. He was elected to Congress in 1902, and served until 1909, when he retired voluntarily. Was the author of much constructive legislation.

God never blessed our race with a more courageous specimen of humanity than when he gave us Scott Field. As a friend, soldier, and citizen he measured up to manhood's loftiest heights, and his very faults as comprehended in the decalogue's vast outlying claims were almost virtuous as weighed by those who knew him. Brave to recklessness, wise, sympathetic, thoughtful, honorable, graceful in manners, speech, and deportment, he was a most chivalrous gentleman.

He left his footprints on the sands of the South. Goodbye, old comrade, until we meet again.

[James Dinkins, New Orleans.]

## GEN. JOHN N. JOHNSON, U. C. V.

After a brief illness, Gen. John N. Johnson, Commander of the Forrest Cavalry Association, and President of the Pension Board of Tennessee, died in Nashville in the early morning of February 4, in his eighty-fifth year. He had also been Commander of the Camp at Bristol, Tenn., where he lived at one time, and of the Forrest Camp of Chattanooga, which city had been his home just before coming to Nashville. Forrest Camp once numbered a membership of 558 veterans of the Confederacy, now reduced to seventeen.

General Johnson was given a military burial in the Confederate Circle of Mount Olivet Cemetery, with the Confederate Ritual, after lying in state two days at the State Capitol.

Although a mere lad when the war came on in 1861, John N. Johnson twice ran away from home to fight, and was brought back each time; but in 1864 he was allowed to enlist, and entered the ranks of Company C, 1st Battalion, Kentucky Cavalry, and thus became one of Morgan's men. Cut off from his command during a battle at Cynthiana, Ky., he and his companions wandered for days through enemy territory. Finally, after swimming their horses across the river at Paducah, the party made its way to Corinth, Miss., and there became attached to Forrest's command. At Harrisburg, Miss., this young soldier was left for dead on the field of battle, and, when peace did come, found himself in a hospital at Jonesboro, Tenn., not many miles from his birthplace in Bedford County, Virginia.

John N. Johnson was born August 18, 1847, his parents being descendants of English nobility. The family removed to Bristol, Va.-Tenn., while he was still young, and there he attended private schools, later going to Emory and Henry College and then studying under tutors here and abroad.

In 1882, General Johnson was married to Miss Lucy Herndon Botts, of Savannah, Ga., where he was then in business, and three children were born to them, a son and two daughters. Ten years after marriage, he bought a large farm near Bristol, Tenn., where he lived for some years, dealing in real estate. He located in Chattanooga in 1912.

General Johnson recently became a member of the 109th Cavalry, Tennessee National Guard, with the honorary rank of Colonel. He held the rank of Major General in the United Confederate Veteran Association.



## REV. JOHN HARBOUR.

A veteran of the Cross as well as a veteran of the Confederacy, Rev. John Harbour, of Mississippi, died at the home of his son, J. L. Harbour, in Kemper County, Miss., October 29, 1931. He was born November 24, 1844, in Mississippi. Just after the close of the war in 1865, he married Miss Susie Lee, who, at the age of eighty-six, still lives. Six splendid sons also survive him, one of whom, J. L. Harbour, is sheriff of Kemper County; E. A. Harbour is a member of the Board of Supervisors of the county, and T. L. Harbour is a Baptist minister; the other sons are prosperous farmers.

John Harbour joined Company I, 5th Mississippi Regiment of Volunteers, at Enterprise, Miss., in 1861, and served through the whole war, being wounded slightly once. Only one of the members of his company survives him, Joe Shepherd, of Kemper County, who also was a valiant and faithful soldier of the Confederacy.

Just as faithful a soldier of the Cross and citizen of his country in time of peace was John Harbour as a soldier of the Confederacy in the time of war. For fifty years he was a consistent Primitive Baptist minister, giving the gospel to those about him for the greater part of his long and useful life. Falling on sleep in his eighty-seventh year, his body was laid tenderly to rest in the old family burial ground in Kemper County, beside the father and mother who had preceded him in death many years.

(R. L. Breland.)

## SAMUEL HANDLEY.

Samuel Handley, a former resident of Saline County, Mo., died at Steamboat Springs, Colo., on January 2, at the age of ninety-six years. He was born near Nashville, Tenn., March 15, 1834, his parents removing to Missouri before the War between the States, and from Saline County, young Handley went in to the Confederate service with Missouri troops in the Trans-Mississippi Department. He first joined a company of State Guards organized at Marshall, Mo., early in 1861, and this company participated in the engagement at Booneville, June 17, 1861. In September, they were in the fighting at Lexington, when two Federal gunboats were captured. At the end of their six months' enlistment, the State Guards went into the Confederate service, and young Handley became a member of Company A, 5th Regiment, Missouri Cavalry, commanded first by Joe Shelby, later by

Frank Gordon, and with this company participated in numerous engagements in Missouri and other parts of the Trans-Mississippi; then in Mississippi and Louisiana, opposing Grant; in 1864 was with the Missouri troops in the Atlanta campaign; and in 1865, was captured in the general assault on Fort Blakeley, near Mobile, and as a prisoner of war was paroled some weeks after the close of hostilities.

Going to Colorado after the war, Comrade Handley engaged in farming and the raising of fine horses. His fine qualities were appreciated in the community, for the officiating minister at his funeral spoke of him as "one of the richest men in the county in friends and character."

[Mrs. G. E. C. Sharp, Marshall, Mo., a niece.]

## JAMES D. TILLMAN, SR.

James D. Tillman, Sr., who died at the home of his son, James D. Tillman, Jr., in Meridian, Miss., on January 1, 1932, was born in Anson County, N. C., November 8, 1842, and thus had passed into his ninetieth year. He was the son of Dr. Richard Henry Tillman and Narcissa Bennett. His ancestors, at the close of the Revolutionary War, had moved from near the present site of Petersburg, Va., to Montgomery County, N. C., and at the beginning of the War between the States, young Tillman joined the Anson Guards, Company C, 14th North Carolina Regiment, which was commanded by his cousin, Col. R. T. Bennett, who was a congressman from North Carolina after the war. He was in many engagements, including Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Antietam, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, The Wilderness, Kelley's Ford, Spottsylvania C. H., Bethesda Church, Front Royal, New Market, Mount Jackson, Winchester, Martinsburg, Strasburg, Fort Stedman, Petersburg, South Mountain, etc. He was wounded at Bethesda Church and later was captured, being in prison when the war closed.

Comrade Tillman was in the same company with Gen. William A. Smith, now commanding the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., and their friendship continued through life. He was a loyal member of Camp Walthall, U. C. V., and for years had served as its Chaplain, retiring only because of the infirmities of age. He was also a life member of Carrollton Lodge, F. & A. M., and faithful in his membership in the Central Methodist Church.

The oldest of ten children, James D. Tillman was the last but one left of the family, a sister only, the second child, surviving him—Mrs. Ella

Pettigrew, of Marion, S. C. In 1880, he was married to Miss Rachel Caroline Bryan, daughter of Samuel Washington Bryan, and of the six children born to them a son and three daughters survive him. His father died during the War between the States, and in 1867 the family removed to Mississippi, where James D. Tillman engaged successfully in farming until 1905, when he went into business with his son at Carrollton, later removing to Meridian. He was laid to rest in Magnolia Cemetery there.

## GEN. E. R. OLDHAM, U. C. V.

On the 6th of February, after an illness of several weeks, Gen. E. R. Oldham, Commander of the 3rd Brigade, Tennessee Division, U. C. V., died at his home in Henning, at the age of eighty-seven years. Burial was at Maplewood Cemetery in Ripley, with Confederate veterans of the county as pallbearers.

At the grave, four comrades, one of them being Gen. C. A. DeSaussure, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., in Confederate uniforms, held the four corners of the Confederate flag, forming a canopy over the casket as it was lowered.

At the close of the funeral services, Lewis Nelson, an old negro of ante-bellum days, who served his master throughout the war, gave in his own words his estimates of "Mars Ed."

As the funeral cortege left the home, the old plantation bell, which had been rung for over a hundred years, decorated with a Confederate flag, was tolled eighty-seven times.

General Oldham was born in Henning, and had lived in the county all his life. When war came on in 1861, he was fired with enthusiasm for the Confederate cause and enlisted as a private in the command of Col. William Duckworth, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, serving with Company M through the four years, and being mustered out at Gainesville, Ala., in 1865. He was a member of the local Camp U. C. V. and prominent in the State and general U. C. V. activities.

General Oldham was interested in politics, and had served one term in the lower house of the Tennessee General Assembly, making an excellent record. As a leading Democrat, he always stood for those things that uplift and ennoble mankind—a man of decided convictions, true and loyal to his country and State. He was a member of the Episcopal Church of Ripley.

Twice married, General Oldham is survived by his wife, who was Miss Daisy Scott, and a son of the first marriage.

## CAPT. GEORGE W. BLAIR.

Capt. George W. Blair, who served for more than thirty-eight years as Clerk of the 5th Court of Civil Appeals at Dallas, Tex., died at his home in that city on January 11, 1932, as a result of injuries received a few days before. He was in his eighty-eighth year. Surviving are his wife, three daughters, and two grandchildren.

Captain Blair was born in Virginia, May 25, 1844, and went to Texas in 1859. He served in the War between the States as a private of the 11th Texas Battery, of which Capt. Sylvana Howell was commander. Though having few encounters, the battery was successful in its chief duty, which was keeping Federal troops out of Texas.

From 1871 to 1893, Captain Blair served as Clerk of the 6th District Court of Fannin County, and then went to Dallas as Clerk of the 5th Court of Civil Appeals, and had served continuously since that time, seldom missing a day because of ill health. Until his injury, he made his daily trips to and from work on the street cars, using two canes in walking to the car. At every meeting of the court he was on hand to call the docket, and was well known to lawyers throughout the State. He had been very active in the work of the Confederate Veterans' Association, serving for many years as adjutant of Sterling Price Camp, more recently being connected with the Dallas Camp.

## CHARLES E. EDMONDSON.

Charles E. Edmondson, a native of Tennessee and one of three veterans of the Confederate army living in the Tulare District of California, died at his ranch home near Tulare, on August 18, 1931, at the age of eighty-four years. He is survived by his wife.

Born at McMinnville, in Warren County, Tenn., Charles Edmondson grew up in that community and from there entered the ranks of the Confederacy as one of the boy soldiers—"the seed corn of the Confederacy." He took part in a number of campaigns, though only eighteen when the war ended, and was taken prisoner once. Some fifty years ago he removed to California, and had lived in the Tulare District about twenty-three years. He had been in feeble health for some time, and practically blind the last few years.

His funeral was from the First Christian Church of Tulare, and burial in the Cemetery at that place.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

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Charleston, W. Va.

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MRS. GEORGE DISMUKES ..... *Treasurer General*  
1409 Chickasha Avenue, Chickasha, Okla.

MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON ..... *Historian General*  
707 West Morgan Street, Raleigh, N. C.

MRS. A. S. PORTER, Hotel Monroe, Portsmouth, Va. .... *Registrar General*

MRS. J. W. GOODWIN, Allendale, N. J. .... *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. J. L. MEDLIN ..... *Custodian of Flags and Pennant*  
1541 Riverside Avenue, Jacksonville, Fla.

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:*

Again it is my pleasure to greet you through the VETERAN, to bring to you an account of the work accomplished, and direct your attention to the work yet to be done.

The Historian General, Mrs. John H. Anderson, in arranging radio programs for January 19, has made a valuable contribution to our historical work. Lee programs were broadcast over two networks and reached a large part of the country. We wish to thank the N. B. C. and the Columbia networks for this courtesy.

Mrs. Anderson has asked me to emphasize the fact that in the general prize list for the U. D. C. and the C. of C., prizes are offered for an essay on the subject "Why Stratford on the Potomac Should Become a National Shrine"; and that data for such essays may be secured from Division Directors, or from the R. E. Lee Memorial Foundation, 34 East Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.

In my two former letters, I stressed the importance of completing our quota to the Lee-Stratford Fund and to the Mrs. L. H. Raines Memorial Scholarship Fund. In this I wish to stress the importance of finishing the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation.

Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy, Director for the Virginia Division, has sent out a circular letter to the Virginia Chapters calling upon them to make a supreme effort to complete Virginia's quota. She says, "The only corrective to partisanship and unfairness is supplied by the Historical Scholarship itself, and it can be guaranteed in no other way. Let us hasten the time when this Historical Foundation can be at work in the South." Mrs. John F. Weinmann, Chairman of this Committee, has worked faithfully to complete the amount to be raised. Twenty-seven Divisions have completed their quota. Twelve Divisions have theirs

yet to complete. Let us make a determined effort to finish this work before the next Convention.

The action of the Jacksonville Convention in instructing the President General to appoint a Committee to "Secure a Record of the Rebel Yell" has been widely advertised through the press, and I have received many letters regarding details in connection therewith.

Mrs. Charles Bolling, Chairman of the Committee for "The Manufacture of Correctly Designed Confederate Battle Flag," has been hard at work; the contract has been let, and I am glad to announce that the new flags will be ready for distribution by April 1.

The Memphis Chapters have held their first meeting, and have chosen Mrs. T. W. Faires as General Chairman of the 1932 Convention, and the Hotel Peabody as Headquarters Hotel.

At the Jacksonville Convention, Mrs. Faris, Second Vice President General, introduced the following resolution, which was adopted as read:

*"Be it resolved by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Convention assembled, as follows:*

*"That, whereas, the prosperity and well-being of the people of the South are dependent upon the production and sale of cotton; and,*

*"WHEREAS, The price of cotton is largely regulated by the use and consumption of cotton goods, we do hereby urge upon the people of our country to inaugurate a more general use of cotton goods, and that wherever possible they select for domestic use cotton goods and the manufactured products of cotton of every kind; and that we especially urge that every member of our organization use every means possible to encourage this movement for the use of cotton goods."*

As this resolution has been adopted by the organization, it behooves each and every member to encourage this movement for the use of cotton.

It has been my privilege to be the guest at Lee and Jackson birthday celebrations held by three of the West Virginia Chapters. On Wednesday, January 20, the Charleston Chapter entertained with a reception at the home of Mrs. R. R. Woolf, President of the Chapter, in my honor. On the 21st, I was the guest of honor of the Jackson-Lee Chapter, of Huntington, W. Va., at a tea given in the home of its President, Mrs. F. M. Robertson. At this time I delivered the tribute to General Lee and General Jackson. On the 22nd, I was the guest of honor of the Hinton Chapter and gave the tribute to General Jackson. I was extremely sorry to be unable to accept all the many gracious invitations extended.

## IN MEMORIAM.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mrs. Christine Ray Osborne, the mother of our beloved friend and co-worker, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Louisville, Ky. Our hearts go out to her in love and sympathy in her deep sorrow.

Mrs. Christine Ray Osborne, eighty years old, widow of Thomas D. Osborne, died at 5 o'clock Saturday morning at her winter home in Sanibel, Fla.

Mrs. Osborne was a pioneer in kindergarten work in Louisville. She was a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Osborne is survived by four daughters, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Louisville; Mrs. William McGarity, Fort Worth, Tex.; Mrs. Charles H. Bauer, New York; and Mrs. A. T. Wishart, High Point, N. C.; seven grandchildren, and a great grandchild.

Faithfully yours, AMANDA AUSTIN BYRNE.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*California.*—"Dixie" floated down from the music balcony of the Elite Party House and three hundred guests of the United Daughters of the Confederacy stood to proclaim the eleventh annual Southern Luncheon, in Los Angeles, a success. Honoring the birthdays of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson were veterans from Dixie Manor and Camp 770 U. C. V., and a host of Daughters and friends.

Among the honor guests were Division Officers: Mrs. Helena T. Riche, President; Mrs. Collier Willey, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Mary Schweitzer, Recording Secretary; Miss Mary Vivian Conway, Historian; Mrs. Charles C. Ward, Registrar; Mrs. Corinne King Wright, Parlia-

mentarian; and Mrs. W. G. Prickett, Director of Children of Confederacy.

Crosses of Military Service were awarded Col. James A. Mattison, Chief Surgeon of the Veterans' Hospital at Sawtelle, Calif., and Los Angeles District Attorney Buron Fitts.

While acclaiming this the most harmonious and representative of Southern luncheons, thanks are due to one of our former California Division Presidents, Mrs. J. Henry Stewart, under whose general chairmanship, committee chairmen functioned understandingly; and to Mrs. F. B. Harrington for publicity.

The program featured Chapter Presidents, who responded to toasts to Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Music of the Sixties, Slaves of the South, Confederate Veterans, The South in the World War, Women of the Sixties, Confederate Flags, The Old South, War between the States, and The New South. Interspersed with these responses were musical numbers dear to the Southern heart.

Mrs. William Carter, from Nashville Chapter No. 1, Tennessee; Mrs. A. L. Devendorf, from the Robert E. Lee Chapter, Minnesota; Mrs. R. F. Blankenburg, Past President California Division, and other past Division Officers, were introduced.

*Maryland.*—The thirty-fourth annual convention of the Maryland Division was held in Annapolis, on October 28 and 29, the opening session being in the old Senate chamber of the State House. An orchestra from the Naval Academy played a processional march, and the officers of the Division, led by two of the veterans from the Confederate Home at Pikesville, Mr. Hobart Aisquith and Mr. Harry Atzrodt, entered the historic room. About one hundred and fifty members were present.

Governor Albert C. Ritchie welcomed the convention to Annapolis, and expressed himself as very interested in the Daughters of the Confederacy and their work. Dr. Edward D. Johnson, of St. Anne's Church, Annapolis, made the invocation. The orchestra played the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Following the address of welcome by the State President, Mrs. Charles O'Donnel Mackall, which was responded to by Mrs. John M. Green, President of the William H. Murray Chapter, Annapolis, reports of committees were given until



noon. Chapters were enthusiastic over the announcement that the Division had gone "over the top" in its subscription to Stratford.

As a part of its George Washington Bi-Centennial work, the Maryland Division has given to Stratford a "grandchild" of the famous "Liberty Tree" at Cambridge, Mass., under which Washington took command of the American Army. The formal presentation will take place at Stratford on April 28, anniversary of the time when "Light Horse" Harry Lee took his bride, Anne Carter Lee, to Stratford.

The speaker of the evening, Senator Millard F. Tydings, was introduced by State Senator Ridgeley P. Melvin. The Naval Academy orchestra played during the night session. Mrs. John M. Green was awarded a Cross of Military Service for her work on the Mexican border in 1917, the presentation being made by Mrs. Milton Dashiell, Custodian of Crosses.

On Thursday, a memorial service was conducted by Rev. James M. Magruder, of Annapolis. Routine business and election of officers occupied the remainder of the session. Mrs. Mackall was re-elected President of the Division.

The next annual convention will be held in Baltimore, in October, 1932, and the semiannual meeting in Rockville, in April.

Maj. Joseph W. Byron, of Williamsport, graduate of West Point, gave an inspiring talk on the fine characters of Generals Lee and Jackson in connection with his address on the "Battle of Antietam." His talk was made more impressive with a map of the territory covered by the Union and Confederate armies. As this battle field is near Hagerstown, the audience found it interesting to have the viewpoint of a soldier of the United States on that battle.

*Mississippi.*—Handsome portraits of Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson have been placed in the Biloxi High School, the presentation being made by Mrs. A. S. Gorenflo, President of the Beauvoir Chapter. These pictures will hang in the library alongside that of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States, which was presented last year. The U. D. C. will recall Biloxi as the hostess city and Beauvoir Chapter as the hostess chapter to the 1929 general convention.

The stage was beautifully decorated for these exercises, on each side three United States flags were arranged, and with two larger ones on each end. The two large pictures stood on easels, sepa-

rated by a large Confederate flag, at the base of which were three smaller Confederate flags in a vase.

Part of the program was carried out by the Bessie Hunt Dantzler Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, under the direction of their leader, Mrs. Dita Coleman Walker.

The program was brought to a close by the singing of "Dixie." The Ocean Springs High School senior class were guests during the exercises.

Several group conferences are arranged for April, preceding the division convention in May, when the new President General, Mrs. William E. R. Byrne, will be the guest of honor, if possible to attend.

[Virginia R. Price, Director.]

*Missouri.*—A very fine portrait, an etching, of Gen. Robert E. Lee, was presented to Hannibal High School with impressive ceremonies on Tuesday afternoon, January 19, before an assemblage of about six hundred students. The portrait is a gift of Hannibal Chapter, and the presentation was made by Mrs. Walter G. Curd, President, in a very gracious talk. Richard Scheidker, President of the Student Council of the school, accepted the gift in a pleasing way.

The assembly was opened with the singing of "America" and closed with the singing of "Dixie," with Miss Helen Graves, supervisor of music in the Hannibal public schools, at the piano.

The presentation of the portrait was in observance of the 125th birthday anniversary of General Lee, which fell on January 19. Miss Marian Fette of the High School faculty presented Mrs. Curd, and spoke briefly on the life of General Lee.

*North Carolina.*—In accordance with the resolution of the North Carolina Director of the Jefferson Davis Highway in North Carolina, adopted by the 1930 General Convention, that this organization join in the national movement of the Bicentennial Commission to set out memorial trees for George Washington, both the President General and Historian General are urging the Divisions to thus honor the Father of Our Country during 1932. To that end, the Chapters have used their February meetings as a special time for dedicating these Washington trees, and many have received certificates enrolling them in the Bicentennial celebration.

The Historian General, Mrs. John H. Anderson, had charge of the tree planting in North Carolina's Capital City, Raleigh, and on February 22,

following a radio address on how the U. D. C. is honoring Washington, tree planting exercises were held in the State's Soldiers' Cemetery, where lie buried many from other Southern States. These trees were taken from the county of Washington's birth, in Virginia. At the Confederate Home in Raleigh, the veterans took part in planting a walnut tree from Mount Vernon. Another tree from Mount Vernon was planted on the lawn of the Capital's oldest house, restored by the Colonial Dames. Along the Jefferson Davis Highway through North Carolina, its Director, Mrs. Anderson, has been active in having memorial trees planted, thus linking the names of two great statesmen whom the South delights to honor.

*Tennessee.*—Mrs. T. W. Faires, General Chairman for the U. D. C. Convention in Memphis, Tenn., November, 1932, reports that the Peabody Hotel will be general headquarters. Single rooms will be \$3.50; double rooms, \$3.00 per person. Chapter Presidents are vice-chairmen, are now working on committees and making plans for the convention.

Tennessee's State convention will be held in Knoxville, in October, with the Andrew Johnson Hotel as general headquarters. Mrs. Eugene Monday will be general chairman.

The Chapters in Nashville joined in giving a luncheon on the 19th of January with the Confederate veterans of Nashville and vicinity as honor guests. Rev. Dr. Stoves, Pastor of West End Methodist Church, gave the address of the occasion, with world peace as his theme. The Chapters also had speakers in the different schools for the 19th, and many talks were made on the great Southerners born in January.

On the 5th of February, the William B. Bate Chapter gave a program commemorating the life and services of Father Ryan, poet-priest of the Confederacy, at the Father Ryan High School in Nashville. The leading feature of the program was the presentation to the school of a copy of "The South in American Life and History," written by Mrs. Fannie E. Selph. A paper on the life of Father Ryan was given by Mrs. W. J. Morrison, this having won the U. D. C. medal at the general convention in Biloxi. Mrs. Eleanor Gillespie read an unpublished poem by Father Ryan, which was read in New Orleans fifty years ago on a memorial occasion, at which Jefferson Davis was the honor guest.

On the 22nd of February, Nashville Chapter No. 1 planted a tree on Capitol Hill, in Nashville,

to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of George Washington, an interesting program being carried out. Rev. E. P. Dandridge, Rector of Christ Church, gave a short address on the life of Washington, and Chapter officers took part in the ceremony of planting the tree, which stands near the statue of Sam Davis, Tennessee's boy hero of the Confederacy.

*Virginia.*—From over the State came reports of chapters swinging along in U. D. C. harness for work of 1932. The historical programs have been mailed each chapter by the newly elected historian, Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee Palmer, of Emporia, and they will be a valuable aid to the work of the organization throughout the year. The first organization letter of the year from the President, Miss Annie V. Mann, outlines the work to be accomplished for the year, stressing that which is most important, especially the work of securing subscriptions to the VETERAN. Prizes have been offered in schools for essay work, effort is being made to equip libraries, and relief work is being stressed among all chapters.

The one hundred twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee was generally celebrated by the Daughters all over Virginia. Programs were given in schools. Special meetings with programs arranged appropriately for the occasion have been reported in all the newspapers.

Impressive ceremonies marked the unveiling of the Lee Statue in the Virginia House of Delegates, which was attended by many notables of the State and the South, as well as Daughters of the Confederacy. And while Richmond paid her tribute to General Lee, in the city of Alexandria there was a dinner attended by U. D. C. and S. of C. and veterans, the speaker of the occasion being Representative Drewry, of Petersburg. In Staunton, Winchester, Lexington, Lynchburg, Danville there were celebrations of equal interest. In Roanoke, the William Watts Chapter served a dinner in the flag-draped banquet hall of the Y.W.C.A. to the William Watts Camp, U. C. V. In Wytheville medals were awarded five World War veterans at appropriate exercises held in Wytheville High School, in which the Chapter of Wythe Grays and the pupils of the schools participated.

The work of marking veterans' graves is rapidly increasing in Virginia. A special effort along the line of this work will be pushed this year. This is an important piece of work for all chapters.

[Claudia M. Hagy, Editor.]



## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

HISTORIAN GENERAL: Mrs. John Huske Anderson.

AIMS FOR 1932: To know your work—a fuller knowledge of the *facts* of our Confederate history.

### HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CONFEDERATE PERIOD.

*With Southern Songs*

APRIL, 1932.

Secret Service—Stories of Women Spies: Rose Greenhow, Emmeline Pigott, Belle Boyd, and other heroines.

Wit and Repartee of Southern Girls.

Songs: "The Homespun Dress" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

### CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

APRIL, 1932.

Stratford, Birthplace of Gen. R. E. Lee.

Men and Women Who Called It Home.

Why Stratford Should Be Preserved.

The Gardens and Beauties of Stratford on the Potomac.

Reading: Lee's Last Farewell to His Soldiers, "General Orders No. 9."

Poem: "The Sword of Lee." Father Ryan.

Song: "Tenting Tonight."

### U. D. C. PRIZES FOR 1932.

THE RAINES BANNER.—To the Division reporting the largest number of papers and historical records collected, and doing the best historical work.

JEANNE FOX WEINMANN CUP.—To the Division reporting the greatest amount of historical work done in schools.

BLOUNT MEMORIAL CUP.—To the Division bestowing the largest number of Crosses of Military Service during the year.

MCIVER ROUNTREE TROPHY.—Offered by Mrs. J. A. Rountree, in memory of John S. McIver, Co. B, 8th Texas Cavalry, Terry's Texas Rangers, and a tribute to John Asa Rountree, Jr., 1st Lieutenant Aviation, U. S. A. To the Chapter bestowing the largest number of Crosses of Military Service during the year.

ALEXANDER ALLEN FARIS TROPHY.—To the Division registering the largest number of members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five.

FANNIE RANSOM WILLIAMS MEDAL.—Offered by Mrs. Thomas Lee Craig through J. D. Moore Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, as a memorial to Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams, pioneer Registrar-General. To the U. D. C. Chapter sending in the largest number of correct application papers.

FREDERICK TROPHY.—Offered by Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, in memory of her father, a Confederate soldier, and her brother, a World War soldier. To the Division President giving the most concise, constructive, and comprehensive report on President's Evening at the General Convention.

ECKHART LOVING CUP.—To the President of a Division, with less than 2,000 members, who makes the most con-

cise, constructive, and comprehensive report at the General Convention.

BABIN PRIZE.—Offered by Mrs. L. U. Babin, in memory of her father, O. A. Bullion, Co. B, 7th La. Inf., Army of Northern Virginia. To the Chapter, outside of a Division, giving the most concise, constructive, and comprehensive report at the General Convention.

LYLLIAN HUNTLEY HARRIS LOVING CUP.—To the Division reporting the greatest number of new subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

EDITH POPE LOVING CUP.—To the Chapter reporting the greatest number of new subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

WILLIAM JACKSON WALKER LOVING CUP.—Offered by Mrs. R. B. Broyles, in memory of her father, a captain under General N. B. Forrest, to the Chapter placing the greatest number of books on Southern history and literature, with U. D. C. bookplate in each, in any public library.

HEMPHILL-QUINBY LOVING CUP.—Offered by Mrs. L. D. T. Quinby to the Division President reporting the most outstanding work done for some Confederate Veteran, or "Girl of the Sixties."

SALLEY MEDAL.—Offered by Miss Marion Salley, in memory of her parents. To the Division Historian reporting the largest number of interesting reminiscences, collected during the year, from Confederate Veterans and Women of the Sixties.

MRS. JOHN A. PERDUE LOVING CUP.—For a copy of an original diary of a Confederate soldier, cup to be awarded for most interesting. Paper must be accompanied by an affidavit from the contestant, stating that this is a true copy, and has never been published in any book, magazine, or pamphlet.

### SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS.

To be written only by members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, in competition for the following prizes:

MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD LOVING CUP.—For the most meritorious criticism, of some history or biography dealing with the period of the War Between the States, or Reconstruction Days.

THE HYDE-CAMPBELL PRIZE.—\$20.00 for the best review of Edgar Lee Masters' book, "Lincoln."

ADELIA DUNOVANT CUP.—Offered by Mrs. W. E. Calhoun, in memory of her sister, former Chairman of the History Committee, United Daughters of the Confederacy, for the best essay on "John C. Calhoun, Apostle of States' Rights."

SYDNOR G. FERGUSON PRIZE.—\$25.00 offered by Mrs. Bessie Ferguson Cary, in memory of her father, one of Mosby's men, for the best essay on "Mosby's Rangers."

MARTHA WASHINGTON HOUSE MEDAL.—For the best essay, "Alexander H. Stephen, Vice-President of the Confederacy."

ANNA ROBINSON ANDREWS MEDAL.—For the best essay on "The Old South" as a dominating power in the Nation with special reference to its statesmen.

THE WHITE PRIZE.—\$25.00 for the best essay on "To Advance the Name of Sidney Lanier. Poet, Musician, Soldier of the Confederacy for the Hall of Fame." Given in memory of Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, by the Tennessee Division U. D. C.

THE PARKER PRIZE.—\$25.00 for the best essay on "The

Military Genius of Stonewall Jackson," given by Mrs. James Henry Parker, Honorary President U. D. C.

**THE MIMS PRIZE.**—\$25.00 for "Cavalry Leaders of the Confederacy," given by Mrs. Fred Greer of Tennessee, in memory of her father, Col. Drury Anderson Mims.

**THE SCHADE PRIZE.**—\$25.00 for "The Trial of Henry Wirz of Andersonville Prison," given by Miss Anita Schade in memory of her father, Louis Schade, legal defender of Major Wirz.

**THE SMITH PRIZE.**—\$10.00 for "Why Stratford on the Potomac Should Become a National Shrine." Given by Mrs. B. H. Griffin, of Raleigh, N. C., in memory of her father, Wiley Hopton Smith, a fourteen-year-old soldier of the Confederacy.

**ROBERTS MEDAL.**—For best essay in any contest by members of U. D. C., offered by Mrs. C. M. Roberts.

## ESSAY PRIZES FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS ONLY, IN ANY SECTION.

Offered through Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson for the Mississippi Division, U. D. C.

\$25.00 for Jefferson Davis, American soldier.

\$25.00 for Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War in the United States Cabinet.

\$25.00 for Jefferson Davis and Secession.

\$25.00 for The Capture and Imprisonment of Jefferson Davis.

## RULES FOR ESSAYS.

1. Essays must not contain over 2,000 words. Number of words must be stated at top left-hand corner of first page.

2. Essays must be typed, double spaced, on good quality paper, eight and one-half by eleven inches, and signed with fictitious signature. Real name, chapter, and address of writer must be in sealed envelope, clipped to essay, and on the outside of the envelope must be the fictitious name and subject of essay.

3. Essays must be sent to Division Historian by September 20, 1932, and she will forward to Historian General by October 1.

4. Essays on all subjects may be submitted, but only two members to the U. D. C., on each subject can be forwarded by Division Historian, and winners are not to try for the same prize again, if the subject is the same from year to year.

5. Prize-winning essays are to become the property of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

6. No essay which has been published can be entered in this contest.

## SPECIAL PRIZES U. D. C.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy announce that the \$250 prize given by the late Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, of Nashville, in memory of her brother, Dr. Gordon White, for the best story of real literary merit founded on the life of early colonists in one of the Southern states, to bring out in fictional form contribution made by this section to the making of American history, is continued. Half of the prize is to be paid the writer when the judges have made their decision and the other half on appearance of the story in a well-known magazine.

The contest as held last year brought in nearly one

hundred manuscripts, but none, in the opinion of the judges, five leading literary critics and authorities on the short story, had the outstanding qualities requisite for this award.

Mrs. John H. Anderson, of Raleigh, N. C., Historian General, U. D. C., is in charge of the contest. Rules are as follows:

The story must be original and must never have been published.

The story must not exceed six thousand words in length.

All manuscripts must be typewritten, double spaced.

A contestant may submit only one story.

The story must be submitted under a pen name, with the author's real name and address and return postage inclosed in a sealed envelope. This envelope must bear on the outside the title of the story and the author's pen name.

All stories submitted, including the prize winner, remain the property of the writers and will be returned after the contest is decided.

Manuscripts must be submitted before June 15, 1932, to Mrs. John H. Anderson, 707 West Morgan Street, Raleigh, N. C.

Announcement of the prize winner will be made at the November, 1932, convention, U. D. C.

Judges are to have the right to continue the contest if no story of real merit is entered in the contest.

*Note.*—Since this prize was offered, Miss White has passed into the "Great Beyond," but the \$250 had already been placed by her in the keeping of the Treasurer General of the U. D. C. So this beautiful memorial has been continued for 1932.

## CONTEST OPEN TO WRITERS IN ANY SECTION.

**THE FREEMAN PRIZE.**—\$25.00 for best unpublished story of Robert E. Lee, given by Dr. Douglas Freeman, of Richmond, Va., in honor of his father, Gen. W. B. Freeman, past Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans.

**THE THOMAS D. OSBORNE CUP.**—Offered by Mrs. John L. Woodbury, in memory of her father, a member of the "Orphan Brigade," for the best unpublished poem (not free verse) founded on some incident of the War between the States, or carrying a story of Southern chivalry or heroism of men or women. Limited to one thousand words.

[C. of C. Prizes will be given in April number.]

## HELPS IN HISTORICAL WORK.

Short sketches of Lee, Davis, and Jackson, at 15 cents each, may be ordered from H. H. Smith, Blackstone, Va., suitable for schools.

History of the Confederate flags, 25 cents, Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va.

Extension study course on Confederate history, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.

Book on "Flags of Confederate States of America," the Norman Publishing Co., 15 South Gay Street, Baltimore, Md.

Pocket-book edition of Southern poets and Southern orators, 50 cents, Macmillan Co., New York, for use in schools and declamations.

Write the CONFEDERATE VETERAN about pictures of Confederate Generals and flags.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MRS. BRYAN WELLS COLLIER.....*Historian General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MISS WILLIE FORT WILLIAMS.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
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WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. ADA RAMP WALDEN, Editor, Box 592, Augusta, Ga.

## THE PRESIDENT GENERAL'S MESSAGE.

*My dear Co-workers:* Having been ill, my message this month will necessarily be short, but I want you to know that always *you* and the work are my uppermost thought.

Since the time for the Reunion and our C. S. M. A. Convention is set for June 21 in Richmond, Va., it behooves you to make your plans early. Elect your delegates and secure your reservations at headquarters hotel well in advance, as the Richmond Reunion will be, possibly, the largest held in years. More people will take advantage of the very low rates offered. It is hoped that by the time of the March issue the headquarters hotel, rates, etc., will be available.

A recent letter from Mrs. D. D. Geiger, State President of West Virginia and President of the Huntington Southern Memorial Association, gives a most gratifying report of their first meeting of the new year, and she reports eight new subscribers to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine—splendid work for the first meeting. Let us hope that many associations will do likewise. This association has most attractive meetings, with current news of the day, music, and short, interesting stories—sometimes a veteran recounting his experiences.

Again, from Huntington comes a letter from Mrs. Irene Molter, Corresponding Secretary of the Junior Memorial, telling of their fine work. They have eighty-six members, and meet four times a year. They plan well ahead to make the program interesting and enjoyable. They sent four delegates and two alternates to the convention in Montgomery, and plan to send a large delegation to Richmond.

Plan early for your Memorial Day, remembering that yours is the oldest patriotic organization of women in America—holding aloft your banner with its motto of sacred trust:

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

With affectionate remembrance, faithfully  
yours,  
MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,  
*President General.*

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

BY ADA RAMP WALDEN, EDITOR.

ON the evening of February 12, the Ladies' Memorial Association of Augusta, Ga., sponsored the observance of the one hundred ninety-ninth birthday of Georgia by broadcasting a radio program at 9:30 P.M.

Unfortunately for the State, the birthday of Abraham Lincoln falls on the same day; and Georgia patriotic societies all through the years have found it difficult to disassociate the two events in the minds of Georgia children.

On this birthday mentioned, radio "fans" of the section enjoyed a delightful fifteen-minute talk by Dr. Lawton B. Evans, nationally known educator and author and son of the late Gen. Clement A. Evans of Confederate fame, on "Why It's Good to Be a Georgian"; song, "Georgia Land," by Milton Guest; reading, "The Red Old Hills of Georgia," by Beverly Brown, prominent member of Little Theater League; and vocal duet, "Georgia," by Mrs. Harry Craig and Mrs. Nellie Bresnahan, the words by Mrs. Herbert Franklin, Poet Laureate of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., and

orchestrated by Charles C. Fulcher, prominent orchestra leader and musician.

The Association, at the same time, suggested a program for use in the schools on that day, since years ago an act of the legislature made recognition of the day obligatory by such observance; and urged through the papers that merchants specially feature Georgia products, and that housewives prepare their menu from such on the State's natal day.

\* \* \*

Tentative plans were made by the Association for the observance of Memorial Day, April 26, at its February meeting, when Thomas J. Hamilton, editor of the *Augusta Chronicle*, was named as orator; Dr. Charles Francis, as introducer. It is worthy of note that Dr. Francis, a Spanish-American War veteran, member of Archie Butt Camp, U. S. W. V., Augusta, whose efforts for many months had much to do with the awarding of crosses of military service to descendants of Confederate soldiers by the U. D. C., is the first to receive such honor in Georgia. On the morning of Memorial Day, he will receive the emblem from Mrs. Ada Ramp Walden, Custodian of Crosses of Military Service, and Mrs. W. W. Battey, Chapter President; and when the rays of the afternoon sun shed their light as a benediction over the section in which lie sleeping those Confederate soldiers who died far removed from home and loved ones, Dr. Francis will introduce the orator, as has been done since Augusta featured its Memorial Day, which was April, 1866.

\* \* \*

The *Dallas News* of Sunday, January 24, carried a picture of the late Mrs. A. J. McNeill, who had passed away the day before at the age of eighty-five. This daughter of the Southland, typical of the days ago, was born in Ouachita Parish, La., but attended school in Shelbyville, Ky., where she was virtually a prisoner of Federal troops. Although she married, in 1863, Colonel McNeill, who had recruited a company known as the Briarfield Rebels, she spent the last year of the war in taking a postgraduate course, finishing as valedictorian of her class in 1865. The young couple trekked by oxcart to Ellis County, Tex., in an attempt to recoup their fortune in the frontier country, and with them went a number of slaves who refused to leave them when peace was declared.

Mrs. McNeill was actively associated with va-

rious patriotic societies, the Ladies' Memorial Association among them; and a charter member of the "Old Folks' Society," which had assembled in her home for twenty years, the members exchanging delightful reminiscences of the days that are gone.

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(The editor, C. S. M. A., begs that every Association send its news, that such may be incorporated on this page of the official organ. Even though the meetings of the Associations are not as frequent as those of sister patriotic organizations, almost every Association could send certain facts or history that could be given publicity.)

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## AN OLD CONFEDERATE FLAG.

BY MRS. L. U. BABIN, BATON ROUGE, LA.

The stirring days of the War between the States were brought back to mind by the presentation to the Dixie Museum in the Louisiana State Library, on January 28, of a Confederate flag, twenty feet in length, captured during the battle of Baton Rouge in May, 1862, as it waved above the State Capitol.

The flag is the gift of Nathan W. Dudley, of Philadelphia, Pa., to the State of Louisiana, having come into his possession through his grandfather, Nathan A. M. Dudley, United States Army, then Colonel of the 30th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, and in command of a brigade in the Department of the Gulf, stationed at Baton Rouge. Mr. Dudley stated that when this flag was on display by his grandfather, it was marked with a card reading, "Captured in Baton Rouge, La., and flew from the Capitol building."

Mr. Dudley wrote the United States War Department that he wished to return the flag to Louisiana, and in September, 1931, the Governor of Louisiana was notified by the War Department of his wish to present the flag to the State, and the Governor accepted the flag in the name of the State of Louisiana.

During the reunion of the Louisiana Confederate veterans at Baton Rouge, in October following, Governor Long presented the flag to the veterans, who, in turn, decided to present it to the Dixie Museum of the University Library, where so many war relics are preserved; and through the Louisiana U. D. C. the flag was formally presented to the Museum.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

DR. GEORGE R. TABOR, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to Edmond R. Wiles, Editor, 1505 W. 22nd St., Little Rock, Ark.

## A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

*To all Camp Commanders of the Sons of Confederate Veterans:*

No doubt you have received letters from your Division Commanders calling attention to the necessity of real work in securing new members for this year. Historic Richmond, the beautiful Capital City of the Old Dominion, the old and revered Capital of the beloved Confederacy, the last "official home" of our knightly leader, Jefferson Davis, the "City of Memories" of the cause of righteousness, will entertain the Sons of Confederate Veterans at the Confederate Reunion next June.

Who does not want to go to Richmond? Memories of Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, heroes of freedom of the War of the Revolution, and equal heroes of those are Virginia's other sons, Lee, Jackson, and so many others, all "Immortals" of a cause too brilliant to ever be lost, will surround you on all sides, and you will leave Richmond with a holier reverence for the noble victories of the armies of our fathers. Even where we were overcome by overpowering numbers, and forced to retreat or capitulate, the victory was no less, as the cause was righteous, and no Confederate soldier came home from the disaster of the war feeling that he had been "whipped."

Keep the valor of our fathers before us at all time.

Each Camp Commander is the Captain of his unit. No officer of the organization is in position to advise him what course he should pursue to create interest in our Camps or increase membership. You must work out your own plans, but *Do It Now*.

Our "organ," the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is the only paper we have which is devoted solely to the cause we represent. Every son of a Confederate veteran should be a reader of it. Those who for any reason cannot subscribe for it should have it put in their hands to read. Every Camp should subscribe for the club number at least, and have the copies at each meeting for members to look over. They will soon find they can't do without it.

Get busy, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and let's march on Richmond to the Reunion next June with an overwhelming number, which cannot be overcome by pessimistic predictions for future meetings.

We should have the biggest membership at Richmond ever in our history. Every descendant of a Confederate soldier should be a member and a subscriber for our paper, the VETERAN.

I hope to personally greet thousands of you at Richmond.

God is always with the old veterans. May he be with you too.

I fully expect there will be more Confederate veterans at Richmond than there were at Montgomery. Let us have a larger number there to carefully study their wishes.

Your obedient comrade,

GEORGE R. TABOR,  
*Commander in Chief, S. C. V.*

## DIVISION NOTES.

*North Carolina.*—We have been favored by Comrade Clarence Griffin, Managing Editor of the North Carolina Historical and Genealogical Record of Forrest City, N. C., with some very enlightening information regarding the procedure to be followed in securing from the United States government markers for the graves of Confederate soldiers who were either killed in the War between the States or who have died since.

Commander Griffin has done a very remarkable piece of work in his native county, Rutherford. He has secured and placed markers over the graves of seven hundred veterans in his county, which sent to the front approximately eighteen hundred men during the sixties.

It gives us great pleasure indeed to reproduce here an editorial which will appear in his publication for April. We desire to urge the members of the S. C. V. throughout the Southland, and in other parts of the United States, to go about at once the securing of these markers from the Quartermaster General, U. S. A., in order that the graves of our heroes who fought in defense of the South may be properly marked. It was indeed a gracious thing on the part of the Federal Government to appropriate money for this purpose. It places the Confederate soldier on a parity with those who served their country in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, Indian wars, the War between the States, the Spanish-American War, and the World War. It is nothing but right that they should be so remembered, as it must not be forgotten that the South today represents a very large part of the wealth, culture, and commercial leadership of our nation, not to mention the patriotic impulses of our people.

## EDITORIAL FROM NORTH CAROLINA HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL RECORD

Those interested in the preservation of local history can render distinguished service to their respective communities and counties by securing application blanks from the War Department and

applying for headstones for soldiers who sleep in unmarked graves in their community. At the present time there are thousands of unmarked graves of Confederate veterans in North Carolina, and within another generation the very location of many of the graves will be forgotten.

Upon application, headstones will be furnished for unmarked graves of soldiers, sailors, marines, and army nurses who served in the army or navy of the United States (including Revolutionary soldiers and Confederate veterans), whether regular or volunteer, and whether they died in service or after muster out or honorable discharge.

All interested in this undertaking should request the Quartermaster General's Office, of the War Department, Washington, D. C., to furnish a supply of Form O. Q. M. G. No. 623 (application blanks). A notice in your local newspaper to the effect that you will make application for headstones for unmarked graves of soldiers will bring a heavy response.

Application blanks call for the following information: Name of soldier, rank, company, regiment, State organization, or vessel; date of death; name and location of cemetery in which interred; name and address of consignees. In case of World War veterans, the Division Number and State are also required. Those handling applications should require as much of this information as possible to be brought in by applicants otherwise you may get a large number of applications on hand which will necessitate quite a bit of research work. Applications must be made in duplicate.

A number of individuals in this state, also U. D. C. Chapters, have already done a great work in securing markers for graves of soldiers, and in many instances have even gone further and searched out graves, applied for markers, and erected them at their own expense.

*Arkansas.*—The most enjoyable, enthusiastic, and profitable meeting held by the Robert C. Newton Camp, of Little Rock, occurred on the evening of January 27, 1932, at the Albert Pike Hotel, the occasion being the commemorating ceremonies in honor of the birthdays of Generals Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, to elect officers for the ensuing year, and to discuss matters of vital importance to the organization now confronting us in this State—particularly pensions.

The newly elected Commander of this Camp, Hon. C. P. Newton, is one of Arkansas's outstanding citizens, having been Speaker of the House



of Representatives twice, Secretary to Governor McRae, County Judge of Pulaski County, and has held many other positions of honor and responsibility in his native State. The Camp is very fortunate this year in having a group of outstanding men to head its activities for the coming year.

Robert C. Newton Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, at a meeting at the Albert Pike Hotel last night, adopted a resolution declaring it to be the sense of that organization that the proposed contract for the development of a bauxite mine on the Confederate Home property, near Little Rock, should be resisted in the courts, "to the end that residents of the Confederate Home may not be disturbed in the remaining days of their living among us."

"In the event that the contract is sustained by the courts," the resolution said, "it is the sense of this body that all funds derived therefrom should be devoted exclusively to the aid and relief of surviving Confederate veterans and widows."

The contract to lease the bauxite mining rights to the property to the Pulaski Mining Company for a period of ten years, with a minimum royalty of \$10,000 a year, was executed by Revenue Commissioner David A. Gates, January 16.

Four chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Little Rock and North Little Rock adopted a resolution last week asking Governor Parnell to have the lease contract canceled. After the governor had told a delegation of U. D. C. representatives that this could not be done, it was announced that the U. D. C. will institute a suit to test validity of the contract.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

We pause at this time to express as best we can, though we find words inadequate, our very deep grief at the passing of the distinguished Confederate soldier, citizen, and statesman, Gen. John N. Johnson, U. C. V., of Chattanooga, Tenn., Chairman of the Pension Board of Tennessee, and Commander in Chief of Forrest Cavalry.

No nobler man, no truer nor more valiant patriot, ever lived than General Johnson. Peace to his memory and deepest sympathy to his loved ones and friends.

#### SLAVE LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

(Continued from page 103)

have sub-overseers who were appointed by the white master; the women and children . . . the routine of their daily life, etc. These and a thousand other questions arise from time to time."

#### REUNION RATES.

The Southeastern Passenger Association has agreed on the usual rates for the U. C. V. Reunion, Richmond, Va., June 21-24, 1932, as follows:

*Basis of Fares:* For members of U. C. V. proper and members of their families: One cent per mile distance traveled on identification plan for the round trip in accordance with detailed fares published in tariff 38 account 1931 Reunion, Montgomery, Ala. For auxiliary bodies, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Children of the Confederacy, Sponsors, Matrons, and Maids of Honor, Official Bands in Uniform, and Boy and Girl Scouts officially appointed: one fare for the round trip on identification plan with the same exceptions as published in tariff No. 38 issued account 1931 Reunion, Montgomery.

*Dates of Sale:* June 18-23, inclusive, also on June 24, from stations and for trains of that date scheduled to arrive Richmond on or before noon.

*Final Limit:* July 24, 1932.

*Form of Ticket:* Non-signature, non-transferable, non-validation, non-transit-limit form.

*Class of Tickets:* Tickets to be good for first-class passage.

*Baggage:* Baggage to be checked under current regulations.

*Stopovers:* Stopovers to be allowed at all stations on either going or return trip or both within final limit upon application to conductor.

*Children's Fares:* Children of half fare age to be charged one-half of the fares for adults.

*Parking Charges:* \$12 per car per day of 24 hours or fraction thereof, the charge to commence as soon as car is parked, and continue until moved from parking location. This charge includes light, water, ice, and necessary sanitation.

*Side Trips:* Side trip tickets to be sold to Washington, D. C., and points in Virginia on basis of one fare plus twenty-five cents for the round trip for use of original purchasers holding return portions of tickets sold account this occasion, selling dates June 24, 25, and 26, with final limit July 23, 1932.

*Identification Certificates* will be sent to Mr. C. C. Stewart, Quartermaster General, U. C. V., Memphis, Tenn., for distribution to Camps.

**PUBLIC ECONOMY.**

There has never been a time when it was more important to keep governmental expense down to reasonable levels than now.

Businesses and individuals are striving to make both ends meet. Authorities, public and private, are working on plans to stimulate industrial activity and thus provide employment for those who are out of work. And rising taxes are one of the principal barriers in the way of success of such plans.

Extravagance and waste on the part of officials are enemies of prosperity and result from "government in business" in competition with its private citizens and taxpayers.—*Exchange.*

**WHERE TAX MONEY GOES.**

Two-thirds of the total estimated expenses of the Federal Government for the fiscal year 1932 will be needed for the following purposes:

- Payment of debt, mainly for wars.
- Expenses of the army and navy.
- Payments to veterans of wars.

Of a total estimated expense of \$4,112,909,950 for the fiscal year 1933, \$2,812,709,200 will go for the purposes enumerated above—all connected with wars, past or future—an expenditure looking back to hatred and hostility between the nations of the world. Even preparation for war is caused by the past.—*Dyersburg State Gazette.*

**BYRON'S EULOGY OF WASHINGTON.**

Where may the wearied eye repose,  
When gazing on the great—  
Where neither guilty glory glows  
Nor despicable state?

Yes—no—the first—the last—the best,  
The Cincinnatus of the West,  
Whom Envy dared not hate,  
Bequeathed the name of Washington  
To make Man blush there was but one.

A discouraged countryman, who watched his tobacco sell for almost nothing on the Harrodsburg market recently, turned to the bystanders and remarked: "Heck! What's the use of raising crops? I'm never again going to say 'git up' to a mule unless he's a-settin' in my lap."—*Harrodsburg (Ky.) Herald.*

**THINKING RIGHT!**

Think smiles, and smiles shall be;  
Think doubt, and hope will flee.  
Think love, and love will grow;  
Think hate, and hate you'll know;  
Think good, and good is here;  
Think vice—its jaws appear!  
Think joy, and joy ne'er ends;  
Think gloom, and dusk descends.  
Think faith, and faith's at hand;  
Think ill—it stalks the land.  
Think peace, sublime and sweet,  
And you that peace will meet;  
Think fear, with brooding mind,  
And failure's close behind.  
Think this: "I'm Going to Win!"  
Think not on what has been.  
Think "Victory." Think "I can!"  
Then you're a WINNING MAN!

—Anonymous.

**"THE HARVEST WAITS"**

God hath been patient long.  
In eons past.  
He plowed the waste of Chaos.  
He hath sown  
The furrows with his worlds, and  
from His throne  
Showered, like grain, planets upon  
the Vast.  
What meed of glory hath He from  
the past?  
Shall He not reap, who hears but  
prayer and groan?  
The harvest waits . . . He cometh to  
His own—  
He who shall scythe the starry host  
at last.  
When the accumulated swarms of  
Death  
Glut the rank worlds as rills are  
choked by leaves,  
Then shall God flail the million orbs,  
as sheaves  
Unfruitful gleaned; and, in his age  
sublime,  
Winnow the gathered stars and with  
a breath  
Whirl the spurned chaff adown the  
void of Time.  
—Lloyd Mifflin (1846-1921.)

**A LATE LARK TWITTERS.**

A late lark twitters from the quiet  
skies;  
And from the west,  
Where the sun, his day's work ended,  
Lingers as in content,  
There falls on the old, gray city  
An influence luminous and serene,  
A shining peace.



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The smoke ascends  
In a rosy and golden haze. The spires,  
Shine, and are changed. In the valley  
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The  
sun,  
Closing his benediction,  
Sinks, and the darkening air  
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing  
night—  
Night with her train of stars  
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!  
My task accomplished and the long  
day done,  
My wages taken, and in my heart  
Some late lark singing,  
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,  
The sundown splendid and serene,  
Death. —William Ernest Henley.

**SPRING.**

Again the violet of our early days  
Drinks beauteous azure from the  
golden sun,  
And kindles into fragrance at his  
blaze;  
The streams rejoice that winter's  
work is done,  
Talk of tomorrow's cowslips, as they  
run.  
Wild apple, thou art blushing into  
bloom!  
Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blos-  
somed thorn!  
Wake, buried lily! spirit, quit thy  
tomb!  
And thou shade-loving hyacinth, be  
born!  
Then haste, sweet rose! sweet wood-  
bine, hymn the morn,  
Whose dewdrops shall illumine with  
pearly light  
Each grassy blade that thick em-  
battled stands  
From sea to sea, while daisies infinite  
Uplift in praise their little glowing  
hands  
O'er every hill that under heaven  
expands.—Ebenezer Elliott.



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July 21 VENICE	August 7 LONDON
July 22 VENICE	August 8 LONDON
July 23 FLORENCE	August 9 OXFORD-STRATFORD- WARWICK
July 24 FLORENCE	August 10 LONDON
July 25 ROME	August 11 EDINBURGH
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# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XL

APRIL, 1932

NO. 4



**APPOMATTOX**

From the painting by John A. Elder in Virginia State Library, Richmond, Va.



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## INFORMATION WANTED.

Information is wanted of the war record of Thomas B. (Benton) Binyon, who enlisted April 1, 1862, at Decatur, Tenn., as a private in Company D, 43rd Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A. Was appointed Ordnance Sergeant in June, 1862; captured July 4, 1863, at Vicksburg, Miss., and paroled July 9, 1863. Please respond to Mrs. Sarah J. Hanna, 458 7th Avenue, South, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Mrs. Seleta Kimbro Hunt, of Bisbee, Ariz., Box 196, is anxious to get the war record of her father, John Kimbro, who was a scout under Forrest, and is so referred to in an article by William H. King, of Murfreesboro, in the *VETERAN* for November, 1924. She hopes to hear from some comrade or friend who remembers his company and regiment and any incidents of his service.

## GOING ABROAD?

A trip abroad for "Daughter" after her graduation will add to her education something that will be a pleasant memory through life—a gift far more valuable than jewels or cars. The Travel Service Bureau has trips to offer at such reasonable rates—perhaps the best that will ever be available—that they should be considered now. Write them at once. Room 314, 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn.

W. E. Doyle, of Teague, Tex., writes for a copy of "Wilkerson's History," written by a Northern man who wrote truthfully about our "War between the States." He also refers to "a paper read before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts by Charles A. Whittier, who spoke truthfully of the Confederate soldier." He wants to get both book and paper, and any one who can supply them will please write to him.

## RIGHT AND WRONG OF IT.

During a political campaign in southern Illinois, a former judge was the chairman of the Republican headquarters of that city. One day a negro man came in and loitered about the place most of the morning. Finally the ex-judge went up to him and inquired:

"How are the colored people going to vote in this election?"

"We're all right, but the Democrats are trying to buy us," replied the man of dusky hue.

"They can't do that, can they?"

"No, judge, but come to think about it, don't you think it would be better for the Republicans to reward us for doing right and not let the Democrats tempt us to do wrong?"

—*Canadian American.*

## IT BEATS WAR.

Carelessness in factories and homes and in the driving of motor vehicles now causes 100,000 deaths a year in the United States. Motor vehicles alone in the year just closed have killed over 32,000 persons. The other fatal accidents are of many sorts. But surveying the facts as an integral death list, rising to 100,000 a year, one death in every five is the death of a child.

It may be asked if there is the least exaggeration in this statement: A boy born today in the United States will be far less liable to be killed or wounded in war after reaching eighteen than to be killed or wounded by a motor vehicle before he has time to grow up. The fathers and mothers of this country have less to fear from the wars of the future, so far as their children's lives are concerned, than from automobiles.

The aggregate toll of life already taken by this high-powered vehicle in the past twenty years is staggering. Yet, at the present rate, the total of deaths on the highways in the next twenty years will exceed by far the deaths of American soldiers in all the wars in which the United States has been engaged, beginning with the War for Independence.

War between nations has been outlawed as an instrument of national policy. Among ourselves, the motor car already surpasses war as an instrument of national slaughter.—*Springfield Republican.*

I think the immortal servants of mankind,  
Who from their graves watch by  
how slow degrees  
The World-Soul greatens through the centuries,  
Mourn most man's barren levity of mind,  
The ear to no grave harmonies inclined,  
The witless thirst for false wit's worthless lees,  
The laugh mistimed in tragic presences—  
The eye to all majestic meaning blind.  
—*William Watson.*

Probably there would be fewer of those gigantic war bills if folks had to do the footing before the arming.  
—*Boston Herald.*

# Confederate Veteran

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1932

No. 4 { S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

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REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## VETERANS, "ON TO RICHMOND!"

Seventy years from the time that soldiers of the Confederacy participated in the fighting about the city of Richmond, and in their brief respites enjoyed the hospitality of the people of that city, they will again be guests of the Capital City of the

Confederacy. The Commonwealth of Virginia joined with the City of Richmond in inviting the United Confederate Veterans, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association to hold their annual reunion and conventions in the city so linked with the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy, to enjoy again its hospitality, and to participate in the formal dedication of the Battlefield Park area, which was acquired by Richmond citizens and turned over to the commonwealth for development. In the formal invitation recently sent out, it is set forth that "the hospitality which brightened the life of the soldiers of 1862, Richmond will joyfully extend to the survivors now, to their sons, and to the women who shared the holy service of memorializing the dead. She invites the veterans to march again over the streets that resounded to their martial tread, as they came from every Southern State. . . . In her recovered prosperity, risen from the ashes, she would have the South rejoice, and in her thanksgiving she would have her sister States share."

Richmond is making ready to throw open her Confederate shrines—the White House of the Confederacy, home of Jefferson Davis as President of the Southern Confederacy, now the Confederate Museum; the Confederate Memorial Institute, or "Battle Abbey," magnificent memorial to the soldiers of the South; the headquarters of General Lee when in Richmond, now the home of the Southern Historical Society; the Virginia State Capitol, State House of the Confederacy during the trying days of war; and many other places intimately associated with the Confederacy.

Remember, boys, it's "On to Richmond"!



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## APPLE BLOSSOM MAGIC.

There's a lilt in my heart and a song in my soul:  
 I've reveled in beauty today,  
 For I've stood beneath boughs of an orchard's old  
 tree,  
 The boughs where the apple blooms sway.

Oh, I watched the soft petals come fluttering down,  
 Pink tinged as the heart of a shell,  
 And the scent of the blossoms that drifted around  
 No Araby odor can tell.

Though my heart had been burdened, my tears unrestrained  
 Before the sweet flowers unfurled,  
 Now I feel that God's Springtime is healing my  
 grief,  
 And know that "All's right with the world."  
 —*Susan C. Milner, in the Poet's Forum.*

## THE CHALLENGE TO THE SOUTH.

(From address by Claude G. Bowers, noted editor and historian, during the centennial celebration of the University of Alabama.)

What a heritage of glory has the youth of the South! and what an obligation! When we who love liberty and human rights think of America, we think of Washington of the South and his sword; of Madison of the South and the constitution; of Mason of the South and the bill of rights; of Monroe of the South and his doctrine of destiny; of Jackson of the South and his hostility of privilege; of Lee of the South, whose incomparable patriotism and infinite patience under momentary persecution ultimately shamed fanaticism into silence; of Henry Grady of the South, whose inspired eloquence literally loved a nation into peace.

That South must never die; that South must never be obscured by the smoke factories; that South of ideas and ideals must resume its place of leadership in the council chamber of the sisterhood of states.

The Birmingham *News* comments on this as a challenge to Southerners, saying:

"In that brief passage is summed up the obli-

gation of the South, growing out of its heritage and its needs; the danger confronting the South, arising from conditions of change, and the challenge to the South. The challenge is to reverence its heritage, overcome the dangers and fulfil its needs and the nation's needs intelligently and courageously.

"The country is sorely in need of brave and enlightened leadership. The South has furnished such leadership in the past. The South can furnish such leadership in the future, if it builds soundly on the civilization of the past in the light of the conditions and needs of the present and the future.

"The South is bound to become an increasingly industrial South, but it should never be purely industrial. The South of ideas and ideals, as Bowers declares, must never be obscured by the smoke from the factories that are here now and that are to come in increasing numbers in the future.

"Even as the South is now the country's last industrial frontier, it is the last hope of America for a truly enlightened civilization, one in which industry will be made the servant of mankind and not its master."

## FLOWERS FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

Mrs. M. W. Crocker, President Ohio Division, U. D. C., asks for flowers or contributions of money to buy flowers for decorating the graves of Confederate soldiers on Johnson's Island. The Chapter at Sandusky, which has this cemetery especially in charge, is small and has to depend upon others for help in this annual observance, and will appreciate response from friends and chapters everywhere. The service this year will be on Sunday, June 5, and all contributions may be sent to Mrs. G. A. Renner, 110 Fifth Street, Sandusky, Ohio.

Memorial Day will be observed at Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery, Saturday, June 4, 1932, at 2 P.M. Contributions of flowers or money for flowers are solicited by Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 519, U. D. C., Columbus, Ohio.

Send flowers to Mrs. Leroy Rose, 729 Oakwood Avenue.

Send money to Mrs. Louise M. Skidmore, Treasurer, 1204 Wyandotte Road.

MRS. HARRY HIRT, *President.*

Approved by President General Mrs. W. E. R. Byrnes.

## THE BATTLEFIELD PARK.

In this number of the VETERAN is an air view of the Battlefield Park area about Richmond, Va., which was purchased by public spirited citizens and turned over to the State for development. The formal dedication of this area, so connected with the triumphs of the Army of Northern Virginia in the early days of the war, will be one of the outstanding features of the reunion program. The Battlefield Park area contains a score or more of the famous battle sites, including Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Mechanicsville, Fort Harrison, and Seven Pines. It has been appropriately marked, and the State has provided an excellent network of highways connecting the different battle grounds of the area, and the motorcade from Richmond in June will doubtless carry many over those roads who once tramped them with bleeding feet.

## TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

A huge block of Yule Marble, one of the largest and finest ever quarried, has been set in place as the keystone of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in front of the Amphitheater in Arlington National Cemetery.

The marble block was quarried near the top of a mountain near Marble, Colo. It was then shipped to the monumental shops of the Vermont Marble Company at Proctor, Vt., where preliminary carving was done. Now that the block has been set in place, the final carving will be begun.

On the front panel, facing Washington and the Potomac, will be a composition of three figures commemorating "The Spirit of the Allies in the War." Each of the sides is divided into three panels by Doric pilasters, and in each panel an inverted wreath will be carved. The panel on the back, facing the amphitheater, is reserved for an inscription.

## FOR WIDER CIRCULATION.

BY MISS MARY GRAHAM, RUSTON, LA.

In view of the great power of the Fourth Estate it seems quite essential that the official magazine of the Confederate organizations should have a wider circulation if it is to carry out its purpose of spreading the truth of Confederate history. The magazine is, beyond question, worth as much for that purpose as all the other activities of these organizations combined.

By the use of a widely circulated paper many a politician is able to "put over big" a very small

personality. The Confederate organizations have a great truth to put over. Not only have they the story of one of the world's most brilliant and heroic struggles to repeat, but they still have, as truly as did our Confederate fathers, the principles of constitutional right, of American democracy, of national honor to maintain.

Our magazine is doing this quite well so far as it goes, but it needs to reach more people, and the suggestion offered is that the four Confederate organizations undertake as their next great work the raising of an endowment fund for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a fund that will enable the management to enlarge the magazine, to widen its appeal with new departments—most suitably and consistently of all a department of World Peace—and to send it not only into thousands of homes, but into every public library in the United States.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," but the truth of our crushed Confederacy can be made to rise more quickly through the united efforts of its votaries.

## THE STEADY SUBSCRIBER.

How dear to our heart is the steady subscriber,

Who pays in advance of the birth of each year,  
Who lays down the money and does it quite gladly

And casts round the office a halo of cheer.

She never says, "Stop it, I cannot afford it;

I'm getting more magazines now than I read,"

But always says, "Send it; our women all like it—

In fact, we all think it a help and a need."

How welcome her check when it reaches our sanctum,

How it makes our pulse throb, how it makes  
our heart dance!

We outwardly thank her, we inwardly bless her—

The steady subscriber who pays in advance!

[A good friend sends the above, taken from the February number of *The Club Woman*, official magazine of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, as used in its subscription campaign, and suggests its appropriateness for the VETERAN. Agreeing with her in that thought, the VETERAN presents it here for the consideration of its patrons, and thanks all in advance who act on the suggestion, for it means the saving of a great expense in printing, postage, and office help if we don't have to send notice of expiration of subscription to its many thousands of subscribers. And here's hoping that all will say, "Send it on; we need it."]



## REUNION ECHOES.

BY CHARLES M. EVANS, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a wonderful repository of information concerning the South and the heroic struggle of her people to retain their Constitutional Rights. The splendid address of United States Senator Duncan U. Fletcher before the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Jacksonville, Fla., published in the January VETERAN, presents an array of facts pertaining to the War between the States and the causes thereof, and is worthy of reading and recording.

As guests of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., of Cincinnati, my wife and I greatly enjoyed the Reunion at Montgomery, Ala. We were greeted heartily by the veterans and all the people we met. The citizens gave all a royal reception.

When shaking hands, a veteran invariably asks, "Where are you from?" unless one is wearing a badge that answers that question. When I told them I was from Cincinnati, Ohio, all were astonished, and some asked, "What are you doing here?" The astonishment was increased when I told them that my old home was Jackson, Miss., but for the past sixty years my home had been in Cincinnati. Then, in answer to the next question, I told them that though I had strayed from my Comrades, I had not deserted or been captured.

We had a good time in Montgomery. After an interesting visit to the first "Confederate White House," we went, with a few friends to the State

Capitol. As we passed the open door of the Governor's office, he saw us, came out in the hall and greeted us cordially. After giving us much historic information, he led us to the front portico, stopping at the bright metal star embedded in the floor, telling each of us to "Step on the Star," which marked the spot where Jefferson Davis stood at his inauguration as President of the Confederate States, as thousands had done before us. We cheerfully complied. Instantly, an incident that transpired seventy years before came to my mind as clearly as if it were but yesterday. May I relate it?

Jefferson Davis was en route from his home in Mississippi to Montgomery, Ala., to be inaugurated President. He was to stop at Jackson, Miss., to deliver an address. Jackson had a military company of boys, organized in 1860, of which Needham Hatch, seventeen, was captain, I think I was the youngest, fourteen, first sergeant. Our company, "The Jackson Guards," reputed to be the best drilled company in the State, was officially requested to be at the train when Mr. Davis arrived and act as Guard of Honor in escorting him to the Capitol. We did so. On arrival at the Capitol, he came in front of us as we stood at "Present Arms" and we came to "Parade Rest" as he halted to address us. He was then escorted into the Capitol.

Shortly after this incident, volunteers were enlisting for service. Our Captain was drafted to go into a training camp as Instructor, and I was the next called for similar duty.

I related this incident to the Governor and asked him if I could claim participation in the Inauguration, to which he replied, "I certainly think so."

Leaving Montgomery on a side-trip, we went to Mississippi, visited relatives and friends in Jackson, Brookhaven, and Vicksburg—going over the entire thirty-two miles of driveway on the battle field of Vicksburg—returning via Nashville, Tenn., where we made a short visit; arriving at home after a month of constant pleasure and al-



(Courtesy the Richmond Magazine)

AIR VIEW OF THE BATTLE FIELD PARK AREA ABOUT RICHMOND, VA., SHOWING CONNECTING HIGHWAYS

most a renewal of youth for all, for which we are very grateful. We hope to attend the Richmond Reunion.

I greatly appreciate and enjoy the VETERAN.

## THE FIRST OVERT ACT.

BY ROBERT W. BARNWELL, SR., FLORENCE, S. C.

There are two very excellent articles in the March issue of the VETERAN under the above caption, and your readers can but feel grateful to Doctor Alexander and Mrs. Selph, of Nashville. I come into the field not so much as a disputant as one seeking to add and clear.

The first gun was not the *first* overt act. Fort Moultrie had been dismantled by Major Anderson, of the U. S. Army. South Carolina claimed Moultrie, and South Carolina was a Sovereign State, or Nation, entirely independent of that Union of States of which she had formerly been a part. Troops of another nation, therefore, had, with the distinct purpose of rendering the fort useless, spiked its guns and burned their carriages. This was an overt act of war, of course. South Carolina at once sent Commissioners to Washington, or, more correctly, the Commission already sent included this change of status in their treatment of the situation. The seizure of Sumter was a *tremendous* act of war—far more so than the firing of a gun, for its site and its armament gave it absolute command of the city and its harbor. It was a very foolish act, because its weak garrison and lack of supplies made it seem more a gesture of hostile intent than a military blow, but, if reinforced and supplied, it could do a world of damage. It soon became plain that the administration was far from having *ordered* this move, but when Anderson claimed and showed he was within the limits of his instructions *for an emergency, and left to be the judge of such emergency*, the administration backed up Anderson and, still more, undertook to reinforce the fort. Even the sending of the merchant ship with supplies was in line with war, not peace; but when it appeared that troops were also aboard, there could be no denial that an act of war was committed.

But even the Act of Secession was, under the circumstances, *equivalent* to an act of war. Secession, whether right or not, was as a red rag to a bull. President Buchanan did not believe there was any lawful right under the Constitution to coerce a State, but he could have asserted that this new foreign nation on his borders was

a menace, and could have proposed to Congress and his people to undertake its conquest. He chose, however, to leave the problem to his already elected successor.

Now let us behold what the ingenuity of man can do! Six other States had joined South Carolina in a Confederacy, so that the menace of a foreign nation on its border was far greater to the "Union" than before. Secession being denied, coercion of States being unconstitutional, and a declaration of a war of conquest undesirable, President Lincoln hit upon the plan of calling the Confederacy "combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings or by the powers vested in the marshals by law." This classification of the war as an *insurrection* made the war logically to begin with, and have as its first overt act in the eyes of the North, the passage of Secession ordinances. But it was nonsense to call the war an insurrection. It did indeed enable the North to call its enemies rebels and traitors, and often to resort to shameful procedures utterly repugnant to the laws of war, of civilization, and of humanity; but it was manifestly not an insurrection. That false course produced some foul fiends, whom history more and more classes as such. However, in fixing the date for the technical and legal beginning of the war, the United States and England agreed on the date of the proclamation of blockade of the ports of the Confederacy, and, while such a date does not fit the facts of history, yet legally it may serve.

We may thus conclude: If secession was insurrection (which it was not), then secession was the first overt act. For certain reasons, not here discussed, the occupation by the various States of so called "government property" is not here brought forward as overt acts of war. The first overt act then would be the dismantling of Moultrie. The second was the occupation of Sumter. The third was the invasion by the Star of the West. The fourth was the firing on that ship to stop the invasion. Next comes that great act of aggressive war, coupled with a threatening message, Lincoln's fleet, which compelled the sixth act—the use of guns against Sumter to prevent it from aiding the fleet.

History is bound to note that the sending of the Star of the West with troops aboard and of Lincoln's fleet were acts of invasion, and the guns that in each case foiled their purpose were perfectly justifiable defensive response to insult and injury.



### VIRGINIA'S ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.

[The following was taken from the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* of some years ago as contributed by Sterling Boisseau, of that city, and is here reproduced for its contribution to our Confederate history.]

It is gratifying to note the progress being made in restoring the Hall of the House of Delegates in the Capitol Building to its former condition.

While I have seen nothing of the Ordinance of Secession being placed there, it is to be hoped that it will be hung conspicuously on the wall.

Unfortunately, there have been at least three different copies of this ordinance photographed and distributed; one contains 140 signatures, one 148, and another 143. The latter is assumed to be correct.

The names of Delegates Chapman, Marr, and Young are omitted in the 140 list; and that of Young (Col. John B. Young) in the list of 142.

This ordinance was at first signed amid the natural confusion after the ordinance was passed, April 17, 1861, and some hurried off to take their places in the military service. It is said that the first signatures were signed to the instrument in some disorder, even on the margin of the sheet, and on the back, and that this became lost.

However, the history of the convention shows that there was a resolution passed that the delegates be allowed to sign at any time during the session of the convention.

Another resolution passed was that not only the original delegates, but those elected or appointed to fill vacancies could also sign the paper. This was done in many cases and signatures appear to the ordinance of those who voted against the instrument; this accounts for so many more signatures than the votes cast for secession, for, in the latest analysis, 103 voted for secession, 46 against it, and one was excused from voting by his request, Mr. Wilson, of Harrison County, now a part of West Virginia, and two not recorded.

Two signatures were appended, by resolution, that of John Q. Marr, of Fauquier (killed in battle), and Richard H. Cox, from the counties of King and Queen and Essex, who died. Thus their names are signed for them.

The original composition of this great convention consisted of 152 delegates. There became many vacancies; not all of the vacancies were filled, but the records show that twenty of them were filled, thus making 172 taking part in the proceedings.

Thirteen of the delegates from counties now in West Virginia were expelled, two others had their cases postponed from time to time, until the convention adjourned without disposing of their cases.

Jubal E. Early, an out-and-out-against-secession delegate, signed the Ordinance of Secession and asked permission to record his reasons. This was after Lincoln had called on Virginia for troops to put down the seceding States. Here is what Early wrote:

"Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, having set aside the Constitution and laws and subverted the government of the United States, and established in lieu thereof a usurped government, founded upon the worst principles of tyranny, the undersigned has, therefore, determined to sign the Ordinance of Secession adopted by the Convention on the 17th of April last, with the intention of sustaining the liberties, independence and entity of the State of Virginia against the said Abraham Lincoln, his aiders and abettors, with the hope or desire of a reconstruction of the old Union in any manner that shall unite the people of Virginia with the people of the non-slave States of the North."

Thus, Mr. Lincoln's call on Virginia for troops changed the complexion of the convention from a Union sentiment to one of secession.

This caused the Convention to vote, after some changes, 103 for secession, 46 against, two not voting, and one excused from voting.

### WARNING AGAINST UNFAIR TEXTBOOKS.

BY MRS. JOHN HUSKE ANDERSON, HISTORIAN  
GENERAL, U. D. C.

It is with satisfaction and approval that we note how courageously the Virginia Division's President and Historian are endeavoring to fight the adoption of Muzzey's History, which was "slipped over" that splendid State during the past summer by the Board of Education. This textbook replaced one by a native Virginian, Prof. John H. Latane, and came as a shock to the people of Virginia.

Especially in this year of economy was it ill advised, as there were hundreds of copies of the other history already in the schools. The substitution of a book of fairness even for Dr. Latane's excellent history would have been blameworthy but to have taken up the textbook which was black-listed by the Confederate organizations over twenty years ago, and by many distinguished peo-

ple of the South, is inexcusable. So feel the Virginians and all other interested Southerners.

The Richmond papers on February 17 state that officers of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., with Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, appeared before the Education Committee of the State Senate, protesting against the adoption of this textbook, which is so unfair to every period of the South's history. We agree heartily with the Virginia Historian, Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee Palmer, when she stated that this book "is not only unfair, but it bristles with innuendo." The Virginia President, Miss Annie Mann, brought out the fact that, besides many other errors, Muzzey teaches that the sole cause of the War between the States was *slavery*, and this war is spoken of as the "slavery contest." Mrs. Palmer is also quoted as saying that "Muzzey would give no weight to the statement which General Lee made before a committee of the Reconstruction Congress: "We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor."

Before the so-called "revised" edition, which Muzzey was supposed to make of his textbook, he stated that the cause for which the Confederates fought was "unworthy." In the revision, he states that this cause was "inexcusable." Shall our hero fathers stand disgraced in the eyes of our children and sink into oblivion unhonored?

A Richmond paper carried a very pertinent "cartoon" following this stand made by the Virginia "Daughters" and Dr. Tyler on February 16. This was a sketch showing Massachusetts and Plymouth Rock in the exaggerated proportion which Muzzey's History of the American people gives. Jamestown, Va., is shown up in the textbook as a very small spot in importance, though there was gathered the *First Legislative Assembly of the Colonies* long before Plymouth was settled.

A very comprehensive review of this American textbook has been prepared by Dr. Matthew Page Andrews in collaboration with Mr. Arthur H. Jennings, Chairman of History Committee, S. C. V., and with several teachers of note, for the Sons of Confederate Veterans. At the proper time this review will be released for the public to refresh themselves with the unfairness of this textbook for our schools, which many of our "Daughters" reviewed in our fight years ago.

As Historian of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, I feel impelled to sound a warning to the organization, that we may be on the alert in regard to the Boards of Education of our States.

Some of the publishers of textbooks are very powerful in *wealth* and most *astute* in "slipping over" just such a thing as Virginia is now suffering from. We can safely trust the Virginia Daughters and Sons to do everything humanly possible to remedy this evil, which has been put on them for five years.

Shall we free-born Americans bow down before the power of the book trusts?

## U. D. C. ASSAULT ON MUZZEY'S HISTORY.

BY MISS CLAUDIA M. HAGY, WYTHEVILLE, VA.

The Virginia Division, U. D. C., led by Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, President Emeritus of the College of William and Mary, with backing of many State newspapers, have waged a fight upon Muzzey's History, adopted last fall by the Virginia School System. The assault which has continued through the past months culminated in an appearance during the term of the General Assembly in Richmond, in open attack. With Dr. Tyler was the Virginia President U. D. C., Miss Annie V. Mann, of Petersburg, and the Division Historian, Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee Palmer, of Emporia, and others of the Division. The complaint was entered before the Senate Educational Committee and to the effect that this history was unfair to the South.

Mrs. Palmer, who has been actively engaged in arousing sentiment in regard to the history, stated: "It would be difficult to correct all the errors and defects as it is so subtly written and so filled with innuendoes. It would be equally hard to decide which are the greater—its sins of omission or commission."

Miss Mann stated that her group "would prefer no textbook at all to having Virginia children taught that their grandfathers had no justification for fighting the War between the States."

Mr. Tyler denounced the book as "something atrocious." He stated that people ashamed of their past were on the road to degeneracy. "Don't cater to Northern tastes and be afraid to call your soul your own," he emphasized most emphatically, and he felt that Muzzey had no more idea of the War between the States than he had of the moon when he wrote this book. He used every subtlety in writing of the war to dodge the infamous conduct of the North in refusing to recognize the independence of the South. He defines Lincoln as the greatest sophist ever in the Presidential chair, and seeks to show that President Davis did not have confidence in Gen. Robert E. Lee as commander.



Dr. Tyler further stated that Muzzey had a tendency to whitewash such as the needless burning of the city of Columbia and Sheridan's infamous conduct, while ignoring the triumphs of men like Stuart, Forrest, and Jackson.

Mrs. Palmer also said: "Feeling that no subject is so important as history, we are anxious that all periods of our country's history shall be correctly presented, but our organization is particularly interested in that period prior to, during, and following the War between the States. To say that Muzzey incorrectly records this period is to state the matter mildly. He teaches that the war was brought about on account of slavery, and speaks of it as the slave contest. He teaches that the South had no justification for its actions, and the impression made is that the war was solely due to the burning desire on the part of a morally militant North to compel the South to give up an immoral institution."

The fight has not ended in Virginia, and the efforts of the Virginia Division are receiving each day more enthusiastic support over the State. Our Historian is deluged with letters from Maryland to Florida and clippings from papers large and small. Even the *New York Times* gave a fine editorial on the subject recently while Richmond papers are most loyal in supporting Dr. Tyler, Miss Mann, and Mrs. Palmer in their fine efforts.

#### IN RECONSTRUCTION DAYS.

BY ADA RAMP WALDEN, EDITOR, C. S. M. A.

"Everywhere a flush of posies,  
Everywhere a shower of roses;  
Strew them gently, softly cover  
All their gold graves thickly over—  
Roses, pansies, jessamine sweet;  
Let all things of beauty meet.  
Thus may flowers of fragrant breath  
Tell our love, outlasting death."

April is the month of sacred memories in more than one Southern State, and at various resting places of the dead will assemble hundreds to place a wreath or a cluster of blossoms on the graves of those who died in the beauty of their youth under the Stars and Bars.

And just here, it is fitting that a story which has to do with the aftermath of the first Memorial Day observed in Augusta, Ga., be mentioned. It is a story gleaned by the editor in "turning back the pages of the yesteryear," though there are few who recall it:

The city observed its first Memorial Day, under the auspices of the Ladies' Memorial Association, and, in response to the suggestion by the women of Columbus, Ga., on the afternoon of Thursday, April 26, 1866. Naturally, the attention of those who assembled—4,000 in number, according to the papers of that day—was centered on the graves of the many who were interred in the Soldiers' Section. These were youths who had died at local hospitals, far removed from home and loved ones, but whose dying hours had been alleviated by faithful women, and who received Christian burial in the section set apart in Magnolia Cemetery, established in 1818.

There were no exercises at that first Memorial Day, but, if history be true, never since has there assembled such a tremendous crowd; and never since has such a wealth of wreaths and flowers been displayed on the Confederate Soldiers' section as was seen that first Memorial Day, although the city was passing through the scourge of reconstruction.

Now among the "carpetbaggers" were a number of white women from the North, who entered at once upon the task of teaching the many negro children. Their attitude was not such as to win the admiration or co-operation of the citizens, and they resented the fact that they were ignored by the best people of the section. On the morning of the 27th, a servant happened to mention to her employer that the teachers were arranging for a big Memorial Day of their own, the 28th; that they had requested that the fact be kept secret, but for every child to meet at Thankful (Negro) Church at nine o'clock that morning, with their parents and friends, and for all to bring flowers, that they might decorate the graves of the Union soldiers who, incidentally, had been interred temporarily in the same cemetery. These had died at improvised hospitals in Augusta, and had received the same care and attention while ill, and the same Christian burial as had the Confederates.

The movement seems to have been started by the erstwhile head of the Freedmen's Bureau, Capt. J. E. Bryant, and one Capt. Eberhardt, who was serving the reconstructionists as superintendent of negro schools. The former had been deposed, however, because of some irregularity, but remained to edit a paper called the *Loyal Georgian* and to pull various wires that might result in the falling of a political "plum" in his direction.

Although there were no telephones then, the news seems to have seeped through the city by a "grapevine" system; for it was not long until

nearly every citizen knew of the project fostered by the carpetbaggers "to humble the pride of the rebel women"—a remark attributed to the teachers.

James Gardner, Mayor of Augusta, and Captain Kunze, keeper of the cemetery, went at once to General Tillson, who was in command of the reconstruction work of the State, and expressed their objection to such demonstration, in the cemetery, on the part of a horde of negroes.

"Does this mean you object to these ladies decorating the graves of the Union dead?" he asked the Mayor.

"It does not!" Mayor Gardner emphatically responded. "It means that these freedmen will not be allowed to desecrate our sacred burial ground, as is evidently their intention. If these ladies desire it, I shall be pleased to assist them in decorating the graves of their dead; but I insist that they designate a number of the freedmen to act as servants and assist in carrying into the cemetery the flowers—as was done by our own ladies yesterday; but the crowd must remain outside the gates."

General Tillson, who was inclined to see the Mayor's viewpoint, admitted that "such demonstration would not be appropriate," and that he would suggest to those in charge that the idea be relinquished. But the Mayor was "on the watchtower." The next morning he found fifteen men, deputed as extra policemen, taking their place inside the main gate.

The church at which the freedmen were to assemble is but one block from the cemetery; and, sure enough, at nine o'clock, there started a procession of negroes, headed by the white teachers, for the cemetery! Captains Bryant and Eberhardt trod the sidewalk, alongside the long procession, and their voices joined those of the children and the teachers in "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

At the locked gate stood the Mayor and the keeper of the cemetery, each of whom greeted the ladies with perfect courtesies.

"The gates will be opened when you designate those who are to assist you," the women were assured.

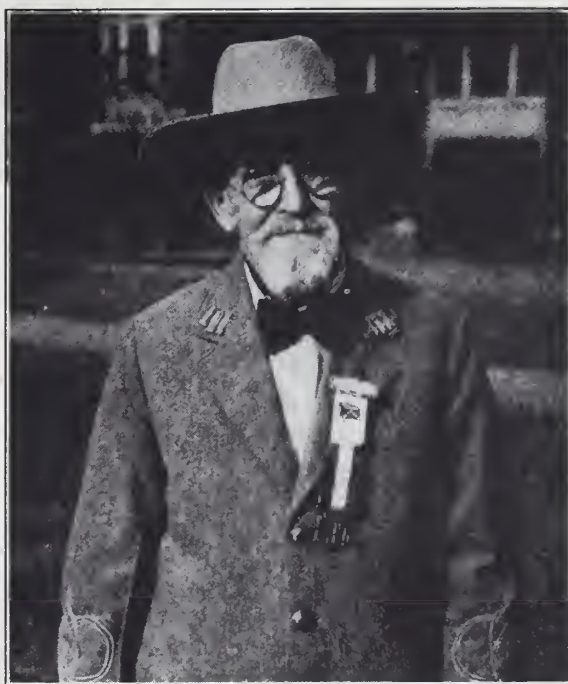
"Well, we want them all to enter, all or none!" was the retort.

"We thought it had been made plain that you could decorate your graves with the assistance of a specified number, but that this crowd would not enter. You have our co-operation to that ex-

tent. But if they insist, we shall have the officers resort to force," they were told. Bryant and Eberhardt remained silent as the women raved and stormed; but the Mayor was adamant.

The procession returned to the church from which a peremptory demand was sent by Bryant to General Tillson that he order the gates to be opened; which demand was ignored. And history records no Memorial Day as was planned by the carpetbaggers on the eventful day, April 28.

COMMANDER MISSOURI DIVISION, U. C. V.



MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM A. WALL, U. C. V.

Missouri is exceedingly proud of the Confederate record of its present State Commander, Maj. Gen. William Armistead Wall, U. C. V. Prior to his enlistment in a regular force, he was engaged in secret service and intelligence work, in scouting, in securing medicine for the armies, and in smuggling small arms and contraband through the lines. He also engaged in hospital work in his vicinity, and his activities carried him to and from the armies, placing him under fire in many battles.

Joining Company D, Little Fork Rangers, 4th Virginia Cavalry, J. E. B. Stuart's Division, on February 1, 1863, General Wall was with this command until December 1, 1863, when he was transferred to the 43rd Virginia Battalion, Mosby's Cavaliers, with which command he served until his surrender June 1, 1865, at Fairfax Court House, Va. He was a first lieutenant under Mosby. On one occasion he was a personal body guard to President Jefferson Davis, and he served on the staff of Gen. Robert E. Lee as a courier at Gettysburg. He participated in many important battles, skirmishes, and minor engagements.



### BOYHOOD HOMES OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. CHARLES N. BOULDEN, BALTIMORE, MD.

Sulgrave Manor, in Northamptonshire, is the only place in England where the Stars and Stripes floats daily, except at the U. S. Embassy in London.

The Manor House, once a Priory, was bought in 1539 by Lawrence Washington, who had been Mayor of Northampton. Sulgrave Priory was made into a comfortable dwelling. Among the improvements was a porch, with a Tudor doorway, on the south side of the house, where can still be seen the Washington coat of arms: two bars or stripes and three stars above, the origin of our Stars and Stripes. Over the south porch there was added the Royal Arms of England and the initials, "E. R.," with the date 1564.

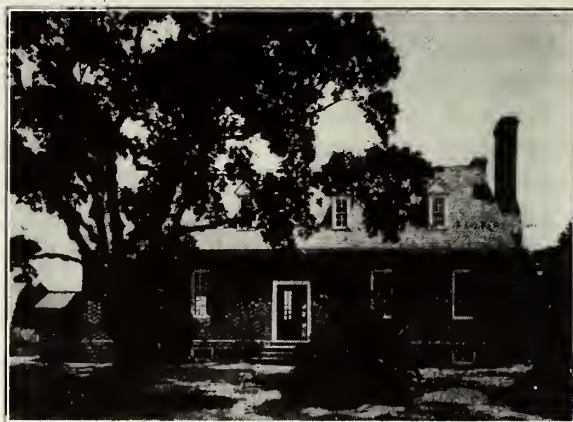
Lawrence Washington died in 1585, and his son, Robert, became the owner of Sulgrave Manor. Robert's eldest son, Lawrence, settled at Brington, about fifteen miles north of Sulgrave, and his son was Lawrence, third of the name, from whom George Washington descended. This third Lawrence had two sons who emigrated to America. John settled in Virginia in 1657, and was the great-grandfather of George Washington.

One of the results of the Washington Bicentennial is the attention called to Tidewater, Virginia. The plantation, Wakefield, on the Potomac, granted in 1667 to John Washington, the great-grandfather of George, was a mile wide and comprised a thousand acres. It is said to have been called the Athens of Virginia. The house faced the Potomac, the lawn sloping to the bank about four hundred yards distant from the porch, which ran from corner to corner of the old dwelling.

There were four rooms of fair size on the first floor, and the high roof had dormer windows which lighted a large attic. At each end of the house was a chimney built upon the outside of the frame dwelling, and each fireplace could hold half a cord of wood.

Augustine Washington, the father of George, was born here in 1694. He purchased the estate from his brother John, and here he brought his bride, Jane Butler. There were four children of this marriage, two of whom, Lawrence and Augustine, reached maturity.

To Wakefield Augustine Washington also brought his second bride, Mary Ball, whom he married in 1730, and there, on February 22, 1732,



WAKEFIELD RESTORED—VIEW FROM THE GARDEN.

George was born. When he was about three years old, the destruction of Wakefield house by fire caused the family to move to Hunting Creek higher up on the Potomac, later known as Mount Vernon. This tract was given to John Washington, the great-grandfather of George, for importing one hundred laborers, and was bought by Augustine, the father of George, in 1726, from his sister Mildred, who later was godmother for George at his christening.

The family lived at Hunting Creek (Mount Vernon) until 1739, when they moved to Pine Grove, also known as Ferry Farm, on the Rappahannock, situated between Wakefield and Fredericksburg. It was the family home for a greater length of time than any other place, and in the vanished "Mansion House" Augustine Washington died, leaving George, aged eleven, the eldest of his second marriage, the head of a family of younger children, three boys—Samuel, John, and Charles—and a girl, Betty, Mildred having died in infancy.

Augustine Washington left much land, and, following the old English custom, his elder sons received the larger share. To Lawrence, he gave Mount Vernon and 2,500 acres. In case of failure "to leave a child, or such child dying under age," Mount Vernon was to go to George; therefore, it is apparent that George ultimately inherited Mount Vernon through his father's will rather than direct from Lawrence, his half brother, which is the usual concept of the matter. Wakefield he left to his son Augustine, and Pine Grove, or Ferry Farm, to George. To the other children he left land, slaves, and money, Mrs. Washington to have the use of the children's estate until they became of age.

Mrs. Washington stayed on at Ferry Farm for

over thirty years after the death of her husband, a longer time than she resided anywhere else during her entire life.

The Farm was the scene of the famous cherry tree episode, an incident which some historians are inclined to regard as closer to truth than fiction, and from the river bank there George is said to have thrown a Spanish dollar across the Rappahannock—quite possible at this particular place. George and Betty and his younger brothers crossed the river daily to attend school in Fredericksburg.

Shortly after the death of Augustine Washington, George was sent to live at Wakefield to attend the Williams school at Oak Grove, about four miles distant. His half brother, Augustine, had married Ann Aylett and was living there. George took readily to mathematics, and he got his first taste of surveying when he accompanied Mr. Williams to survey some meadows on Bridges Creek.

Mary Ball missed her eldest son, and he returned to Ferry Farm and resumed his studies at a school in Fredericksburg. He developed a desire to become a midshipman in the British Navy, but the idea was suppressed immediately by his mother. Full of ambition, he took up the study of engineering, and as soon as he had mastered

the rudiments of the subject, he set up a shop for himself in an outbuilding on the place. This quaint little structure is the only one on the place which has survived from his boyhood. Fredericksburg was his playground; his diaries and day-books are full of references to the city.

When George was about fifteen, he was spending much time at Mount Vernon with his half brother Lawrence, who had married Anne, daughter of William Fairfax, cousin of Thomas, Lord Fairfax. There was much gaiety and entertaining at Mount Vernon. During these visits, George was much at Belvoir, the seat of William Fairfax. Thomas, Lord Fairfax, was anxious to have a survey made of a portion of his vast land holdings in the Northern Neck, and the work was undertaken by George William Fairfax and George Washington. Young Fairfax was the son of William Fairfax, the master of Belvoir, and seven years Washington's senior.

Near Millwood, Va., there is still standing an old stone "land office" built of hand-cut stone and with stout double doors to protect against the Indians. Here young Washington kept his surveying instruments. When he was in his sixteenth year he was deep in the work of surveying, and, when not quite eighteen, after the usual oaths of His Majesty's person and government, he took the



IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE SITE OF WAKEFIELD, BIRTHPLACE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.



oath of surveyor. Many titles in the Northern Neck of Virginia are today based on these surveys.

Within another year, Governor Robert Dinwiddie appointed him a Major in the Virginia Militia, and later, in 1753, when Dinwiddie desired to send a word of warning to the French, who were encroaching, Washington was chosen. He was then twenty-one, and the story of the hardships of this expedition is well known.

The Wakefield Memorial Association, organized to restore the birthplace of George Washington, has built a house typical of Tidewater, Virginia, pleasing in character and setting, which is a Colonial adaptation of Tudor style. Magnificent outside chimneys stand in pairs at each end of the house. Little peaked dormers are on each side of the sloping roof—one set facing the Potomac and the other set nearly parallel with the road built by old "King Carter." Colonial methods of construction were followed from the beginning to the application of the last bit of gray green paint, which was so popular in the homes of early Americans.

On the doors are latches of wrought iron, and the hinges are the H and L favored of colonial builders. The windows are deeply recessed. Stairways were built for use and not for ornament in the days of the original Wakefield, and the same idea has been carried out in the present house. The bedrooms are small and severe.

There are no authentic sketches by which the original could be reproduced, and the effort has been to create a picture showing the spot upon which Washington was born. The house sits well back from the water, and to the right is a magnificent park of Juniper trees.

Between the house and the Juniper grove, at the end of a box-bordered path, there is in the making an old-fashioned garden, with a picket fence of the type used in the early days of Virginia, and here will bloom plants and shrubs of the kind planted during the short time Mary Ball resided at Wakefield.

One of the many charms of Wakefield is the little burying ground, around which is a low brick wall, where lie the remains of

many Washingtons, gathered from the almost moldered vault and from adjoining graves and replaced in a modern crypt. On each side of the crypt are broad flat stones, placed in memory of John Washington, the emigrant who settled Wakefield, his wife, and their descendents.

### THE STORY OF A CONFEDERATE FLAG.

BY JENNIE SUE DAUGHTRY, MACON, GA.

The incidents connected with most old battle flags will never be known, but in the rotunda of the State Capitol in Atlanta hangs a tattered Confederate flag whose story I have heard oft repeated by the old veteran who was the color bearer of his regiment.

The story tells how the flag was captured in the battle of Gettysburg and how, fifty years later, it was returned through the kindness of the Northern soldier who had taken it, and of the beginning of a friendship between two old vets, one from the North and the other from the South.

The flag is that of the 48th Georgia Regiment, and the color bearer was the late Dr. Elias Jones Denson, of Allentown, Ga., who, at the age of eighteen, carried it through the bloodiest battles of the war.

Though Dr. Denson died in 1927, he is still remembered by hundreds of patients in and around Allentown, where, for more than forty years, he served as physician. This story he told to me as we sat by a blazing fire one winter's evening a few months before his death.

"You see this hand, how stiff it is," he began, holding up his right hand for me to examine. "Well, that's where a Yankee shot me in the battle of Spottsylvania."



MOUNT VERNON—LAST HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Finding me an interested listener, he started at the beginning of his military career. "I was only seventeen when I joined the army. At that time I was in a boarding school at Jeffersonville, taught by James Crossland, one of the famous Georgia teachers of the day. When the war began, I left school and, with my three brothers, went to fight for the South. When I joined the army in 1861, I was assigned to Company C, 4th Georgia Regiment, commanded by Col. George Doles, of Milledgeville. At the end of a year, I was transferred to the 48th Georgia Regiment, and was made standard bearer of the regiment. I loved that old flag and bore it through the thick of the fight in many bloody battles. I carried it through the Seven Days battles around Richmond, the battle of Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, and, finally, Gettysburg.

"It was painful when that Yank shot me in the arm at Spottsylvania, but I never gave up the flag. I kept the colors floating until the end of the battle. I've never had good use of that hand since. I bore the flag through all the other fights until we became engaged in the battle of Gettysburg. You young people know nothing of fighting. There was not a battle in the World War that could compare with Gettysburg. It was one of the bloodiest that the world has ever known. Right through the thick of the fight I bore the regimental colors. The bullets were whizzing all about me. The heavy artillery of the enemy roared and the men were falling thick and fast on the battle field. I could hear the groans of the wounded around me, but still I kept the flag floating to inspire the men to victory.

"A bullet grazed the sleeve of my coat. One came so near my head that it barely missed me. Another whizzed through the air. I was not so fortunate this time, for it hit me in the thigh and I fell to the ground severely wounded.

"My first thought was of the flag. 'Magahee,' I said to the young soldier next to me, 'take the flag and keep it flying.'

"'But what must I do with my gun?' he said.

"'Throw it down,' I shouted.

"'But won't I have to pay for it?' he asked.

"'Throw down your gun,' I commanded, 'and protect the flag at any cost.'

"Magahee took the flag, and I was taken to the hospital to have my wounds dressed. When the battle was over, I inquired concerning the flag and learned that Magahee had been mortally wounded and that the flag had been taken by the enemy.

"After my recovery, I was promoted to sergeant major and served in this capacity until the end of the war.

"Fifty years passed, and during this time I had often thought of the flag that I had borne so proudly, and wished that I might get it back again. In 1913, I advertised in Northern papers, and one day received a letter from Dan O'Mara, of New York, stating that he was the soldier of the 59th New York Volunteers who had taken the flag. He also stated that it was in his possession and that he would gladly return it.

"I wrote to him inviting him to come to Georgia and bring the flag, and he accepted the invitation. I met him in Atlanta and he presented the flag to me in front of the State Capitol. 'Let's shake hands under the old flag,' he said, as he unfurled it. A photographer was there to take our pictures as we stood with clasped hands and the old flag floated above us.

"This was in 1913. The State was collecting old battle flags to put on display in the Capitol. I donated my flag, and it stands there now in a glass case along with other Georgia flags of the Confederacy."

"How did you like the Northern veteran?" I asked.

"He was a good fellow, and I liked him even if he was a Yankee. He wrote to me when he went back to New York, and we have corresponded at intervals during these fourteen years. I haven't heard from him now in several months." The old doctor had carefully preserved a number of letters and cards that he had received from his Northern friend.

Dr. Denson enjoyed relating his war-time experiences. Sometimes he told them as he sat in front of the village post-office or store, with a group of eager youngsters listening breathlessly to his stirring tales of battle. Sometimes it was at the bedside of a convalescing patient, but always the war was the subject uppermost in his mind.

In his life and in his work he had displayed the same indomitable courage that he had shown at Spottsylvania and at Gettysburg. Although eighty-four years of age, blind in one eye and in rather feeble health, he kept up his practice, drove his own car, and often went out alone at night over rough country roads to minister to a sick patient. When the bugle sounded taps for him in August of 1927, he had proven himself a good soldier to the very end.

It had been a year since he had heard from



O'Mara. No other letter has ever come from him. Perhaps he, too, has crossed over the river where there is no North or South and where wars are not known.

But the tattered flag in the State Capitol will still serve as a memorial to a brave soldier who would have given his all for the cause that he loved.

#### OLD GARDENS OF NATCHEZ.

BY EDITH WYATT MOORE.

The average school history only casually mentions Natchez, Miss., because for many years it was a foreign possession, and had little to do with the thirteen colonies in the East. It was an ancient Indian village prior to the erection of Fort Rosalie by the French in 1716, and while this date is usually given as the official birthday of Natchez, old records prove that the Fort was erected to afford protection to French citizens who were already living in the Natchez country.

Following the noted massacre in 1729, at which time more than seven hundred whites were slaughtered by the Indians, Natchez was shunned as an ill-fated spot, but was considered important enough to be ceded to the English in the treaty of Paris, following the settlement of the French and Indian War in 1763. Little is known of the English Régime, but the British garrison in Natchez was unable to cope with the Spanish Governor of Louisiana, Don Bernardo de Galvez, who took advantage of favorable progress of the Revolution to seize Natchez in 1779. It flourished, however, under the Spanish rule, which historians claim was both liberal and benevolent, and remained a Spanish province until 1798 when, according to an agreement making the thirty-first parallel the boundary between the United States and the Spanish West Florida parishes, Natchez became a far outpost of the United States.

Thus we see by this brief résumé of Natchez' checkered career that newcomers sense an atmosphere of subtle charm brought about by the fusing of different nationalities, and note an intangible influence reflected in the architecture, narrow streets, and old gardens of Natchez that speaks of the suave Frenchman and dark-eyed Don.

Situated on a series of steep alluvial bluffs overlooking the great Father of Waters, it somewhat resembles an old baronial city, due to a series of dry motelike bayous or deep ravines that encircle it. In time, Natchez developed into a rich cosmopolitan little city and drew large revenues from

the fertile flood plains of nearby Louisiana. Natchez also became a deep seaport and shipped cotton to almost all the great ports of the world. It boasted more millionaires in proportion to its population than any other city in America, and reached a pinnacle of elegance and culture that has never been surpassed even in better-known sections of the Old South.

Long prior to the War between the States, wealthy planters built their mansion houses in or near Natchez, while operating vast plantations in the lowlands. Sons and daughters were educated in Europe, materials were brought in sailboats for the erection of palatial homes, furniture from France and England, and noted architects not only designed these manor houses, but came here to superintend their erection, which covered long periods of time. European landscape artists were also imported to lay out grounds of great beauty.

These homes usually stand in the midst of huge wooded parks, and sweeping through these parkways are winding drives over-arched by the moss-hung boughs of ancient forest trees. Immediately surrounding most of these dwellings are old gardens, many of which are being restored in late years, after "running to seed" since the fall of the Confederacy.

Descriptions of some of the noted Natchez gardens of pre-war days have been left us by such writers as Ingraham, author of *The Pillar of Fire* and other well-known books. It is evident that the semi-tropical setting of Natchez made strong appeal to this impressionable young writer from bleak New England, who visited here exactly one hundred years ago. He said of the Natchez of that day:

"The luxuriance of the shrubs and plants has no parallel. It is emphatically a land of flowers and trees of every description, odor, shape, and hue. There is a lavish opulence both in forest and savannas."

Again he said of his host's garden:

"I saw the splendidly arrayed amaryllis, the purple magnolia, the Arabian and night-blooming jessamine, the verbenum, or lemon scented geranium, with the majestic aloe and countless other shrubs that breathed forth the sweetest fragrance and gratified the senses."

The history of these ante-bellum mansions of Natchez is fraught with great romance. In those colorful days, Natchez was a mecca for many young men of mettle who later became famous. Being a gateway which opened into the vast un-

known but beckoning West, many characters of renown passed through her portals, while others lingered to fall a victim to the lure of this glamorous city of the frontier, and in time became wealthy themselves.

The lush green beauty of Natchez became far famed, and in time the story of her palatial homes, gardens, and shaded streets was known throughout the length and breadth of the Mississippi valley. Steamboats tied up at the Natchez landing, and tourists of the early thirties were given "shore lief," much as the railroads of today permit interesting detours, side-trips, and stop-offs.

Perhaps the most noted gardens of that era, because the most accessible, were those of Rosalie and Magnolia Vale, or Brown's Garden, as it was then known. The Rosalie mansion stands on a portion of the site of the Old Fort where the massacre took place. Its grounds once included eleven acres, and while situated on top of the bluffs, the garden was terraced and extended all the way to the river's edge. Pink and white oleanders, camelia japonicas in variegated colors, cape jessamine, sweet olive, the syringa, and night-blooming creepers rioted in a mass of color. A vine-embowered summerhouse jutted far out over the cliffs, and here one could see for miles up and down the Mississippi. A portion of this garden still remains, but no longer extends over the precipice.

Brown's Garden, or Magnolia Vale, is under the north bluff and surrounds an oddly constructed century-old home on the fertile batture lands. Though a portion of this garden caved into the river long ago, at least an acre still remains, where walks are bordered with crimson roses and japonicas bloom all winter.

The grounds at The Briars, the home where Jefferson Davis was married to lovely Varina Howell on February 26, 1845, have been completely restored and now present a gorgeous pageant of color. The house, which is a typical old-fashioned Southern home, with long galleries and artistic dormer windows, is reached by a wide drive that curves into a crescent before the entrance. Small crimson roses border the drive, and from a bluff that forms a portion of the garden the shimmering waters of the Mississippi may be seen winding serpentine fashion until lost in an infinity of sky and mist. It is said that Varina came here to watch for the boat that was to bring Jeff Davis when he first came "a-wooing."

The oleander and japonica in brilliant hues and

many other shrubs of voluptuous foliage and blossom complete the garden.

Longwood, another famous old home, once had a rose garden which alone covered ten acres. The great orator, Sargeant Prentiss, lived awhile at Longwood, but in a former dwelling on the same site. It is said that the mistress of Longwood saved time by driving to her rose garden in a carriage, because the grounds were so extensive.

Arlington, one of the handsomest and oldest mansions in the State, is approached by a winding driveway bordered by white iris. The park is one of indescribable majesty, where giant oaks are hung with festoons of somber Spanish moss, and the stately magnolia grandiflora bears its fragrant white blossoms. Masses of blossoming dogwood also grows here in a native environment.

Near the buildings are quantities of the delicate pink azaleas for which this garden is famous, and an old box dates back to the days when little girls wore ringlets and worked samplers. There is also a quaint little "gazebo" built for lovers of the twenties, which conjures up sweet visions of a far past when gallants in high stocks felt it a privilege to kiss the finger tips of a fair lady.

At Montaigne, the former home of Maj. Gen. William T. Martin, of the Southern army, the grounds have been fully restored in recent years. Prior to the War between the States, the gardens at Montaigne were kept by a Scotch gardener and there were a hothouse and a greenhouse where the General indulged a flair for horticulture.

Today the grounds of Montaigne are almost as lovely as if the glory of ancient Pompeii had been reincarnated. A superb rose garden is literally filled with fragrant masses of color, and limpid pools hold water plants, such as the Louisiana hyacinth and the languidly beautiful lotus flower. Smooth green terraces, a sunken garden, flagged walks, and a background of moss-hung trees make this garden like a bit of paradise.

The Elms, a very, very old home dating to the Spanish era, centers a garden which once covered sixteen acres. The city has encroached on the garden, but it is still quite large. Many shrubs and old boxwood date to the yester-years, so also does the quaint old latticed Eagle house. Wis-teria, pure white japonicas, a small rock garden on a slope, and American beauty roses, spirea, and many other plants are flowering here now. A hedge of yucca adds to the Spanish atmosphere of this old home of a former dark-eyed son of Hispano.



Ravenna, so called due to the ravine or bayou that intersects the grounds, is noted for its marvelous tulips, amygdalus, or flowering peach, roses, azaleas, and a wisteria that surpasses anything Japan has to offer. A story is linked with the ravine that has to do with the war in the sixties, when supplies were slipped through this bayou to the Confederates, as the Yankees thought they had Natchez completely bottled up. The average bayou is a deep gully filled with undergrowth, but the bayou at Ravenna resembles a sunken garden, with its masses of white and purple iris.

Hope Villa, another old Spanish residence, is principally known for the beauty of the bulbs found in its garden. Also for an alternating hedge of flesh and cerise japonicas, its apple trees, and mimosa.

Edgewood, in the suburbs, is famous for its gorgeous roses and a lily pool.

There are many other gardens in old Natchez, such as the garden at the Burn, home of Mr. John P. Walworth, close personal friend of Gen. William T. Martin. Though too advanced in years to fight for the Confederacy himself, Mr. Walworth gave two sons to the cause, Douglas and Ernest Walworth, the former of whom was a Major. The Burn, a comfortable white building, stands on a rounded hillock with the grounds gently sloping in all directions. The house is almost a century old, and might be described as "rambling," with a brick basement surrounded by a small dry mote and a wide classic portico upheld by fluted columns.

During the great conflict between the North and South, the family at the Burn was forced to vacate the premises in order that Maj. John P. Coleman, Commander of the 6th U. S. C. Artillery, might use it as his headquarters. One of the Walworth descendants still has in her possession the military order for the occupancy of her grandfather's home, signed by "A Schuyler Montgomery, Captain and A. D. C., A. A. A., General, July, 1865." Prior to that time, the building was surrounded by a beautiful grove and in the rear was a terraced garden kept by a Scotch gardener. The beauty of this garden was famed, and many poems have been written extolling its quietude and splendid array of gay Southern blossoms.

The magnificent grove was ruthlessly destroyed and breastworks thrown up in the front grounds in such a manner that the Burn was placed inside the Federal fortifications. The garden, however, was not demolished, and it is intact today. It is

made on a series of terraces and somewhat resembles a sunken garden. On the first terrace stands an ancient sundial, the magnolia fuscagati, the weigela, cherokee rose, and borders of the amaryllis, that exotic scarlet lily to which Christ is thought to have referred when he said, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." On this same terrace is an ancient running rose of wondrous beauty. Its gnarled body, as large as a grapevine, extends across the entire east end of the building, and at the time of this writing is literally massed with fragrant white blossoms.

The second terrace has daisies, violets, eglantine, and borders of golden daffodils. The lower terrace has many varieties of rose, and such shrubs as the japonica. There are masses of verbena and stately rows of ruffled hollyhocks and chrysanthemum for autumn time. Between each terrace are level green lawns, where many gay parties and formal teas were formerly held—parties to which many distinguished Mississippians considered it a privilege to be bidden, where fair dames and misses in crinolines and tucking combs arrived with gentlemen in silk hats and long coats. Carriages and victorias driven by liveried negro coachmen lined the street for blocks, and there was much courtliness and curtsying, music and laughter, wit and repartee.

This garden was the subject of a bit of verse written years ago, a part of which bears out the story—

"Where flowers of every hue you'll find  
To suit each taste and please each mind,  
In this old garden quaint and sweet  
Where loving friends delight to meet."

#### *NO FURLOUGH FOR THE RANGERS.*

BY RICHARD D. STEUART, BALTIMORE, MD.

A page from the glorious history of Texas is in the possession of a Baltimore (Md.) collector. It is a remarkable tribute to the gallantry of one of the most famous Texas regiments in the Confederate service, the 8th Texas Cavalry, more familiarly known as Terry's Texas Rangers.

Leaving Houston in 1861 with nearly 1,600 officers and men, Terry's Rangers fought until the end, following such famous leaders as Forrest and Wheeler. According to Col. William Preston Johnston, in his biography of his distinguished father, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, it surrendered two hundred and twenty-four men.

The document referred to is a double sheet of faded blue paper, frayed and worn, but the writing is as legible as if the ink was placed on the paper yesterday. It is a petition of the officers and men for permission to visit their homes in Texas. At the time the petition was written—January 22, 1865—the 8th Texas was serving under Wheeler, who was hanging on the flanks of Sherman's army in South Carolina and Georgia. Evidently, the men never got their furlough, because a month after their petition was approved by the Secretary of War, the 8th Texas made the last charge at Bentonville, the last battle of the Army of the Tennessee. Incidentally, in this charge the sixteen-year-old son of Lieutenant General Hardee, who had run away from school to join the Rangers, was killed.

The petition is as follows:

*"To the Hon. Secretary of War, Richmond, Va.:*

"The undersigned commissioned officers of the 8th Regiment of Texas Cavalry respectfully request that furloughs for ninety days be granted the officers and men of their regiment for the purpose of visiting Texas.

"An absence from home of nearly four years has created with the officers and men of this regiment an ardent desire to visit their families and friends. Every officer under whom we have served has testified to our merit as soldiers, and we believe that our claims upon the consideration and regard of the Department are second to those of no regiment in the Army of Tennessee; and while we desire to be always at the post of duty and aid to our utmost in the achievement of our independence, we think that a desire so natural, so ardently indulged, and so long delayed can with propriety be accorded soldiers who have borne cheerfully the hardships of war and sustained with fortitude so protracted an absence from home and kindred.

"We have never, since the period of our organization in September, 1861, received even a percentage of furloughs to visit Texas. A very small proportion of the men who had relatives near the army have been furloughed for short periods, while a great majority have never been absent from the command and have performed duty uninterruptedly for nearly four years.

"The difficult and uncertain communication with our homes renders it very important to every member of this regiment that his business affairs should now receive his personal attention. Every

man in the command abandoned home without having made arrangements for an absence of such duration, and many of us, while serving the Government, are doing so with the knowledge that our interests and those of our families are suffering for the want of attention. Neither are we able to receive, to any extent, money or clothing from Texas, and while we believe that the Government has acted with all possible liberality and justice toward us, we have constantly suffered for the want of sufficient clothing, and desire to place ourselves in a position which will render us less liable to this evil in the future.

"The regiment is now reduced to 230 men for duty. Our loss amounts to 115 killed on the field, 264 wounded, 79 prisoners, 135 died, and 264 discharged on account of injuries contracted in the service. We are confident that our numbers can be very largely increased, particularly if authority be granted to receive recruits by transfer from regiments in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and that our efficiency will be greatly enlarged by these accessions to our ranks, and by the effect which a visit to 'home' will have upon the spirits and morale of the command. It is difficult for the men to reconcile themselves to the distinction which is made between troops recruited in this department and those from the Trans-Mississippi Department. The former are permitted to go home frequently, while the latter, after years of service and unusual privations, are withheld the enjoyment of a temporary relief from labor and are continued in the separation from home and interests.

"There have been very few desertions from this regiment (occasioned in every instance by an uncontrollable desire to see their families), and we have no doubt that these men will be glad to return to duty with us.

"We respectfully call attention to the fact that the Legislature of Texas passed resolutions last spring requesting that the troops from that State be furloughed and permitted to return home for a short time, and we pledge ourselves, our honor and that of the command to return promptly at the expiration of such time as may be granted us, and we hope that this application may receive the earnest consideration of the Department.

"We have the honor to be,

"Very respectfully, your obedient servants,  
John Sinston, Captain Company H; W. M. Decherd, 1st Lieut., Company D; R. D. Burns, Ordinance Sergeant."



The petition bears the signatures of Brig. Gens. Thomas Harrison and W. Y. C. Humes, Maj. Gen. Joseph Wheeler, Lieut. Gen. W. J. Hardee, and John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War, and their indorsements of the 8th Texas' plea form a remarkable tribute to the fine qualities of the regiment.

General Harrison, commanding the brigade to which the 8th Texas was attached, writes:

"Respectfully forwarded and most earnestly recommended. The 8th Texas Cavalry has served under my command for nearly four years, and the fidelity with which it has discharged its duties, and the valuable and distinguished services it has rendered entitle it to the most favorable consideration. I regard it manifestly the policy of the Government and to the interest of the service to grant the furloughs asked, and I confidently believe that the Regiment will return promptly at the expiration of its leave and largely increased in numbers."

Next is the indorsement of Brig. Gen. W. Y. C. Humes, who writes:

"Respectfully forwarded approved. The granting of this application would be most wise; the men would return free from the strong dissatisfaction now existing because of four years' absence from home; the thinned and fast depleting ranks would be filled, and a most valuable regiment saved to the service."

To this Gen. Joseph Wheeler adds his comment:

"Respectfully forwarded and recommended. This is an excellent fighting regiment, and it would be to the interest of the service for it to be increased. If all the regiment cannot be allowed to go at once, I would respectfully recommend that the Department commander be authorized to furlough one-third of the command at a time."

And finally there is the notation of Lieut. Gen. William J. Hardee:

"Respectfully forwarded with the earnest recommendation that one half the regiment be furloughed for four months, and the other half to be furloughed when the first half returns. This regiment has done gallant service."

The Secretary of War, General Breckinridge, has made this notation on the back of the petition:

"No law or order forbids the General Commanding an army from exercising his discretion in granting furloughs to his command when he can spare the men."

In the parlance of our day, that concluding

clause formed the "catch" in the indorsement. With Sherman's hordes overrunning the country, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston could not "spare" such a fine fighting unit as the 8th Texas. But in a few more weeks the fighting was over, and the gallant survivors of Terry's Texas Rangers were enabled to return home like conquering heroes.

### SOUTHERN NEWSPAPERS OF THE WAR PERIOD.

BY MRS. WILLIAM CABELL FLOURNEY.

[Winning essay in contest for Anna Robinson Andrews Medal, 1931.]

Among the noncombatants of the war period of the sixties, none made a more gallant stand than the Southern editors. Much of the time without food, often without news, frequently without either paper or ink, and many times without an office, they bravely carried on, and met these privations with a jest.

Union generals did not hesitate, when it was in their power, to suppress any newspaper in the South when they thought best to do so. In New Orleans, the *Bee*, the *Delta*, and the *Crescent* were suppressed at various times. When the *Daily Argus*, of Memphis, met this fate, it was put into the hands of correspondents of the *New York Tribune* and the *New York Herald*. It often happened that the writer of a specially strong editorial would be compelled to resign, under threat from the Federals, or total suspension of the paper.

General Grant, incensed at an editorial entitled "Mischief-Makers" in the *Avalanche*, of Memphis, ordered that either the paper suspend or the writer resign. Curtailed newspapers in the South, however, had, on the whole, but little room for editorials. Probably none attracted greater attention both in the North and the South than the one which early appeared in the *Courier*, of Charleston, S. C., from which the following is taken: "The sword must cut asunder the last tie that bound us to a people whom, in spite of wrongs and injustice wantonly inflicted through a long series of years, we had not yet utterly hated and despised. Some of the most splendid pages in our glorious history must be blurred. A blow must be struck that would make the ears of every Republican fanatic tingle, and whose dreadful effects will be felt by generations yet to come." This must be judged by the standards of the day and the bitter feelings engendered by the sectional strife.

After South Carolina seceded, her papers published all items from the North under the head of "Foreign Intelligence," and other States followed her lead. Throughout the war the most important news, save the announcement of a victory or a defeat, was the long list of the dead or wounded, which newspapers printed in small type. Headlines were seldom wider than one column. The scarcity of paper and ink crippled the Southern papers more than has been realized. Practically every paper at strategic points in the South was forced to reduce its size. The *Charleston Courier*, for example, made several reductions until, in 1865, it appeared as a small sheet ten by fifteen inches, with but four columns to the page. In many instances, Southern papers simply issued small news-sheets about the size of handbills, in which the news was printed in the smallest type possible. The scarcity of paper induced some of the leading newspapers to begin a systematic gathering of "cotton or linen rags, white or colored," for which the highest market price was paid, either in money or in subscriptions to the newspapers themselves. Many were forced to suspend entirely; others limited the period for which they would receive subscriptions. The *Memphis Daily Appeal* did not take subscriptions for a longer period than two months, and the *Macon Daily Confederate* refused all orders for more than three months.

Before ceasing publication, many papers appeared on common wrapping paper, paper bags, or the blank side of wall-paper. Among some of the wall-paper editors were the *Pictorial Democrat*, of Alexandria, La.; the *Daily Citizen*, of Vicksburg, Miss.; the *Courier*, of Opelousas, La.; the *Stars and Stripes*, of Thibodaux, La.; and many others.

It is said that a North Carolina editor, for the lack of paper, wrote his editorials on a shingle, scraping it off after the article was set up; then the shingle was ready for another editorial. It is significant that no paper in the South during that period was ever suspended by the Confederate government, whereas in the North scores of papers were suspended and many were mobbed.

The lack of paper increased the subscription rates. During 1864, the *Macon Telegraph*, often a small, one-page sheet, was forty-eight dollars a year, raised to sixty dollars, then seventy, and ninety-six dollars, reaching the limit in 1865 of one hundred and twenty dollars a year. The *Memphis Appeal*, sold at half price to Confederate soldiers, advanced its regular subscription to

five dollars per month in coin, not in paper money.

Some of the papers avoided total suspension by leading a peripatetic career. Box cars were transformed into printing offices, and taken from place to place with each advance of the enemy. For three years the *Memphis Appeal* was printed away from its home city. This paper, which spoke for the Confederate army in general, and for the Army of Tennessee in particular, was forced, again and again, to move type, presses, etc., from place to place in order to keep ahead of the invading army. During the "Sea" fight in front of Memphis, the *Appeal* retreated in a box car to Grenada, Miss. The following Monday it appeared as an afternoon paper, and was published under difficulties, as most of its mail and exchange were still being delivered in Memphis. When the Federals approached Grenada, the *Appeal* went to Jackson, Miss., where it made its bow as follows: "Though driven from home, we are not among strangers." For six weeks it appeared in nonpareil type, on paper of varying size, shape, and color. Shelled out of Jackson, the *Appeal*, taking its presses and its types, retreated to Meridian, only to find a more permanent place at Atlanta. From Atlanta the press and type were shipped to Montgomery, but part of the staff continued to issue extra news-slips from a proof-press. But they had to move on to Macon, and did not return to Memphis until after the surrender, where the first issue of the paper was brought out in November, 1865.

The *Chattanooga Rebel*, often spoken of as the organ of the Army of Tennessee, appeared in 1862, published by F. M. Paul and John C. Burch. An early editor of this paper was Henry Watterson, who later came to fame as editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. After first Manassas, Watterson came to Nashville, and on the fall of that city he joined the Confederate army as a voluntary aid. In this capacity he met the publisher of the *Rebel*, who persuaded him that he could serve the South better with his pen than in any other way. Watterson did not approve of General Bragg, and attacked him in one of his typical editorials. General Bragg issued an order forbidding the circulation of the *Rebel* within Confederate lines. The *Rebel* was permitted to appear later, and did excellent service, keeping always just a little in advance of the Federal lines.

Confederate forces were not without their newspapers. The Missouri Army organ was a four-page sheet published in the interest of the Confederate soldiers of that State, and paid for



by the State. The *Rebel* and *Copperhead Ventilator* at Edina, Mo., was also an army sheet. Occasionally papers temporarily suspended for the same reason as that given by the *Daily Confederate*, of Macon, Ga.: "There was no paper issued from the *Confederate* office on Sunday morning. Every man in the establishment was in the field on Saturday. We hope our subscribers will consider this a sufficient excuse."

Ink was also at a premium. Homemade inks, often so poorly mixed they did not spread well over the rollers, were better than some of the "near inks," or substitutes. The *Memphis Appeal* and some other papers were compelled to print with shoe-blackening. Many Southern States provided for the exemption of newspaper men from military duty. In South Carolina, provision was made that the number thus excused should not exceed seven for a daily in Charleston, five for a daily in Columbia, and two for a country paper. In Virginia, the law exempted "one editor of each newspaper and such employees as the editor or proprietor may certify on honor to be indispensable for conducting the publication, provided the same is published at least once a week."

Advertising in the papers of the South reflected the spirit of the great conflict, and often took the form of making known the various needs for army supplies. We find the following in the *Charleston Mercury* early in 1861: "Wanted—a first-class strongly built clipper. She must be fast, light draft, and capable of being fitted out as a privateer. Address Sumter, through the post office."

Advertisements also indicated the tremendous fluctuation in the value of Confederate money. A clothing store announced that, owing to the victory of the Union army, and the fall in gold, it was offering its stock at greatly reduced prices. Whatever product was offered for sale, the advertisement had a distinctly war-time flavor. On the whole, it was considered, in the South, more patriotic to fight than to write.

The Richmond, Va., papers, the *Enquirer*, the *Examiner*, the *Sentinel*, and the *Whig*, kept up their activities. E. A. Pollard, Editor of the *Examiner*, was one of the bitterest opponents of Jefferson Davis, and repeatedly attacked him as dictatorial, while belittling the work of Congress.

The *Frankfort Argus* was a power in Kentucky Democratic politics as long as Amos Kendall was at the helm. George D. Prentice, of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, who was for thirty years the foremost journalist of the entire South, has been

credited with having prevented Kentucky from seceding. An old-time Whig, he could not become either a Republican or a Democrat, but at the beginning of the war he espoused the cause of the Union, in spite of the fact that his two sons were in the Confederate army.

Only occasionally were the Southern papers requested not to publish any information about military movements, lest the news might reach and inform the enemy; and such requests were in all instances complied with. The only paper to make its appearance in Richmond after evacuation day was the *Evening Whig*, which gave notice that it would hereafter be issued as a Union paper, the only conditions under which any publication could then be permitted by those in authority.

#### AN ACT OF MERCY.

Comrade John Wesley Dixon, whose death last December is recorded in this number of the *VETERAN*, wrote for his family something of his experiences as a Confederate soldier, in which he narrated a little incident connected with the fighting at Jackson, La. "We had routed the enemy," he says, "and coming back over the battle field, I found a large Yankee soldier lying on the ground, groaning. I stopped and looked down at him, when he said, 'My friend, will you give me a drink of water?' 'Certainly,' I replied, and stooped down and raised his head to my canteen. As I laid him back, he asked me to stay with him till he died. I told him I would, but hoped he was not mortally wounded, then sat down and took his head in my lap. He asked me to get a package from his coat pocket, which I found to be a daguerreotype of a lady and two small children, which he said were his wife and babies. He tremblingly pressed the picture to his lips, and asked me to get it to his Colonel, to be sent to his wife with the message that he died doing his duty. I promised that I would, but had no idea how I could do so. He had ten or twelve dollars in his purse, which he wanted me to keep, but I told him I would send that also to his wife.

"This promise worried me for two days, when I rode out of camp and through the woods till I reached the Yankee post at Port Hudson, some fourteen miles away. After the usual tests, I was taken to the Lieutenant in charge of the Reserve Post, who sent me on to the Colonel's headquarters. The latter treated me very kindly, and said he would send the purse and money to the

soldier's wife, with his message. He then put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'My lad, are you a soldier?' and, 'To what company do you belong?' I told him 'Company C, 4th Louisiana Cavalry, Col. Frank Power's Regiment, Gen. John Scott's Brigade—Company C known as McKowen's Scouts.' He said, 'Oh, yes, I know you boys, and have met you many times on the battle field, and know you as daredevils.' In bidding me goodbye, he said: 'My lad, if you are ever captured in this part of the army, send for me; I'll take care of you,' to which I replied, 'You are never going to get me.' "

Comrade Dixon had a roll of the John C. McKowen Scouts, Company C, 4th Louisiana Cavalry, which he had recalled from memory, and this included ninety-six of the one hundred and thirty men enrolled, and he could remember something about a great many of them, such as their promotions, wounds, deaths, etc., a very remarkable feat of memory. If there are any survivors of this company now, they might be interested in this company roll, which can be furnished by his daughter, Mrs. H. C. Reiner, Clayton, Mo.

## YOUNGEST CONFEDERATE COURIER.

BY HENRY H. VADEN, RICHMOND, VA.

What I am about to relate occurred during the winter of 1864, when I was living with my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Vaden, at Buck Hill, our home in Chesterfield County, now in the city limits.

I claim the distinction of having been the youngest Courier, acting for the Confederate Army, that ever conveyed an important message from one part of the country to the other. This interesting episode in my life occurred when I was a small boy of seven, during the War between the States.

My mother told me one day that a wagon would come to Buck Hill, and she wanted me to convey a note to her brother, General Heth, familiarly known as "Harry," who at that time was in his winter quarters about five miles from Petersburg, on the Boydton Plank Road. Mother put the note in the lining of my coat and *admonished* me *very positively* not to let any one know about it. A large covered wagon, drawn by four mules and filled with barrels and boxes, several men accompanying it, arrived, picked me up and we started on our journey. Upon leaving, the driver asked me if there was not a nearer way than the one they had come. I said, "Sure," and out rear of the farm we went, through a large body of woods.

One of the men remarked, "We will get lost in these woods." The driver, by whom I was sitting, replied, "Never you mind. This little laddie knows every foot of the ground." Sure enough, we came to the opening (draw-bars) near Petersburg Pike. The roads were very bad all the way. I distinctly remember going down a hill before reaching Petersburg, also the direction we took out of Petersburg. We reached our destination about seven P.M., and I went in the house by a side entrance and into a large room. This room, as well as the whole house, was very bare, only tables and chairs constituting the furnishing. Being very cold, I approached a large open fire. In the corner, near the fire, were some ladies, one I remember was my aunt, wife of General Heth; the others were wives of the other officers. They had their eyes on some fancy work and did not see me, but some gentleman in a farther corner, playing backgammon, did see me, and I can hear that voice today which said, "Isn't that Henry Vaden?" Then they all realized how cold I was and began putting my feet and hands in cold water. I thought they were going to murder me, but I was soon made comfortable.

General Heth was expecting some message, and when I told them I was the bearer of a note, it was soon taken from the lining of my coat. I do not know its details, but my recollection is it contained important secret military information. I have often regretted I did not ascertain it from my mother while she was living. I was there several days, and remember perfectly the location of the enemy as pointed out to me.

Strange to say, my return home is a perfect blank in my mind.

## IN MARCH.

The sun falls warm; the Southern wind awakes;  
The air seethes upward with a steamy shiver;  
Each dip of the road is now a crystal lake,  
And every rut a little dancing river.  
Through great clouds that sunder overhead  
The deep sky breaks as pearly blue as summer;  
Out of a cleft beside the river's bed  
Flaps the black crow, the first demure new-comer.  
The last scared drifts are eating fast away  
With glassy tinkle into glittering laces;  
Dogs lie asleep, and little children play  
With tops and marbles in the sunbare places;  
And I that stroll with many a thoughtful pause  
Almost forget that winter ever was.

—Archibal Lampman.





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

And so, my friends, our heroes sleep,  
Nor grief may stir them where they lie;  
The heritage they left we keep,  
And from it learn to live—and die.  
Underneath the greening sod,  
Our living dead heroes in gray—  
Each a patriot tried and true—reach out,  
To draw us nearer still to God.

—Mrs. Townes Randolph Leigh,

#### AUGUSTUS L. HERPIN.

Augustus L. Herpin, said to be the last survivor of the battle of Mobile Bay, died in Mobile, Ala., on March 1, after a long illness. He was born in Mobile, and a life-long resident of the city.

He engaged in the mercantile business following the War between the States until some sixteen years ago, and was very active up to his last illness. He was in his eighty-ninth year.

Nineteen-year-old Augustus Herpin joined the Confederate army in 1863 as a member of Company E, 21st Alabama Infantry, known as Woodruff's Rifles.

With the exception of five months spent at a federal prison at Ship Island, Private Herpin fought through the remainder of the war. Although he never suffered a wound, he lost two brothers, Emile Herpin, who was shot down in the battle of Shiloh, and John Theodore Herpin, who was killed at the battle of Malvern Hill.

Augustus Herpin fought through the battle of Mobile Bay, watching the forces of Admiral Farragut vanquish Fort Morgan, Fort Gaines, and the gallant but inadequate Confederate fleet.

After his release from Ship Island prison, he fought in the battle of Spanish Fort.

Augustus Herpin was the oldest living alumnus of Spring Hill College, and was a lifelong member of the Catholic Church and of several societies of his church, also of civic and fraternal orders of the city, and a member of Semmes Camp U. C. V.

He is survived by nieces and nephews, and other relatives.

#### JOHN WESLEY DIXON.

John Wesley Dixon, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. F. Hunt, at Cisco, Tex., on December 12, 1931, was born at Jackson, La., July 11, 1847, son of Rev. Thomas F. and Sarah Sims Dixon. Burial was in Grove Hill Cemetery, with the Odd Fellows in charge of the services. Members of Camp Sterling Price, U. C. V., of Dallas, attended in a body. Comrade Dixon had been a resident of Dallas County for fifty-six years, and a former resident of the city of Dallas.

Following the war he attended Centenary College at Clinton, La., and taught school in Clinton before moving to Texas in 1875. He was married to Miss Wynona Ann Ambrose in November, 1868, and is survived by his wife, three daughters, and two sons, also eight grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Of his service for the Confederacy, Comrade Dixon wrote that when his father and older brother volunteered in 1861, he begged to go also, but was told that he must stay at home to take care of his mother and the younger children. However, in the early May, 1862, he slipped away and joined Company G, of the 4th Louisiana Infantry, Gibson's Brigade, but in 1863 he was transferred to Company G, of the 4th Louisiana Cavalry, Col. Frank Powers. He took part in many engagements both with the infantry and cavalry. In the fighting near Clinton, Miss., in July, 1864, he was wounded three times but never left the line of battle. His brother was killed two days before, July 28, 1864, in the fighting at Stone Mountain, Ga. Comrade Dixon also gave two years' service in the World War, 1918-1919.

#### BEN HARVIN.

St. Louis Camp, No. 731, U. C. V., sadly reports the death of Comrade Ben Harvin on February 5, 1932.

Devoted to the principles of Southern rights, Comrade Harvin enlisted in Hannibal, Mo., in 1861, as a member of Colonel Porter's regiment. He participated in severe fighting in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and was one of the thousands of Missourians who for so long hurled back the huge armies of the three hostile Yankee States that bordered old Missouri. In 1863, 1864, and 1865, Comrade Harvin rode with that gallant and dashing chieftian, Quantrell, and he also served the true cause with George Todd, Dave Poole, "Bloody" Bill Anderson, and Jesse James. He was a devoted Democrat, and a Mason.

[William E. Wootten, Adjutant Colonel.]

## EDWARD CLIFFORD BRUSH.

At his home in Brookline, Mass., on October 26, 1931, Edward Clifford Brush, veteran of the Confederacy and Honorary Member of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., passed away after a lingering illness. More fortunate than many of his comrades, he was able to maintain to the end a well ordered household, whose atmosphere reflected the refined gentleman that he was.

The mother of Edward Brush was Francisco Marin, a connection of Ponce de Leon, founder of St. Augustine in 1565. In that old city he was born, and while a student there he enlisted, August 5, 1861, at the age of sixteen, with the Independent Blues, a military company existing from the date of the State's admission to the Union. However, he continued at the Academy until St. Augustine was occupied by the Federals. The company was ordered away on March 10, 1862, and was assigned to the 3rd Florida Regiment as Company B, commanded by Capt. John Lott Philips, who had been head master at the school. The Regiment was sent to Mobile, and joined Bragg's army in its campaign through Tennessee into Kentucky and took part in the battle of Perryville and other engagements and retreat from that State. At Perryville, young Brush served as ordnance sergeant.

Their term of enlistment expiring in December, 1862, Edward Brush and several other boys were discharged and sent home. St. Augustine being still in the hands of the Federals, he went to Sanderson and worked at the depot quartermaster's office until his re-enlistment in August, 1863, in Company H, 2nd Florida Battalion, but continued in service with the depot quartermaster. In May, 1864, the 2nd Florida Battalion was ordered to Virginia and served with the Army of Northern Virginia. He was in the fighting at Petersburg, and was captured with other pickets in the Federal charge at the Crater, following the explosion of their mine, and sent to Point Lookout, from which prison he was discharged after the war closed.

Of special interest is this extract from his will: "I give and bequeth to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, or by whatever name that society may be known at Richmond, Va., my histories of the War between the States, 1861-1865. I direct that a reasonable charge for the cost of packing and shipping the books to Richmond, Va., be paid out of my estate."

[Mrs. O. F. Wiley, Historian Boston Chapter, U. D. C.]

## T. W. FITZPATRICK.

Thomas White Fitzpatrick, was born September, 1842, died on January 25, 1932, at the home of his niece, Mrs. Mary Graves Baker, Knoxville, Tenn., after a few days' illness. After funeral services at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Pearl Curtis, his body was taken to Asheville, N. C., and buried by the side of his wife. He is survived by three daughters, one son, and one brother. He would have been ninety years old next September.

T. W. Fitzpatrick enlisted in Company F, 29th Tennessee Regiment, in June, 1861, at the age of nineteen years. He was elected 2nd Lieutenant of his company, and served throughout the War between the States. He was wounded at Murfreesboro and Mount Kinnassas. He was in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and other noted engagements.

In 1865, he was captured at Rheatown, Tenn., and taken to Point Lookout, where he remained till the close of war.

In June, 1870, he married Miss Anna Laura Graves, of Morristown, Tenn., and spent the rest of his life in Morristown, Asheville, N. C., and Knoxville, Tenn.

[J. P. Graves.]

## J. C. ALCORN.

Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 118, U. C. V., of Brownwood, Tex., mourns the loss of another member in the death of John Caldwell Alcorn, eighty-five years of age, who died on the 26th of January, 1932, at Bangs, Tex. He was born in Floyd County, Ga., October 21, 1847, and in 1864, at the age of seventeen, he enlisted in the Confederate army in the command of Gen. Joe Wheeler. He was a charter member of Stonewall Jackson Camp.

In December, 1869, Mr. Alcorn was married to Miss Mary Barrett, who survives him with seven of the eight children born to them, six sons and two daughters. He took his family to Texas from Tennessee in 1874. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, of which denomination his great-grandfather, Josiah Alcorn, was an elder in Ireland.

Just before his passing, after having been unconscious for some time, Mr. Alcorn sang in a loud clear voice every word of the song, "I Need Thee Every Hour."

[Mary E. White, Adjutant Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V.]



JERRY BAKER.

On February 9, 1932, at his home in Fresno, Calif., my father, Jeremiah Baker, answered the Last Roll Call. On a bright morning, he passed gently over the border. In bed but a few days, without pain, with his family and friends talking with him, all was just as he had wished.

"Glad did he live, and gladly die,  
And he laid him down with a will."

He was ready and waited joyfully for the call, with a trusting faith that all would be well with him.

Although three months past eighty-eight years of age, his mind was clear to the end; his eyesight had failed within the past year so that he could not read the daily papers, but the radio served to keep him in touch with the doings of the outside world.

Three sons and seven daughters are left to mourn the loss of a father who has lived before them an example of piety, high principle, and a love that embraced all of mankind whose pathway brought them in touch with him. Always patient and forbearing with his large family, he sought always to lead, never drive, them into useful honored manhood and womanhood, each one a leader in the community that knows him best.

A long life full of hardships and privations—beginning with the loss of his mother in his infancy—failed to shadow or to sour his disposition; uncomplaining and cheerful, he went his way with ever a cheery whistle or the words of a gospel hymn. Never rich in the world's goods, yet ever ready to share with those less fortunate.

And when the end of the journey drew near he was "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust"; approaching his bier "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lay "down to pleasant dreams."

From notes prepared by my father, the following is taken: "Born on the 28th of October, 1843, I was twelve years old when my father moved to Missouri in 1855. He was a blacksmith, and I worked in his shop until July 25, 1862, when I joined the Confederate army. I was taken prisoner that fall and sent to St. Louis, then to Alton, Ill.; in March, 1863, was sent back to St. Louis, and on April 2, after seven months in prison, was sent to City Point, Va., and exchanged, then went on to Petersburg. From there a num-

ber of us were sent to Parsons' Brigade, 2nd Missouri Troops, in Arkansas. At Little Rock, I was put in Pindall's Battalion, 9th Confederate Sharpshooters, and so served to the close of war. I was made Corporal when the company was re-organized, and afterwards promoted to Sergeant; was color guard in every battle I was in. We were paroled on the 9th of June, 1865, at Shreveport, La., and started home on the old boat, Old Kentucky, on Red River, but the boat struck a snag and sank near Shreveport. Many comrades were drowned, and many negroes who were going North. I swam ashore and landed in a canebrake. Those who survived were taken back to Shreveport in a boat, and we again started on our way home."

Perhaps there are still some of his old comrades who read the VETERAN, and may be interested in the passing of Jerry Baker.

[Mrs. Robert Lee Davis, Reedly, Calif.]

JOHN T. MCBRIDE, SR.

With the passing of John T. McBride, Sr., on May 16, 1931, Jackson Parish, La., lost her oldest of the few remaining veterans of the War between the States. "Uncle John," as he was best known, was born in Holmes County, Miss., September 26, 1841. In his early childhood, his parents moved to Jackson Parish, La., where he grew up and married Miss Elizabeth Brown. Only a few weeks after their marriage, war was declared, and, on February 27, 1862, Uncle John enlisted as a private in Company H, 12th Louisiana Infantry, C. S. A., at Monroe, La. Transferred to Company M in November, he soon saw active service, and was captured May 16, 1863, at Champion Hill, being sent to the Federal prison at Fort Delaware, whence he was transported to the prison camp at Elmira, N. Y. In February, 1865, he was among several Confederate prisoners sent to the James River for exchange, and on February 25, re-entered the Confederate lines.

On May 26, 1865, he surrendered at New Orleans, and, being paroled at Monroe in June, he returned to Jackson Parish, La., to take up his old occupation as farmer and merchant.

By his first marriage there were six children. After the death of his wife in 1882, he married Miss Nancy Shows, to whom were born three children. She died in 1908, and he married Mrs. Jennie Hattaway, who died in 1917.

I personally knew "Uncle John" McBride for the past twenty-five years, and his sterling qualities were ever a source of inspiration. He was

a devout Christian and a citizen of his community of whom all were proud; a true gentleman of the old South!

[Fred Calloway, Jonesboro, La.]

## HENRY M. KIBBEE.

The New York Southern Society reports the death, on March 1, 1932, at the Andrew Freeman Home, New York City, of Henry M. Kibbee, aged ninety years. He was born on the 24th of November, 1841, in Macon, Ga. At the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted and became a sergeant in Company G, 10th Georgia Regiment, C. S. A., of which regiment Col. Alfred Cummings was in command and Gen. Bankhead Magruder was his Brigade Commander. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia, and took part in the battles of Southern Pines, Savage Station, Malvern Hill, Williamsburg, the second Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, and South Mountain. In the last engagement, he was so seriously wounded as to incapacitate him from further military service. He was taken prisoner and was subsequently exchanged.

After the War, Mr. Kibbee was engaged in business on the New York Cotton Exchange for many years, and had the respect and esteem of all those who knew him. He is survived by his wife. Burial was in the Confederate Burial Plot of Mount Hope Cemetery, near New York City.

[New York Southern Society: George Gordon Battle, President; Garland P. Peed, Secretary.]

In sending the above, J. A. Webb, of New York City, writes:

"Only one comrade now survives of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, organized by Confederate soldiers who went to New York after the close of the war, made that city their home and became a widely recognized influence in the business, professional, and social life of the metropolis."

## JOHN PHILLIPS.

On November 4, 1931, at Brantley, Ala., John Phillips passed to his reward, aged eighty-nine years. He was a brave soldier of the Confederacy, serving with the 10th Georgia Regiment, and performing his duty always regardless of consequences. While facing the enemy at Chancellorsville, Va., in May, 1863, he received a wound which necessitated the amputation of his arm at the shoulder, but in the confusion and turmoil of

the time, it was not done until mortification had set in. However, he survived the trying ordeal, and returned home to Alabama, where he married and reared a family. He is survived by his wife, four sons, and four daughters.

Thus has passed one of the few Confederate veterans left in Crenshaw County, Ala. Peace to his soul!

[I. G. Bradwell, Commander Camp Gracie, No. 472, U. C. V.]

## ALONZO LINDSEY.

Alonzo Lindsey, who died at his home in Nashville, Tenn., on February 13, in his ninety-first year, was born at Lawrenceburg, Tenn., June 12, 1841, the son of Edward Newton and Selinah Bailey Lindsey, and a descendant of distinguished colonial forbears. Isaac Lindsey, his grandfather, fought under Andrew Jackson in the Creek Indian War, and John Lindsey, another ancestor, served in the Continental Army as a colonel during the Revolutionary War.

Alonzo Lindsey was educated in private schools of Lawrenceburg, at Jackson Academy, Burritt College at Spencer, and Franklin College at Nashville. Just prior to the outbreak of the War between the States, he became associated in business with a Nashville firm. When the war began he returned to Lawrenceburg and helped in the organization of a regiment which was taken into the Confederate Army as the 3rd Tennessee Regiment.

With this regiment he served throughout the war, first as lieutenant, and later in command of his company as captain. He was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson, and was confined for eight months at Camp Chase and Johnson's Island, at Sandusky, Ohio. He was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865.

Mr. Lindsey then entered the cotton business in Nashville, and a little later the wholesale grocery brokerage business, with which he was identified throughout the remainder of his life.

He was married to Miss Etha Jane Hagan in 1870. Six children were born to them; two daughters died several years ago. His wife died in 1924. Surviving are four sons.

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Go to thy rest well earned, thou noble soul!  
We keep thy memory green and praise thy name.  
Won is the goal, and Paradise thy gain,  
Leaving a legacy of love and fame!



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

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1541 Riverside Avenue, Jacksonville, Fla.

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:*

It is with great pleasure that I have received letters from the different officers and chairmen of Committees telling me of satisfactory progress made in the work of the organization.

Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter has forwarded to me a copy of a letter which she has sent to the Division Registrars and Division Presidents in regard to the card file system. She says: "This is one of the most forward steps exhibited in the interest of perfect registration, and shows a great improvement in this work, and places registration on a high level of efficiency."

Mrs. T. W. Reed, Chairman of Education, has issued the Education circulars. There are many valuable scholarships available this year, notably the Washington and Lee Memorial Scholarship and the Woodrow Wilson Memorial Scholarship in the School of Law at the University of Virginia. Mrs. Reed has also made an appeal to the Divisions to complete the Mrs. L. H. Raines Memorial Scholarship. Five thousand dollars is the amount needed to complete this fund. The scholarship was established in memory of Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Georgia, who was one of the greatest and most beloved leaders in the United Daughters of the Confederacy in earlier years.

I am glad to announce that the Chapters in Massachusetts have organized a Division and to welcome this youngest Division into the organization. The Division was formed at the Copley Plaza Hotel of Boston, February 11, 1932, delegates and members from the Boston, Woodrow Wilson, and Robert E. Lee Chapters attending. The following officers were elected: President—Mrs. F. L. Hoffman, Boston Chapter; First Vice-President—Mrs. C. B. Taylor; Second Vice-President—Mrs. George E. Judd, R. E. Lee Chapter; Third Vice-President—Mrs. R. L. Rand, Woodrow

Wilson Chapter; Recording Secretary—Mrs. E. E. Pratt; Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Albert Rider, Boston Chapter; Registrar—Mrs. P. W. Page, Boston Chapter; Historian—Mrs. O. F. Wiley, Boston Chapter.

I have received a letter inviting the United Daughters of the Confederacy to participate in the National Flag Day Pageant Parade to be held in Washington, D. C., on the evening of June 14, 1932. As at Asheville a resolution was introduced to co-operate with the Commission for the celebration of the 200th Anniversary of Washington's birth (Asheville Minutes, page 118), after consulting by correspondence with the members of the Executive Committee, I took the liberty to accept the invitation. As it will be impossible for me to be in Washington at that date, I have appointed Miss Jessica Randolph Smith, of that city, to represent the United Daughters of the Confederacy officially on that occasion. Many Chapters have written me of the fact of their having co-operated with other organizations in the celebrations of the Bicentennial. Mrs. L. U. Babin, Corresponding Secretary General, has sent me a program of the Bicentennial celebration at Baton Rouge, sponsored by the Louisiana State University and the Patriotic and Civic Organizations of the city.

There has come to my desk a book, "Lee, the Soul of Honor," that is to my mind a great addition to Southern literature. It was written by John E. Hobeika. Mr. Hobeika is a young Syrian who came to America in his early youth. Mr. Lyon G. Tyler in his foreword to the book said: "Mr. Hobeika's book is really a poem in blank verse."

## IN MEMORIAM.

On December 29, 1931, at the home of her son, Charles D. Lanier, in Greenwich, Conn., Mrs. Sidney Lanier, wife of the poet, Sidney Lanier,

passed to her reward. Our hearts go out in sympathy to her family and friends.

On Saturday morning, February 13, 1932, at her home in Atlanta, Ga., God called the gentle spirit of Miss Alice Baxter to her heavenly home. In her death the United Daughters of the Confederacy has met with a great loss. It was my pleasure to serve on the Executive Committee with her when Mrs. Roy W. McKinney was President General. Her sweetness of spirit and her brightness of intellect endeared her to the whole Committee. To me her death is a great personal sorrow. We unite with her family, her friends, her Division, and her Chapter in mourning her loss.

Faithfully yours, AMANDA AUSTIN BYRNE.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Arkansas.*—Mrs. Brown Rogers, President of the Arkansas Division, held an Executive Board meeting in Little Rock during February, during which she outlined the work of the Division for the coming year. All Committee Chairmen were appointed, also their assistants.

On February 3, Mrs. Rogers attended the anniversary celebration of the Gen. T. J. Churchill Chapter at the historic old home of General Churchill, whose two daughters, Mrs. M. M. Hankins and Mrs. J. F. Calef, were hostesses. Mrs. Hankins has been reappointed Regent of the Arkansas Room of the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va.

Trees are being planted at Arkansas Post commemorative of the battle fought there during the War between the States. A portion of the ground will be converted into a U. D. C. park.

Mrs. W. E. Massey, Recording Secretary General, of Hot Springs, was an honor guest at the Lee-Jackson-Maury memorial exercises held in Little Rock.

[Josie Frazee Cappleman, Publicity Director.]

\* \* \*

*California.*—The nine hostess Chapters of Los Angeles and Santa Monica ask that, if possible, the Daughters who are planning to visit California during the Olympic Games, come to Los Angeles during the California Division Convention, May 10, 11, and 12.

The Ambassador Hotel, headquarters for the Convention, is giving reduced rates to Daughters, and is also planning a golf tournament for the guests' families, as well as throwing open their plunge, and will stage an exhibition of some of

the entrants in the aquatic events during the Olympiad.

Mrs. Mary Elder, General Convention Chairman, 116 South Dillon Avenue, Los Angeles, will be glad to answer inquiries.

On January 19, commemorating the anniversary of Gen. Robert E. Lee's birth, the six Chapters from both sides of San Francisco Bay gave a luncheon at the Women's City Club in Berkeley, at which Mrs. Clio Lee Aydelot, of Hanford, a relative of General Lee, was a guest of honor. Mrs. Virginia Monroe led one hundred guests in singing Southern songs.

The Le Conte Chapter presented Col. Lewis Farrell, U. S. A., with a World War Cross of Military Service in honor of the services rendered the South by his father, Norman Farrell, during the War between the States.

Col. George E. Raum, of Berkeley, a veteran of the Army of Northern Virginia, was introduced, and another distinguished guest was Mrs. C. C. Clay, Honorary President U. D. C.

In Los Angeles the Helena B. Thorpe Chapter, C. of C., opened its regular monthly meeting with "Dixie." Virginia Runstan told in detail of the impressive ceremony at Richmond, Va., on January 19, in dedicating the bronze statue of General Lee on the spot where he accepted the command of the armed forces of Virginia. Barbara Stoughton, now in Richmond, sent a description of the Matthew Fontaine Maury monument dedicated in 1929, on Monument Avenue in Richmond, along with the immortals, Lee, Jackson, Stuart, and Davis. Anna Riche gave a paper on Matthew Fontaine Maury, "Pathfinder of the Seas," following which Mrs. Mason, Director, told of the achievements of Commodore Maury that have proved of inestimable value to navigation.

The birth month of Maury, Jackson, and Lee was chosen by the Sterling Price Chapter, of Stockton, to honor Benjamin E. Longist, 107-year-old Confederate veteran, a private in Company H, 2nd Florida Cavalry, and who also served eight years in the Indian Wars. He was presented with the Cross of Honor at the home of his daughter, and he presented each guest with a flower.

Two Chapters in San Diego celebrated the Bicentennial of George Washington's birth at their regular meetings as well as at a luncheon given at the San Diego Athletic Club by the Stonewall Jackson Chapter. Miss Mary Vivian Conway, President of the Chapter and Division Historian, a native Virginian, presided.

[May Blanks Killough, Director Publicity.]



*Kentucky.*—The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter holds its meetings the second Monday in each month, at the Seelbach Hotel. Last October it entertained the State Convention, and a member, Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, was elected President of the Kentucky Division, while another, Mrs. Nat Dortch, was elected Corresponding Secretary, honors of which the Chapter is very proud.

On the day after Thanksgiving, several of the members went to the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, taking the Chapter donation to the veterans—fifty cents each and served ice cream and cake. Members from the Chapter went again on the 26th of December and assisted the Confederate Home Chapter in distributing the gifts sent by the Chapters throughout the State. Mr. McFarland, Commandant, had a gaily decorated Christmas tree in the sun parlor, and Mrs. Minish and her two children gave a delightful program of music and dancing, the Confederate Home Chapter serving refreshments.

On Kentucky Day, December 13, the Chapter arranged for speakers to give outstanding events in Kentucky history in seventy-five city schools, a custom of several years.

On January 18, a Confederate flag was presented to the Greathouse School. The presentation was made by the President of the Chapter, and Mrs. Turner, President of the Division, gave a talk on General Lee's interest in education.

Captain Bennett was presented with a Cross of Honor on January 19. The reception, planned for that day, was canceled due to the passing away of Mrs. T. D. Osborne—the mother of Mrs. John L. Woodbury, one of the oldest members of the Chapter.

[Mrs. W. T. Fowler, Director.]

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*Louisiana.*—Louisiana is very proud of the fact that our Mrs. L. U. Babin was unanimously elected to the office of Corresponding Secretary General at the convention in Jacksonville. Mrs. Babin has long been active in U. D. C. work, and has held many offices in the Louisiana Division, one of them being that of State President. To honor Mrs. Babin, the local Chapters in New Orleans and Joanna Waddill Chapter, of Baton Rouge, of which Mrs. Babin is a member, entertained at attractive luncheons.

We are gratified, also, at the work our Children of the Confederacy are doing. The Julia Jackson Chapter, of New Orleans, won the Doriska Gautreaux prize, a set of books valued at fifty dollars,

offered by Mrs. Charles Granger to the chapter sending the best report, and in addition securing the largest number of subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Nine of these subscriptions were given by Owen Eckhardt, the little son of our State President, to different schools in the city.

The Division extends its thanks to the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans for a contribution of twenty-five dollars toward the fund for the Jefferson Davis bust at Transylvania.

It is with pleasure that we report an increased number of subscriptions to the VETERAN given by our Chapters to the schools of different cities, and an increasing use of the magazine in Chapter programs.

[Mary Graham, Director.]

\* \* \*

*Ohio.*—The thirtieth annual convention of the Ohio Division met in Dayton, October 14, as guest of the Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter. Mrs. Crocker, Division President, responding to the address of welcome given by the Mayor of Dayton.

Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, candidate for President General, was the guest of honor. A beautiful banquet was held in the evening at the Hotel Miami.

Mrs. Crocker stressed the importance of Confederate Veteran Relief and a report was given concerning the Memorial to Dan Emmet, author of "Dixie," which was placed at his birthplace in Mount Vernon, Ohio, last June, by the Ohio Division.

The Henry W. Grady Chapter in Dayton is proud to claim among the honorary members two Confederate veterans, Mr. J. E. Delay, formerly of Virginia, and Dr. W. T. Simrall, formerly of Kentucky.

[Sarah Simrall Lane.]

\* \* \*

*Virginia.*—Notwithstanding "the depression," the State of Virginia is coming up with all pledges to U. D. C. work in the State. Chapters are reported as being in a flourishing condition, and new members are being added to many of them.

The first meeting of the Executive Board of the Virginia Division was held in Petersburg, January 21, 1932. Those present at the meeting were the newly elected officers. Miss Annie Mann read a letter from the Fredericksburg Chapter issuing invitation for the next State Convention to be held in October, 1932.

Reports were given by chairmen of committees. Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, as Chairman of Relief Work, stated that no further obligations could be taken care of this year. The Treasurer reporting six accounts closed: Matthew Fontaine Maury Bust Fund, Matthew Maury Scholarship Fund, Winnie Davis Memorial Fund, and the Jefferson Davis Bust Fund.

Mrs. William Cabell Flourney's book, *Twin Patriots: Washington and Lee*, was indorsed as parallel reading in the Virginia schools.

Mrs. Charles Bolling reported that \$5,890.90 has been raised, of the \$8,461.65 Virginia Division quota for payment on Stratford, and also told of the paying off of the mortgage on January 8 by a loan of \$115,000 from a friend who required no interest.

(Continued on page 152)

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

HISTORIAN GENERAL: Mrs. John Huske Anderson.

AIMS FOR 1932: To know your work—a fuller knowledge of the facts of our Confederate history.

### HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CONFEDERATE PERIOD.

*With Southern Songs*

MAY, 1932.

Memorials Erected to Confederate Valor—Arlington, Richmond, Lexington, Shiloh, Gettysburg, and the Battle Abbey.

Sculptors: Sir Moses Ezekiel, Edward Valentine, and others.

Poem: "Cover Them Over with Beautiful Flowers."

Songs: "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground."

MAY, 1932.

Southern Memorial Day—How Begun?

How the North Adopted Memorial Day from the South. Confederate Soldiers Who Were Poets.

Selection of Confederate Poetry.

"The Conquered Banner." Father Ryan.

### PRIZES FOR CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

ROBERT H. RICKS BANNER.—To the C. of C. Chapter sending in the best all-around report.

GRACE CLARE TAYLOR LOVING CUP.—To the C. of C. Chapter registering the largest number of new members during the year.

ANNA FLAGG HARVEY LOVING CUP.—To the Division Director who registers the largest number of new members during the year.

FLORENCE GOALDER FARIS MEDAL.—To the Division Director who registers the second largest number of new members during the year.

MOLLIE DAY DAFFAN LOVING CUP.—Offered by Miss Katie Daffan, in memory of her mother, to the member of the C. of C. who performs the most unselfish, individual service to a Confederate veteran or widow of a Confederate soldier.

MRS. W. S. COLEMAN LOVING CUP.—To the Chapter Director who places in school libraries the largest number of books on Confederate history, to be used as supplemental reading.

FIVE DOLLARS IN GOLD.—Offered by Mrs. R. B. Broyles to the Division Director sending in the first list of *All Chapters Chartered*.

The J. D. Moore C. of C. Chapter of Gastonia, North Carolina, in recognition of the twenty years' service as its Leader, offers a medal, to be known as the "Mrs. Thomas Lee Craig Medal," and to be given annually to the Chapter Leader transferring to membership in U. D. C. the greatest number of C. of C. members who have reached the age limit.

### C. OF C. ESSAYS.

(The same rules apply to the C. of C. essays as the U. D. C., except that the former must be sent to the Third Vice-President General, Mrs. R. B. Broyles, 5721 Fifth Court, South, Birmingham, Ala.)

CHURCHILL LOVING CUP.—For the best essay on "The Right of Secession."

MEDAL.—Offered by Mrs. H. W. Eckhardt, in memory of her mother, for the best essay on "Stonewall Jackson."

MEDAL.—Offered by Miss Jessica Smith, in memory of her father, Orren Randolph Smith.

Subject: "The Story of Stratford," with special reference to the men and women who made it their home.

ANNUAL U. D. C. MEDAL.—Memorial to Judge Edward Curd McLean, of Sherman, Texas, offered for competition to the General Organization, Children of the Confederacy, by his niece, Mrs. Franklin L. Morgan.

Subject: "Great Men of the South, Prior to the War between the States."

THE OREN RANDOLPH SMITH MEDAL.—For the best essay on "The Story of Stratford Hall," with special reference to the men and women who lived there and called it home.

\$5.00.—For the best essay on "Daring Cavalry Raids on the Confederacy," given by Mrs. J. T. Burney, of Mississippi.

Cups for U. D. C. and C. of C. are held for one year by the winners, whose names are engraved thereon, with date of award, and when filled, they are to be placed in the Confederate Museum at Richmond. The Babin, Eckhardt, and the Frederick Cups, when won two years in succession, will belong to the winner. Names engraved on cups must not have letters over one-quarter of an inch in size.

Medals and money are the property of the winners.

Program for C. of C. is sent out to Division Directors by the Director General, U. D. C.



## U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 151)

A luncheon was tendered the committee by the Petersburg Chapter.

At least ten members from each chapter in the State of Virginia should subscribe to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which is a superb collection of vital information concerning our Southland, and it is a privilege to secure it for the small sum asked. Ten to a Chapter is Virginia's slogan. *Remember it.*

The one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of Robert E. Lee's birth was celebrated by Chapters over the entire State. The Old Dominion Chapter of Lynchburg, held programs in all the city schools. At a meeting of the Chapter at the Elk's Club, Mrs. John H. Davis paid a beautiful tribute to General Lee. Crosses of honor were awarded to Dr. Don Preston Peters, Robert Edward McClure, and William C. Younger, World War veterans of Confederate descent. Southern songs were sung.

At exercises commemorating the Lee anniversary, the Wythe Grey Chapter, of Wytheville, presented Crosses of Service to Rev. W. H. Bowman, present Commander of the American Legion Post No. 9, Wytheville, Va.; Bishop M. Thomas, Bennett G. Moore, William Gammon, of Rural Retreat, and Col. R. Kent Spiller. The latter, son of one of the V. M. I. Cadets, also received the Spanish-American and Philippine Insurrection decorations, a most unusual honor.

Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee Palmer, of Emporia, the new Historian, has begun her work of the year in outlining programs for chapters, securing prizes for schools, and inspiring the work in collecting Southern libraries. The work on marking graves of Confederate dead is also urged by our State officers.

[Claudia M. Hagy.]

\* \* \*

*West Virginia.*—Huntington Chapter, No. 150, celebrated the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson by entertaining with a covered dish luncheon at the home of Mrs. Anna Kincaid, on January 19.

A program was presented consisting of an address and readings, with the lives of the two heroes as the subject. Vocal and instrumental music was rendered, and a memorial service held for the members who departed this life the past year.

Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Clarksburg, held a joint celebration of the birthdays of Generals

Lee and Jackson, Matthew Fontaine Maury, Jefferson Davis, Albert Gallatin Jenkins, and Admiral Semmes on January 19, in the Dixie Room of the Stonewall Jackson Hotel.

An address was made which touched on the heroic deeds of the six valorous men whose memories were honored, and a sketch given of Belle Boyd, the Southern Spy. Southern readings in negro dialect and instrumental and vocal music were on the program.

The Chapter President, Mrs. R. M. Thomason, told of the great educational work being done by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

### PLANTING THE U. D. C. BANNER IN MASSACHUSETTS.

On February 11, 1932, a Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized in Massachusetts.

One vitally interested in the history of the organization has asked for the story of the establishing of our Banner in Massachusetts, "for, of all the States, that one would be the last to show a sympathetic atmosphere of our cause," she said.

The story begins back in October, 1912, down in Athens, Ga., where the daughter of a Confederate soldier, who had married a Boston man, knew that she would soon be leaving to make her future home in Massachusetts.

Right here a pause is made to pay a loving tribute of gratitude to the late "Miss Milly" Rutherford for her inspiring encouragement from the time the idea was proposed throughout all the trying experiences that followed she never failed to give out helpful advice and aid in many ways; to Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, for, as Recording Secretary General, she aided in a vital way with all the technical part of the work, and with her encouraging letters; to Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, at that time the Georgia State President, who gave the messenger Georgia application blanks for membership (at that time we did not use a universal blank) and her deep interest in the idea; to the late Mrs. Fannie R. Williams—who issued the Charter—whose unfailing support helped to make the first trying year a success.

In January, 1913, the standard bearer arrived in Boston armed with one hundred Georgia membership blanks, wearing her U. D. C. badge, fortified with years of schooling under "Miss Milly," and blessed with an inherited resourcefulness from her Confederate forbears!

The name of one Southern woman in Boston had been given to her by Miss Milly—it was Dr. Mary Scott Jones.

Without delay this Alabama-born Boston woman was called upon to help the standard bearer find at least five more women eligible to the U. D. C., as we had to have seven. The good Doctor was not a member, so papers were given her to fill out at once. She furnished several names of Southerners who might be eligible. Her material aid and interest were invaluable in the beginning, and she is still a loyal supporter. May she be spared to us for a long time in Massachusetts.

Several months went by, and in that time eighteen Southern women had been called upon in greater Boston, and asked to join in organizing a Chapter of the U. D. C. Only three of that number were secured. Some were not really eligible. But the experiences encountered when interviewing all these ladies would make a most interesting book. Time and space do not permit the details about the different ones that helped to make the final steps successful, but the writer knows who they are, and will always be grateful to them and those who have joined in later years and are carrying on so loyally. But it must be told that the standard bearer ran into bitter opposition many times. Some of the Southerners were married to Northern men, professional and business ones, who were afraid that the wives as members of such an organization would hurt them!

September, 1913, had arrived and only five assured members—and, wondering just where to look next for U. D. C. material in Boston, the standard bearer happened to glance at a rather distinguished-looking lady standing near her at a department store counter. The glance turned into a stare, for she found that she was gazing right at a U. D. C. badge on that strange lady's dress! That was introduction enough. The lady proved to be a loyal U. D. C. from South Carolina, spending a year here with her daughter. She sent immediately to her home for demits for herself and daughter, and so we had the lucky seven! However, through these two we succeeded in finding four more, so that the Boston Chapter was chartered with eleven members, and the U. D. C.'s have been very busy in Massachusetts, and now have grown into a Division!

One of the members graciously offered her

home for the meetings, and the first were held there; but when the charter arrived in February, 1914, a special meeting commemorating the great event was held at the Cambridge home of the standard bearer.

We have made many lasting friends among our Massachusetts neighbors, won over newspaper editors, and have accomplished many seemingly impossible things—these U. D. C.'s in Massachusetts!

[The Standard Bearer.]

## THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAG.

Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, Chairman Committee to Arrange for Manufacture and Distribution of the Correctly Designed Battle Flag of the Confederacy, reports that a contract has been made for the manufacture of these flags, and that they will be on sale in the near future. Orders may be sent to Mrs. Bolling at 902 West Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

These flags are made of soft cotton bunting, 12¾ inches square, and the prices are as follows: \$12.00 per gross plus postage or express; \$1.50 per dozen, or fifteen cents each, postpaid.

The announcement sent out to the U. D. C. membership by the Committee as to these flags states:

"For many years an effort has been made to have the correct (square) design of Confederate Battle Flag, with white border on all four sides, used by the various Confederate organizations rather than the rectangular design, which has been the only one available in the small size cheaper flags.

"Now the object so long desired will be obtained by the making of the new design. Under the contract the United Daughters of the Confederacy are to secure orders amounting 150 gross during the year 1932. It is, therefore, our most earnest request that you may send an order for as many flags as you can afford to purchase, so that our guarantee may be quickly met and that this correctly designed flag shall in the future be exclusively used by our Confederate organizations.

"Orders sent now will be filed and flags will be delivered about April 15."

Committee: Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, Chairman, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. J. Sumter Rhame, Charleston, S. C.; Miss Mary Stribling, Martinsburg, W. Va.; Mrs. Alfred Cochran, New York.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
Mrs. C. B. Bryan.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
Miss Sue H. Walker.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
Mrs. J. T. Hight.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier.....*Historian General*  
College Park, Ga.  
Miss Willie Fort Williams.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
Atlanta, Ga.  
Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
Mrs. Belle Allen Ross.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
Rev. Giles B. Cooke.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
Mrs. L. T. D. Quinby.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Little Rock.....Mrs. Sam Wassell  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
Maryland.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
MISSISSIPPI—Biloxi.....Mrs. Byrd Enochs  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates  
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. T. A. Buford  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. Ada Ramp Waldben, Editor, Box 592, Augusta, Ga.

## MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*My dear Co-workers:* If my message to you is short and lacking in the inspirational value that I hoped to give it, please overlook shortcomings, as I have not been in physical condition to carry on as usual.

That the Reunion and our Convention of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association is to be held in Richmond, Va., June 21-24, and the Jefferson Hotel is to be headquarters, is sufficient inducement to attract the largest gathering in years, for Richmond is very dear to the heart of the South—so intimately linked with the rise and fall of the Confederacy, so beautiful in its setting on the James River, and so rich in history and tradition.

I cannot enumerate the many charms that lure one, but can only say “come and see,” and pledge you a convention never surpassed in our history.

Write Mrs. B. A. Blenner, our splendid State President on the Board of Control, for arrangements. Every plan for your comfort and pleasure will be a consideration.

\* \* \*

Mrs. J. J. Yates, State President of North Carolina, reports that the Asheville Association, with Mrs. Robert A. Conyers, President, is doing splendid work, and that she recently attended a meeting of the Association when fifteen Confederate veterans were present; also prospects of two new associations in the near future.

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From Mrs. Irene Molter, of Huntington, W. Va., comes a most splendid report of the Junior Memorial. They now have eighty-six members.

Had two delegates and two alternates at the Montgomery convention, and hope to have a large delegation at Richmond, as the distance to be traveled is much less, and “all roads lead to Richmond.”

\* \* \*

The Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association, with Mrs. William A. Wright, Life President, held a recent meeting, when most elaborate plans were made for the Memorial Day celebration, April 26. If one should be a “doubting Thomas” regarding the future of the Memorial Day observance, a visit to Atlanta and a view of the parade could not fail to be convincing proof that the movement is much alive and that the South is still loyal to the spirit of '61 to '65.

Faithfully yours,

MARGARET A. WILSON,  
*President General.*

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Waynesboro, Ga., Mrs. Hugh Buchanan McMaster, President, observed the birthday of an illustrious Southerner, George Washington, most interestingly. In the heart of the attractive little town stands the house in which George Washington spent the night on his way to Augusta, twenty-six miles beyond, in May, 1791. In a speech at Princeton, on one of Washington's birthdays, Woodrow Wilson mentioned that one of the memories of his boyhood was that of accompanying his father to Waynesboro, where the two spent the morning in this home, then known as the Mandel House, the Wilsons being residents then of Augusta.

On the veranda of this home the exercises took

place, the street in front having been roped off and traffic halted during the hour of observance. Mrs. McMaster presided, and presented the speaker, Mrs. Ada Ramp Walden; and, at the conclusion of the exercises, the procession formed and repaired to the yard of the courthouse, where an elm tree was planted by the children. A uniformed military unit, with Colonel Blount in command, headed the procession; and with the Ladies' Memorial Association marched Mrs. Callie Wimberly, the only survivor of the organizers who came into being in 1866, and who saw laid the corner stone of the beautiful Confederate monument in the town in 1877.

It is particularly noteworthy that the children taking important part in the tree-planting have a most historic background:

Linwood Herrington, who recited Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," is a great-grandson of the first President of the Association, Mrs. M. A. McKenzie; Robert Carswell Neely, Jr., who planted the ivy from the house in which Washington spent the night, is a great-nephew of the fourth President, Mrs. W. E. Jones, and grandson of the second President, Mrs. W. A. Wilkins. Mrs. Dade Durden, who presented the tree to the city and county, is the great-niece of the third President, Mrs. Floyd Lawson; and little Rosa Moore McAuley, who assisted in the planting, is the granddaughter of the present President, Mrs. Hugh McMaster. Verily is history carrying on!

The Mary Lois Sibley Eve Junior Memorial Association of Augusta, Ga., under the joint leadership of Mrs. R. J. Wilkinson and Mrs. J. D. Carswell, is reaching forth in a campaign for members; and little Miss Juliana Wright, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Peter Wright, is to date the youngest member enrolled. Juliana is four months old, "goin' on five," and her enthusiastic entrance has been the inspiration for many more to follow. The Juniors will carry on the work when those now living are no more; and a mighty good slogan for every organization would be "A Junior Organization in Every Association."

## "NOR SHALL YOUR STORY BE FORGOT."

The following letter has been sent out by the Mary Taliaferro Thompson Memorial Association, C. S. M. A., of Washington, D. C., under date of January 29, 1932:

"In 1921, descendants of Confederate veterans inaugurated a movement to acquire the Manassas

Battlefield, and in 1931 the purchase of 130 acres of battlefield land was consummated, and title was taken under the name of 'Manassas Battlefield Confederate Park Association, Incorporated.' Monuments are now being erected by various organizations on this field.

"The Mary Taliaferro Thompson Memorial Association, C. S. M. A., of Washington, D. C., has long realized that a fireproof museum should be erected on this historic battlefield. The accumulation of valuable relics now displayed in an old frame building—the 'Henry House'—and others stored in various attics and cellars in private homes, makes the erection of a permanent, fireproof building imperative.

"Under date of October 7, 1931, a letter over the signatures of the President, Mr. John W. Rust, and the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Rufus W. Pearson, of the Manassas Battlefield Confederate Park Association, was received, requesting the Mary Taliaferro Thompson Memorial Association, C. S. M. A., to solicit funds and build this Museum.

"We, the members of this Association, have accepted this responsibility and ask you to aid us in this splendid work, because

- (1) Manassas Battlefield is in Dixie, twenty-five miles from Washington, D. C., on the Lee Highway.
- (2) Here lie in unknown graves boys from every Southern State.
- (3) Here, under Beauregard and Johnson, and then a year later under the matchless Lee, men from every Southern State won two outstanding victories. Here Bee fell, Hampton spilled his blood, and the immortal Jackson became 'Stonewall.'

"A Memorial Book containing the names of all contributors will be placed in the Museum.

"The cost of erecting and furnishing this proposed Museum will be \$5,000.00. We hope to lay the corner stone on July 21, 1932, the 71st anniversary of the first Battle of Manassas. We earnestly plead that your response to this request will take the form of a generous contribution. Send your donation at as early a date as possible to the Bonded Treasurer, Mrs. Wallace Sreater, 1657 Thirty-first Street, Washington, D. C.

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to Edmond R. Wiles, Editor, 1505 W. 22nd St., Little Rock, Ark.

## S. C. V. INTERESTS.

### ON TO RICHMOND

JOHN MARSHALL HOTEL, OFFICIAL HEADQUARTERS  
 S. C. V.

Make reservations at once for the Reunion in June!

There has been issued by our efficient Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff, Walter L. Hopkins, of Richmond, an official notice advising the various Division Brigade and Camp Commanders that the Thirty-Seventh Annual Convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held in the city of Richmond, where it was organized in 1896, in conjunction with the United Confederate Veterans in the forty-second reunion, and the Confederated Memorial Association, on June 21-24, 1932.

The Adjutant makes it very clear in this official communication that our organization is facing, due to the depression and other causes over which we have no control, the most serious situation possible of its entire existence. If there was ever a time when it behooves those who really appreciate the honor conferred upon them in permitting them to become a member of this very distinctive organization—the Sons of Confederate Veterans—it is now. There is only one thing that will save us from making a showing at Richmond that would be anything but creditable on this Thirty-Sixth Anniversary of our organization, and that is that every comrade throughout the United

States pay his dues at once to his local Camp Adjutant, and, in addition to this, see to it that his Camp is in an active condition and that the per capita assessments have been sent to the Adjutant in Chief at Richmond. By all means, Comrades, attend to this at once, and while doing this secure the membership of at least two other comrades for your Camp. We can save the situation by a little personal work, and this of all years is the time when you will be expected to do your part. Don't fail us.

## NOTES FROM DIVISIONS.

*Tennessee.*—Hon. Claire B. Newman, Commander Tennessee Division, announces the appointment of his official staff, the Brigade commanders for six brigades of the Division and other matters of interest to his Division. The following are members of Commander Newman's official staff: R. R. Sneed, Jackson, Adjutant and Chief of Staff; Prof. J. L. Highsaw, Memphis Historian; J. L. Buard, Chattanooga, Inspector; T. L. Campbell, Memphis, Judge Advocate; Robert Lee Bynum, Nashville, Quartermaster; T. L. Lowery, Cleveland, Commissary; James Ethridge, McMinnville, Color Sergeant; Dr. A. B. Dancy, Jackson, Surgeon; Rev. Fred H. Peebles, Jackson, Chaplain.

The following Brigade Commanders were appointed by Commander Newman: P. L. Henderson, Morristown, Commander First Brigade; W. Shep Shelton, Chattanooga, Second Brigade; Dr.

Joe B. Wright, Lynnvile, Third Brigade; C. R. Cawthon, Murfreesboro, Fourth Brigade; Harold Bond, Jackson, Fifth Brigade; L. S. Akers, Memphis, Sixth Brigade.

*Oklahoma.*—Advice received from the Commander in Chief, Dr. George R. Tabor, Oklahoma City, indicate that the Oklahoma Division will be strongly represented at Richmond in June. A special train will be operated by the Veterans, Sons, and Daughters, a special Pullman being reserved for the Commander in Chief and his official party. The trip will be made over the Rock Island Railroad.

As an indication of the interest being manifested, even at this early date, in the coming reunion, Commander in Chief Tabor has completed his official staff of ladies, which will be announced at an early date. While it is true that Oklahoma was not a State at the time the South was called upon to defend their homes and principles which they held sacred—more so than life itself—there is not a State in the entire South today in which the fires of true Southern patriotism, love of the Confederate Cause and principles for which it stood are stronger.

*Arkansas.*—The cause of Sons of Confederate Veterans in Arkansas under the able direction of the Division Commander, Hon. J. S. Utley, Little Rock, former Attorney General of the State, is on the upgrade. Great interest is already being manifested in the Forty-Second Confederate Reunion to be held in the city of Richmond next June. Two noted bands of Arkansas, one from Clarksville, designated as one of the official bands of the Reunion, and the magnificent Little Rock High School Boys' Band, are making extensive preparation for that trip to the capital of the Confederacy. A special train will be run from this State, and many will drive through in order to have their cars available in Richmond and to visit the historical places adjacent to that city.

The Robert C. Newton Camp, No. 197, of Little Rock, C. P. Newton, Commander, H. B. Chrisp, Adjutant, held its regular monthly meeting on March 15. This was a get-together meeting with the ladies invited, also the members of the U. D. C. and U. C. V. Matters of very great importance now confronting these Southern patriotic societies were discussed, the most important feature being the launching of a campaign under the supervision and direction of the Commander and Miss Emma Archer, who has rendered the Camp such valuable service in the past.

## ATTENTION, SONS AND DAUGHTERS!

This is a call to arms! There is a battle to be fought and won before it is too late. Ask yourselves, How is the true memory of the Southern Confederacy to be preserved? What conceptions of the causes of the War between the States and of the Confederate soldier will be carried in the minds of our future generations? We know that the histories now being used as textbooks in the public schools of most of our Southern States, officially adopted by the Boards of Education, are written by misinformed and prejudiced persons in the North, ready to condemn the South and the Southern Cause. You might as well expect a German to write truly of the French side in the World War, or a Jap of the Chinese side. The Confederate soldier who fought and laid down his life for a cause which he believed justified his sacrifice was not an outlaw or a traitor or renegade. Why should he be pictured as such to the young minds of today? Are we going to let fanatics paint the pictures of these brave men, or are we going to see that they are represented fairly and truthfully as honest and conscientious men—as they were?

We recognize that this is a new South—the South that has recovered from the ruthless devastation of Sherman and of Sheridan and from the sting and shamelessness of the carpet-bagger. We recognize that we are now a part of one nation. But there flows in the veins of every true Son and Daughter of the South the same blood which was shed by their forefathers and which cries out for truth and justice.

Then let us all join hands and go into this fight to win. Let us adopt the purity of our history as an ideal. Not many of us soldiers are left to carry on. You Sons and Daughters must take our places in the firing line and see to it that the school authorities of every Southern State are enlightened, and that every teacher is reminded that it is the first duty of an educator to teach the truth.

The Commander-in-Chief is behind us. Everyone will support us when we get into action. Get together, Sons and Daughters. Have a plan formulated to act upon when the Sons meet in Richmond in June and the Daughters in Memphis in November.

“Keep the record straight.”

[J. S. Downs, Company F, 45th North Carolina Infantry, Daniels' Brigade—Rodes' Division, Ewells' Corps, A. N. V., 219 North Sixth Street, Chickasha, Okla.]



## STATE SONG.

## ALABAMA.

Alabama, Alabama,  
 We will aye be true to thee,  
 From thy southern shores where groweth,  
 By the sea thy orange tree.  
 To thy northern vale where floweth,  
 Deep and blue thy Tennessee,  
*Alabama, Alabama, we will aye be true to thee.*

Brave and pure thy men and women,  
 Better this than corn and wine,  
 Make us worthy, God in Heaven,  
 Of this goodly land of thine.  
 Hearts as open as thy doorways,  
 Liberal hands and spirits free,  
*Alabama, Alabama, we will aye be true to thee.*

Little, little can I give to thee,  
 Alabama, mother mine,  
 But that little—hand, brain, spirit,  
 All I have and am are thine.  
 Take, O take, the gift and giver,  
 Take and serve thyself with me.  
*Alabama, Alabama, we will aye be true to thee.*

## STOLEN PORTRAIT RESTORED.

A newspaper dispatch from Concord, New Hampshire, reports that an oil painting of Mildred Childe Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, cut from its frame in the Lee mansion at Arlington, Va., during a Union raid, has been restored to the government.

The portrait of the girl will be returned to its Southern home, Arlington Mansion, now the property of the Federal government.

James A. Learned, of the Massachusetts Artillery, one of the Federal soldiers in the raid, climbed upon a spinet in the Lee home and cut the picture from its frame. He rolled it up and hid it beneath his army overcoat.

For many years it has hung in the home of Mrs. Walter E. Skilton, of Concord, daughter of Learned. Learning that Congress had appropriated funds to restore the Lee mansion, she communicated with the government and through Lieut. Col. Frank Edwin Davis, of Quartermaster Corps, Boston, the painting was returned for the War Department.

Proper restoration of this portrait would have been to the Lee family, and by them restored to Arlington. What about other valuables taken from Arlington in war days?

## "LEE, THE SOUL OF HONOR."

REVIEWED BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, HISTORIAN  
 GENERAL, U. D. C.

This latest appreciation of Gen. Robert E. Lee is by an orientalist, John E. Hobeika, and is drawn from many sources on this Knight of the Confederacy. In the foreword, Dr. Lyon Gardiner Tyler says: "Mr. Hobeika's book is really a poem in blank verse. He does not set out to write a history, but to mass together in one great song the verses of praise from numerous others who have written of Lee, and in this he is unique, powerful, moving, and compelling." Aside from testimonials of Lee's greatness, this young Syrian (not yet thirty years of age) has given a "noble vindication of the cause of the South as the cause of self-government—a principle advanced in the Declaration of Independence." Mr. Hobeika also gives the most complete refutation to be found in any book of the charge made after the war that Lee "recanted," and said that he was wrong in going with Virginia.

This refutation is contained in a letter from Gen. Lee to Lord Acton December 15, 1866, while Lee was President of Washington College. As Mr. Hobeika states: "Lee was extremely cautious and reticent among his own people on the subject which in this letter he freely discussed with his English friend, Sir John Dalberg Acton."

The author shows a depth of insight and sympathy in this book. As one reviewer says, "The reader is given the inspiration of a personal contact with Gen. Lee." It has also been stated that this book gives perhaps a fuller knowledge of the motives which influenced General Lee's decision to follow his State than is given in most biographies of Lee.

After reading this book, with an interest which never lags, you are given an "appendix" of valuable letters, and an index which alone makes this biography valuable.

The United Confederate Veterans and the Sons of Confederate Veterans indorsed at their annual Reunion in June, 1931, the manuscript of this volume, an unusual compliment to a writer.

As Historian General U. D. C., I have placed Lee, Soul of Honor, among the first in my reference list of books for study of Confederate history, and feel sure that each reader of this delightful book will feel (as I do) a genuine sense of appreciation to this young Syrian author. Copies may be ordered from the Christopher Publishing House, of Boston, Mass. Price, \$3.00

## TO THE GOVERNORS OF THE STATES.

The free cultivation of letters, the unbounded extension of commerce, the progressive refinement of manners, the growing liberality of sentiment, and above all, the pure and benign light of Revelation, have had a meliorating influence on mankind and increased the blessings of society. . . .

I now make my earnest prayer, that God would have you and the States over which you preside, in his holy protection; that he would incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate the spirit of subordination and obedience to government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another, for their fellow citizens of the United States at large, and particularly for their brethren who have served in the field; and finally, that he would most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation.

—G. Washington.

## MY LEGACY.

The little tree I planted out,  
And often muse upon,  
May be alive to grow and thrive,  
And out into the sunlight strive,  
When I am dead and gone.

So it shall be my legacy  
To toilers in the sun;  
So sweet its shade, each man and maid  
May be induced to take a spade  
And plant another one.

—Ethel Wetherald.

## SAYINGS OF NOTED BRITONS.

The earth is a generous mother.—  
Winston Churchill.

\* \* \*

To confuse the innocent with the guilty is to destroy the basis of international morality.—Sir Austen Chamberlain.

\* \* \*

Good speech should be regarded as a gift of high grade, but capable of being acquired.—Professor T. H. Pear.

We should encourage people to use memory at the place where it really works.—Head Master of Eton.

\* \* \*

The heavenly fool is a fool in things earthly, and the earthly fool is a fool in things heavenly.—  
Laurence Housman.

\* \* \*

Progress continues in spite of every human fear and folly.—H. G. Wells.

\* \* \*

The troubles of the world come largely from the fact that there is in this age no one accepted moral authority.—Sir Herbert Samuel.

\* \* \*

I have never doubted the curious, the wonderful loyalty of many women to their husbands, particularly when those husbands are in trouble.—Mr. Justice McCardie.

—Canadian American.

## AT PEEP O' DAY.

Such a time as there is in our garden  
Every morning at peep o' day,  
Such a waking of feathered creatures  
With twittery things to say.

The first drowsy voice is red robin's,  
Broadcasting his "Daylight has come!"—

When the whole wild-bird orchestra  
quickly  
Tunes up and commences to hum.

Right boldly a woodpecker drummer  
Taps-taps for his sleepy-head mate,  
Then takes up his flute with a flourish,  
And plays at a rollicking rate.

Little wren and the gray-coated catbird  
Warble their carols of praise,  
While from the tiptop of a pine tree  
Brown thrush fills the dawn with his lays.

'Tis the call for one wild jubilation,  
A spirit of song thrills the earth;  
Up, up to the peaks of the morning,  
Creation gives thanks for its birth.

—Girls' Weekly.

Father: "Yes, my boy, I'm a self-made man."

Son: "Gee, Pop, that's what I admire about you. You always take the blame for everything."



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## FARM PRICES DROP TO LOWEST LEVEL SINCE 1910.

Farm prices, paid to farmers, as of September 15, last year, dropped to the lowest level since 1910 in the price index issued by the Bureau of Agriculture Economics.

Average wheat prices received by growers was 35.7 cents a bushel, or nearly 50 per cent below the price a year ago.

Average farm price for corn was 43.2 cents a bushel, or less than one-half a year ago.

Average farm price for cotton was 5.9 cents a pound, compared with 9.9 cents a year ago.

Hogs sold for an average of \$5.44 per 100 pounds at the farm, compared with \$9.44 a year ago.

Fruits, vegetables, cotton, and cottonseed showed major declines for the month.

"I wish the VETERAN continued success," writes J. C. Grantham, of Chicago, in renewing, "for we all hold it in very high esteem."

Mrs. M. L. Fooshe, of Idabel, Okla., renews and says: "The VETERAN is always welcome, and every article enjoyed."

As a general thing, when a young man is in love he thinks nothing is good enough for her except himself.—Dallas News.

Mistress: "And did you have a good honeymoon, Mandy?"

Mandy: "We-e-ll, Rastus done helped me wid de washin' de first two weeks."

The ninety-nine different names of God are carved on the interior walls of the world's finest mausoleum, the Taj Mahal.



# BOOKS FOR SALE

From its accumulated stock of books, the VETERAN offers the following at attractive prices. Give second and third choice.

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## THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN

Nashville, Tennessee



# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XL

MAY, 1932

NO. 5



LEE MONUMENT, RICHMOND, VA.



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## THE SUCCESS FAMILY.

The father of Success is Work. The mother of Success is Ambition. The oldest son is Common Sense. Some of the other boys are Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm, and Co-operation. The oldest daughter is Character. Some of her sisters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity, and Harmony. The baby is Opportunity. Get well acquainted with the "old man," and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

Mrs. 'Iggins—"That Mrs. Briggs was boastin' as 'ow she comes from a fine family. 'An' you've come a good way,' I says, pleasant-like."

## MESSAGES WITH A MISSION.

From the venerable Chaplain General for Life of the U. C. V., Maj. Giles B. Cooke, comes the following message from his home at Matthews, Va.:

"On the ninety-fourth anniversary of my birthday—May 13, 1838—I have two messages to deliver to my comrades, the loyal followers of Gen. R. E. Lee—viz.:

"First message from General Lee: 'Do all you can to correct error and misrepresentation and to disseminate the truth,' which injunction the CONFEDERATE VETERAN has faithfully complied with, and will comply with as long as it is in circulation.

"Second message from the Rev. Maj. Giles B. Cooke, the only surviving member of General Lee's staff, who respectfully and urgently requests every Confederate veteran not now a subscriber to become a subscriber.

"This is written on the 9th of April, anniversary of the fateful day when General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox, and who said there, 'I had rather die a thousand deaths than to go to see General Grant.' The physicians who attended General Lee in his last illness said he died of a broken heart."

UNFAIR TO THE SOUTH.—Mrs. Whit Boyd, President of the Texas Division, U. D. C., refers to the Library of American History, by Dr. E. S. Ellis, A.M., which is being sold largely in Texas, in the following:

"I have read twice, volumes 3, 4, and 5, which deal with the history of the Confederacy, and in

my opinion this is one of the most unfair, untrue, and unjust books I have ever read; and I would not recommend it to any one who wants a true Southern history."

*Van Dorn at Holly Springs.*—Referring to the article on "Courtesy in War," contributed by Judge McCulloch, of Washington, D. C., John W. Craddock, of New Orleans, writes: "This reveals a very fine side of the character of General Grant, which was later on, at Appomattox, again in evidence, to his eternal credit. But the article is in error in stating that General Forrest made the raid on Holly Springs; this was done by Gen. Earl Van Dorn (Holly Springs was his old home). In this I am further advised by Judge J. P. Young, of Memphis, Tenn., an able historian, who gives Grant's testimony from his 'Memoirs,' as follows: 'General VanDorn appeared at Holly Springs on December 20th, my second base of supplies, and captured the garrison of 1,500 men, commanded by Colonel Murphy, of the 8th Wisconsin Regiment,' etc. This was in 1862, and it is quite evident that Van Dorn and not Forrest made the raid on Holly Springs, Miss."

*Wanted.*—Any information, direct or indirect, concerning the war record of William Lewis Easterling, who lived on the Alabama-Mississippi line, and was either 1st Lieutenant 17th Battalion Mississippi Cavalry or in the 21st Alabama Regiment, probably both. He was elected Chaplain of an Alabama regiment. He was my mother's father, and his record as a Confederate soldier is desired.—Dr. Gordon Hurlbutt, Point Clear, Ala.

# Confederate Veteran

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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No. 5

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OKLAHOMA—Okmulgee..... Gen. A. C. De Vinna  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Sumter..... Gen. N. G. Osteen  
TENNESSEE—Union City..... Gen. Rice A. Pierce  
TEXAS—Fort Worth..... Gen. M. J. Bonner  
VIRGINIA—Richmond..... Gen. William McK. Evans  
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg..... Gen. Thomas H. Dennis  
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles..... Gen. S. S. Simmons

### HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va..... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. M. D. VANCE, Little Rock, Ark.... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. R. A. SNEED, Oklahoma City, Okla.. *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. L. W. STEPHENS, Coushatta, La.. *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Matthews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## RICHMOND AND VIRGINIA.

The first page illustration of this number shows the magnificent equestrian statue of General Lee as it stands in Lee Circle at the beginning of Monument Avenue in Richmond. It is one of the most impressive of statues, and doubtless many of the

Reunion visitors will have the good fortune to meet the creator of that splendid sculpture, Mr. William E. Sievers, who is a resident of Richmond. He also made the monument to Matthew Fontaine Maury, which is further down on Monument Avenue, that Highway of Memories.

The Washington monument on Capitol Square is one of the attractions of the city, and the full page illustration of it is from the *Richmond Magazine*, by whose courtesy it is reproduced in this number. To that Magazine also should be credited the Smith statue at Jamestown, the Houdon statue of Washington in the March number, and others, for which courtesies the VETERAN is most appreciative.

While Virginia is most widely famed for her historic past, the Old Dominion is one of the most progressive sections of the country, and that progress has been achieved without burdening her people with debt that defeats its own ends. No appropriation is made from the State treasury if the money isn't there, yet Virginia is a leader in an advancing South.

Visitors to Richmond during the Confederate Reunion will find much outside of the capital city to admire and enjoy in the beautiful scenery, the splendid highways, the quaint old towns, and the unsurpassed waterways of this old State; and within the city there is so much to be seen in the old and new that it will be difficult to compass it all within a short visit. But the Reunion Committee and the Chamber of Commerce are co-operating for the visitors to get the greatest amount of sight-seeing in the least time, and a good time is planned for all.

Richmond and Virginia—one and inseparable!



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

### MEMORIAL DAY.

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, HISTORIAN GENERAL,  
U. D. C.

"Without sword or flag, and with soundless tread,  
We muster once more our deathless dead."

As the historical and memorial work of our beloved organization go hand in hand, I cannot refrain from sending to the Daughters a brief thought of Memorial Day. Though the story is a familiar one, yet I have had requests for the origin of this anniversary.

As so many of the Southern States began this beautiful custom of decorating their heroes' graves soon after the War between the States, it matters not which was really the first. But we are sure of the fact that the idea of a National Memorial Day was taken from the observance by the women of Virginia as they bedecked their soldiers' graves with flowers. After viewing this beautiful tribute to the Southern dead, the wife of Gen. John A. Logan, Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, suggested this custom to her husband, who, on May 5, 1868, issued orders that May 30 be annually set aside as a National Memorial or Decoration Day.

General Logan no doubt saw the benefits to posterity by establishing a day when not only should the graves of fallen heroes be decorated, but that their deeds should be commemorated in memorials, and each generation should thus pay reverence to those who had given their lives for their country.

The women who had served in Soldiers' Aid Societies during the war now began to form Memorial Associations, and a date was selected by each Southern State for its Memorial Day. The farther South, where flowers blossomed early, this day was in April (it is said that Alabama's and Georgia's first public Memorial Day was April 26, 1866). North and South Carolina chose May 10, anniversary of the death of Stonewall Jackson, each Southern day being chosen in memory of some beloved chieftain.

We women of today must recall the obstacles that were in the way of our mothers and grandmothers of the sixties, as they began their work of keeping green the graves of the men, many of whose bodies had been gathered by them from

battle field and roadside. The orders issued by General Butler prohibited the women of New Orleans from decorating these graves, and often our women arose in the early dawn to perform this service so that the vigilant eyes of the Federal military authorities should not observe them. Undaunted were they, although the Federal officer in command in Georgia, in his endeavor to stop the women, called it "maudlin sentimentality."

As the United Daughters of the Confederacy and Children of the Confederate Chapters are recalling these days in the May program of Southern monuments and memorial poems, let us in memory lay garlands for those noble women who denied themselves that these memorials should be erected to the men who followed Lee. So as each Chapter is observing Memorial Day, may we remember the lofty courage of those men in gray, for no country ever produced such fearless soldiers as did the Southern Confederacy.

As we decorate their graves with those of their descendants who fell in the World War, we commemorate the fact that "the brave give birth to the brave."

The beautiful story of our Southern women in commemorating the valor of their heroes can be told on Memorial Day by us, their descendants, in radio programs that the children may hear, and sing the songs of the Sunny South as you give the story. I shall endeavor to give such a program on May 10, North Carolina's Memorial Day, from its capital city, Raleigh.

### A BENEDICTION.

Almighty Sovereign, God of Might,  
Who counts the sparrows in their flight,  
Look down with love and comfort give  
Those comrades of the gray who live  
And gather here to honor pay  
Beloved ones who wore the gray.  
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Strengthen the fragment of that host  
Who fought for what they deemed was right,  
Leaving a record fair and bright,  
Unsullied by dark deeds of sin;  
And though they lost, 'twas theirs to win  
A crown that will a glory be  
To all their loved posterity.  
Triune of love and life and might,  
Teach us, O Lord, to do the right,  
And let thy tender love today  
Rest on these men who wore the gray.

—Frances Goggin Maltby.

## CALHOUN'S FORESIGHT.

(Contributed by Capt. S. A. Ashe, Raleigh, N. C.)

The *Boston Transcript* of March 18 contains an editorial from which I clip the following:

### "CALHOUN'S SESQUICENTENNIAL.

"In some form today, South Carolina will observe the sesquicentennial of her greatest native, John Caldwell Calhoun, who was born in the Abbeville district in that State in 1782. A great man in every intellectual and moral sense, the one-hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Calhoun's birth is entitled to national respect.

"In his 'Address to the People of the South,' in 1849, Calhoun drew this picture of what would happen after emancipation:

"'Another step would be taken, to raise them [the blacks] to a political and social equality with their former masters by giving them the right of voting and holding public office under the Federal Government. But when once raised to an equality

they would become the fast political associates of the North, acting and voting with them on all questions, and by this political union holding the South in complete subjection. The blacks and the profligate whites that might unite with them would become the principal recipients of Federal offices and patronage, and would in consequence be ranged with the whites in the political and social scale. We would, in a word, change conditions with them—a degradation greater than has ever yet fallen to the lot of a free and enlightened people, and one from which we could not escape but by fleeing from the homes of ourselves and ancestors, and by abandoning our country to our former slaves, to become the permanent abode of disorder, anarchy, poverty, misery and wretchedness.'

"What he depended on to forestall such an event was not indirection; it was his theory of the Compact of the States—the principle, that is, that the States, having by their voluntary and individual action entered into the compact of the

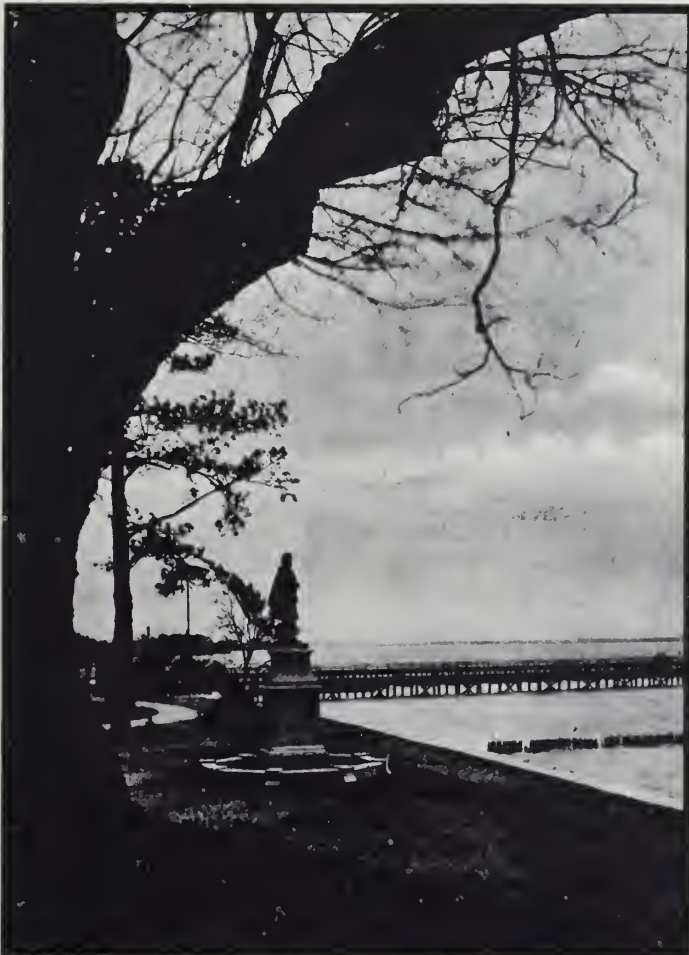
Constitution, had a right to withdraw from their ratification of it, leaving the union merely one between the States ratifying the same. Nullification of Federal legislation he held to be an inherent right of the States, and, as he said, the only guarantee against actual domination by the electorates of other States. . . .

"John C. Calhoun's effigy now stands in honor in Statuary Hall in the Capitol of the United States, and no one begrudges its position there. He was an upright man, stainless of life, and possessed of great intellectual and moral powers. He deserves to be reckoned among the great of America."

So much from the *Boston Transcript*.

It is to be borne in mind that, in 1781, the States entered into a compact. After three years it was proposed to change that in some particulars. The Constitution of 1788 was drawn up. New York, Virginia, Rhode Island, in ratifying it, proclaimed the right of every State to withdraw. Cabot Lodge, in his "Life of Daniel Webster," virtually says that such was the understanding of all men at the time.

By 1860, the South had become "the milk cow" of the Northern States and Northern human nature asserted itself.



STATUE OF JOHN SMITH AT JAMESTOWN, VA.



*THE VETERAN AROUSES MEMORIES.*

BY C. E. GILBERT, HOUSTON, TEX.

Several articles in the March *VETERAN* were of much interest to me. In fact, that was just the usual monthly pleasure in perusing the excellent representative of Southern history and all that is to the people of Dixie.

The article on "Courtesy in War," by Judge McCullough, recalls recollections of Wilson's raid, as it was generally called in West Alabama along the route of that "raid." General Wilson's army burned my father's newspaper office, and started to burn the vacant dwelling, but his soldiers were persuaded by a Methodist minister across the street to be satisfied with the pillage which had already been done. My father at the time had been eighteen months on Johnson's Island, in Ohio. That happened at Jasper, and when they arrived at Carrollton, they burned the Court-house and some other semi-public buildings, and started to set fire to a big hotel building, but, as the soldiers with blazing torches approached the house, the eldest daughter, Miss Irene Cohen, with a large six-shooter in her hand, greeted them from the edge of the gallery, four feet above the ground, saying: "The first one of you who comes nearer, I will kill; I may be able to kill three or four, but I know I will kill the foremost." That was a bit of feminine "courtesy" which was well rewarded, for the soldiers stopped, turned around, and departed.

Below Carrollton, about twelve miles, Forrest's cavalry caught up with the raiders, and as Forrest's troopers thundered through the covered bridge over Sipsey, it sounded like the whole of Lee's army was on their rear; so Wilson's cavalry did not stop to engage in battle. Forrest would have squads gallop up alongside and fire into the Yankees before they could get their rifles ready to respond, and then gallop back. On the other side, the same manner of attack was followed, and this sort of warfare was repeated every few hours all the way to Selma; but at Selma Forrest was at last caught in "a fix."

The Alabama River was on a big rise, and all the lowland was overflowed for a mile or two from the main channel. Wilson had him surrounded, with fine prospect of immediate capture. But Forrest was resourceful; he took in the situation, and passed the word up and down the line of his command that he could not command the men to follow him in so hazardous an effort at escape, "but," he added "I am going to

get out and all who will follow me." So, mounting his horse with such accoutrement as he could tie on, he led the way out into the overflowed land to near the main channel, and then turned south, feeling his way, and his faithful command nearly to a man following. It being night and late, they were not observed. After going south along the river for a mile or two, occasionally plunging unawares into a tributary to the river, and having to swim a bit, he turned west as quietly as possible and went around the Union outpost—making good his escape.

Just about that time the news came of Lee's surrender, and in short order the men who had so gallantly worn the gray four trying years were homeward bound—to meet four or five more trying years of Reconstruction, harassed by carpet-baggers, scalawags, and negroes, voting themselves into office under protection of Federal soldiers, while they, the disfranchised Confederates, could only stand and look on—but for a while. Superior Southern intellect, aided by the K. K. K. organization, at last redeemed the Southland from the second assault more terrible than the first.

Grant's siege of Vicksburg and some interesting incidents thereto are recalled by Mrs. John Vernon's description of the National Park there. Northern tourists particularly are proud of the elegant tributes by Federal and State governments to the men who died in the effort to take Vicksburg; and some years ago, a party of a hundred or so from Illinois stopped over en route to New Orleans to see the beauties of the Park Cemetery. As they leisurely passed through the Park admiring the natural and artistic grandeur, an old ex-Confederate followed at a safe distance enjoying their comments on the siege and the monuments, when one of the tourists turned and courteously asked, "My friend, what State are you from?" "Oh, I'm from Mississippi," he responded. "Well, why is it there is no monument from your state here?" "We don't need any, was the prompt reply, and, extending his arm to take in all the elegant monuments placed by the States of the North, he said, "All these are monuments to what we did here."

I met an ex-Confederate in the Maxwell Hotel at Nashville a few years ago, who told me that after the war he went to New York to sell some improvement bonds, and, of course, called at the office of Grant and Ward, bond brokers. He first met Ward, and later General Grant came in and was introduced to him. "This is not the first

time we have met," said the Confederate. "Where and when have we met before?" asked the General. "At Vicksburg, July 4, 1863," replied the Confederate. "Well, well," responded the General, "I have always wondered how it was we took Vicksburg." "But, General," was the Confederate's reply, "you didn't take Vicksburg." "How's that? I thought we did." "No, we just got out of food and ammunition and gave it to you," diplomatically replied the Confederate. "Well, that's just about correct," replied the General, with one of his most unusual smiles. "If you had had food and ammunition, I guess we never would have gotten in." And it has been reported from another source that General Grant practically admitted that to be true.

Two interesting historical articles by Dr. Alexander and Mrs. Selph, "The First Overt Acts," are correct in the main; and yet it might be truly claimed that the first overt acts were by Mr. Lincoln, in instructions to the commanders of Fort Sumter and Fort Pickens to "hold the forts." Other overt acts still were Major Anderson's seizing Fort Sumter in the night, when both sides had signed an armistice to have matters remain in *status quo* pending peaceful adjustment. The first guns were those on the "Star of the West" and the fleets of war vessels equipped by Lincoln's orders and started to Charleston and Pensacola; but the first shot was the one fired at Fort Sumter and heard around the world—in defense of State's Rights. No, back of that, the "first guns" were those furnished John Brown by Lincoln, Henry Ward Beecher, and New England societies, for his raid into Virginia.

## A LETTER AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IDAHO, OHIO, January 12, 1931.

The Department of Pensions,  
Richmond, Va.

*Most Honorable Gentlemen of a Sister Commonwealth:* We have residing in our school district a venerable gentleman of the highest magnitude. On the twenty-third of this month he will be eighty-nine years of age. His name is Abel O. Tavenner. He is able to walk to the mail box, a quarter of a mile away, on nice days. He is nearly blind and is partially deaf, but his mind is awfully well balanced for a man of his experience and age.

Mr. Tavenner was a soldier in the great Civil War. He was in the 8th Division Virginia troops

with Gen. Robert E. Lee. He was in thirteen major and minor engagements. He was taken prisoner on the third day at Gettysburg, and was held in a Northern prison camp twenty-one months.

Notwithstanding the rumored ruling of the Virginia Legislature to pension only those of her soldiers who are residing in that State, I'm asking you in the name of the God of Stonewall Jackson, George Washington, Jefferson, Lee, and the scores of famous men that first saw the light in the glorious South, to make an exception in this one instance, and send some pecuniary relief to this old veteran ere he pass unrewarded to the last great muster.

On next Friday week he will celebrate his eighty-ninth milestone. Shall he have lived that long and be unnoticed by his Mother State? How nobly he fought! How loyal to a cause that he deemed a just one! Shall he die in oblivion and in penury? A worthy servant of a worthy master. He fought a good fight. He kept the faith. Shall we, *Americans all*, leave him to think he is forgotten? Many are the memories of the celebrations that have lauded our Northern troops to the skies. But the drums did not beat for Mr. Tavenner. The orators said nothing of the sacrifices made by those weary soldiers of the South.

I know that you have but a few soldiers left. I know it's not a rule to pension nonresidents, but hasn't he earned some recompense? Didn't he serve his State as my grandfather served Ohio?

My grandfather drew thousands of dollars from the Federal government, and fought less than private A. O. Tavenner, of the Confederate States of America.

It's nothing to me. I'm not a relative. I'm just a poor teacher in our district school. I also earn a few pennies acting as assistant postmaster. I am now justice of the peace and have an application to our new Democratic Governor White for a Notary's commission. Thus I eek out a living for my family. But Mr. Tavenner has nothing whereby he may earn a dollar. The Government took his cow last month and killed her because she was tubercular. He only laughs about it, but the tears mingle with the brave notes of laughter.

He has been honored in his home township. He was a member of the township school board thirty-five years. He was the one who got a schoolhouse for the district.



Mr. Tavenner will probably not be a county charge, as he is too old and broken to last long, but he gets only a dollar a week from the blind pension commission. It is a mere nothing. His wife still helps him, as she promised "To love, cherish and comfort, till death do us part." It will not be long. How comforting would a Virginia check be to him on his birthday!

Please see the Governor and put the facts before him. If he is as loyal as I think he is, he will lend a sympathetic ear. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for another."

We have only three Union soldiers in this county, to my knowledge. We have raised all their pay to one hundred dollars. Of course, the Southern States concurred in this. I only wish they would pension what few Confederates there are left. If you can't get him some compensation, please send him some emblem of distinction showing that his service is not forgotten. As I said before, it's nothing to me, but I should enjoy hearing what you are planning to do for him.

Mail anything you care to send him to Mr. Abel O. Tavenner, Idaho, Ohio, Star Route, and should you care to acknowledge this unworthy plea, remember me as

Yours very respectfully, LLOYD LEEDOM.  
IDAHO, OHIO, BOX 12.

P. S.—Mr. Tavenner has no idea that I wrote this, so if he hears nothing from you, he will have no added pain. Would that you might see him and hear him tell of the charge under Pickett at Gettysburg. He was slightly wounded twice. Ten or fifteen dollars per month would serve to keep him from want. He is a beautifully clean little gray-bearded gentleman, a mere boy in stature.

When this appeal was received by the Board of Pensions of Virginia, as the State could do nothing for his relief, the Chief Clerk turned the letter over to Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, President of the Virginia Division, U. D. C. Then there was action. She reports: "The first step was to appropriate fifty dollars from the Division's Relief Fund and send it as a gift for the veteran's eighty-ninth birthday—with the promise to present the case to the Ohio Division, U. D. C., for securing his record and to arrange for the presentation of the Confederate Cross of Honor. A letter was written to Mrs. M. W. Crocker, President of the Ohio Division, who promptly made a visit to the veteran, though he lived many miles away, on a little farm in the hills. When his Confederate

record was secured and the certificate from the Virginia Archives department, Mrs. Crocker applied for the Cross of Honor and presented it to him on June 3, 1931. Then the Ohio Division took him as its special charge, deeming it a privilege to contribute toward his support and to relieve his fears of being sent to the county almshouse. A loan fund also was secured to carry on the education of his granddaughter—and thus was carried out two of the great objects of the U. D. C.—benevolence and education.

"This stands as one of the finest deeds in behalf of a Confederate veteran, for this old man was far from his native land, living among those who knew little of the Southern Confederacy and the part he bore in its defense, old and poor, with none of the honors, none of the support which has been the reward bestowed upon his comrades who remained in the South. Now he is assured of material aid, tender care, and the knowledge that he has gained his place in the great heart of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

"The letter from the school-teacher is so fine that I asked the VETERAN to publish it."

#### HUMOR IN SOLDIER LIFE.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Much has been written about the bravery and daring of the Confederate soldier, and yet history will never do full justice to his genius. He will stand confessed as the greatest soldier of the past, but even this will not do him the credit he deserves. There were other features in the character of the Confederate soldier fully as remarkable as his courage. In every company there were one or more men or boys who everlastingly had some surprise for you. They were the comedians who furnished life and fun for the rest of the crowd. These fellows invariably made good soldiers, and by their pranks and jokes made the other men forget their troubles and the danger too. They were meat and bread when we were hungry, and they gave us new life on the march when we were worn out. Proper notice has never been accorded these fellows, but every old soldier will recall when he reads this the name of the men of his company who furnished the fun and who always had some poor fellow on the rack. There was a member of the Hamer Rifles from Yazoo City, which company belonged to the 18th Mississippi Infantry, who could crow just as well as a rooster, and bark like a dog. I have known him to quicken the step of the whole brigade and

put them all to laughing and talking. Just before day, on occasions when we had been marching all night, he would crow like a young game cock, and then you would hear him imitate a big old Shanghai. This would wake up the dog and he would begin.

The battle of Baker's Creek, when Grant was investing Vicksburg, at which time our cause seemed very gloomy, numbers of our gallant officers and men having been killed in the day's fight, was an occasion which distinguished the Confederate soldier because all the highest elements of manhood were necessary to hold him in line. The enemy was pressing our rear guard very strongly with a large force, the shells and bullets were flying thick, tearing up the ground, topping trees, and doing mad work generally. Adams's Cavalry Brigade was resisting the advance as well as they could. Men and horses were being killed, and it required nerve and everything else to make a man stay at his post. There was a deathly silence on the part of the men. No one knew what the next moment would do for him. To increase the intensity, a fellow riding a good horse went dashing to the rear. He had lost his nerve. As he flew by, he holloed out: "I can't hold my horse." Munford Bacon, of Madison County, Miss., a friend of mine, who was a member of Adams's Brigade, saw the man and heard his explanation for leaving the line. Munford raised up in his stirrups and yelled out: "Boys, I will give one thousand dollars for one of them horses you can't hold." This created a laugh and a yell, which made the enemy halt long enough to allow our troops to get into better position, and what might have been a disaster was prevented by Munford's wit.

After the Army of Northern Virginia had fallen back from the Peninsula to Richmond in the spring of 1862, and had camped on the south side of the Chickahominy, a few men from each company were allowed to go into the city for a day only. I was at that time a member of Company C of the 18th Mississippi Regiment. One of the comedians in the company was Ben F. Muse, of Canton, Miss. Ben always had a joke on somebody, and was not happy unless he had the laugh on one of us. But we had the laugh on Ben once, as I will tell you. When his time came to go into town, he said to the boys: "You know I am a hornsnoiger, and if you want anything from Richmond, come up with your canteens and your money." Several of the boys who had not tasted the ardent for many moons gave Ben their can-

teens and the needful, and off he went. I remember how he looked as he bade us goodbye. He was a fine specimen of manhood, handsome as could be, with magnificent development. He had never been accustomed to hardships, and until he went into the army never wanted for anything, but on this occasion his clothes consisted of a pair of old ragged pants, a greasy old flannel shirt and one "gallus." But Ben's heart was as cheery as a mocking bird on a spring morning, as he capered off with seven or eight canteens around his neck. He had no thought of trouble, but spent the time thinking about the fun he would have when he reached town.

Several of our men who had been wounded, and some who had been sick, but were well enough to sit around, had congregated at the Mississippi supply depot, where clothes and blankets were sent from home to be distributed among the Mississippi troops. Dr. W. W. Devine was in charge. Well, Ben Muse reached the Mississippi depot and found a number of friends, among them Uriah Eulah, David Rowland, Ed Hargon, and others. Ben had but a short time to tarry, and at once proceeded to tell the boys he wanted to fill the canteens the first thing he did. Eulah was a warm friend of Ben Muse, so were the others, but Eulah thought the opportunity was favorable to have some fun, and, consulting with others, said to Ben: "We can show you where you can get these filled." It will be remembered by the old soldiers that General Winder was the Commandant of Richmond Post, and his office was a marble front building; and they will also remember that General Winder was a very stern and uncompromising man. Eulah said: "Now, Ben, you come with us and we will show you the place." Dave Rowland had lost a leg, so the four went down the street very slowly until they reached a point opposite General Winder's headquarters. "Now," said Eulah, "you go in that marble store, and you will see two or three soldiers sitting around in the front room. Tell them you want to see the General on private business, and they will let you pass into the next room, where you will find several men in citizens' clothes, writing. Tell them also that you want to see the General on an important matter, and they will pass you into a third room, where you will see an old man with bald head, wearing glasses, and he also has on citizens' clothes. Walk up to the old man, tap him on the shoulder, and point to your canteens. Tell him you want them filled, and don't forget to

(Continued on page 198)



### FLAG OF THE CATAWBA RANGERS.

[The following was written in 1920 by the donor of the flag, Miss L. Maud Edwin, a press correspondent, of San Diego, Calif., and was sent to the VETERAN recently by Mrs. Blanks Killough, Director Publicity for California, U. D. C.]

Sixty years seems a long, long time to some of us, and it is, while to others it is but—yesterday.

To those of you, reading this little story, who were among the "Boys in Gray," or descendants of those boys, it will doubtless prove intensely interesting, and to the "Boys who wore the Blue" it will bring scenes of similar nature, wherein color of uniform or flag played weak parts in the sad little drama of the moment, when brother fought brother, and for what? For principle—for what he believed in his own heart was right.

Nestling 'mongst the hills of South Carolina was a little village of rare beauty and charm. In this village lived the boys and the girls who had grown to young manhood and young womanhood together. They lived simply, sweetly, quietly, and very happily, each dreaming of a "wonderful future," of the "joy in store for them," just as the boys and girls of today are doing, little dreaming of tragedy, which was, even then, entering the portals of their sacred domain.

But when the call to arms was sounded, none were more anxious to enter the front ranks than this same bunch of boy chums, as, one by one, they appeared in their wonderful uniforms of gray and gold, thrilling the hearts of those who loved them so dearly with a feeling of unutterable intensity, a mixture of pride and dread which only those having experienced it can know.

As these boys were all members of one company, there arose a great desire in the hearts of the girls to do something big for them, something which might add to their glory, if possible. Thus, the idea was conceived to make them an individual flag, one which would express something of the thoughts which impelled their acts. So the flag, of which I shall tell you, was the result of the love in the hearts of those dear little Southern girls of fifty years ago.

The time was short. The call "To arms" and to "go into action" might come at any moment. As these girls knew they could not engrave the insignia with silken thread and loving fingers as they desired to do, so brush and paint were used instead. Following is a minute description of this emblem of love:

It is made of dark blue silk, with a lighter blue, heavy silk fringe. It measures 3 feet, 7 inches

by 31 inches. The fringe is upon the end and bottom; the edge is bound with the lighter blue and every stitch put in by hand. Painted upon the one side, reading from top and left to right, in gold letters upon a painted scroll, it reads: "Our battle cry," and upon a like scroll at the bottom, "Liberty or death." These two scrolls form a circle in the center upon which is painted at the top an old-style gun, and below it as two swords crossed; in the very center is a large red star, measuring 7 inches each way and upon either side of the star are the letters "S. C."—in gold; encircling these emblems is a gold wreath, held together at the bottom by a hand which is pointing to the Star.

Upon the other side, the scrolls at top and bottom are the same, with the exception of the reading upon the top one, which is: "Catawba Rangers." In the center is a painted palmetto tree, with a snake stretched, ready to strike from the grass beneath. Encircling this emblem is a wreath of red stars and gold balls or beads. This flag is in a splendid state of preservation, with the exception of the paint having cracked the silk, as it naturally would do in this length of time.

Following is the story handed down with this precious keepsake:

"It was after one of the fiercest of battles, and I am sorry to tell you that the knowledge of *just which one* has slipped my memory. But my father, a 'Boy in Blue,' was among those sent out to care for the wounded but still living 'Boys in Gray.' The battle had raged long into the night, for it was moonlight, but towards dawn they forgot everything but that there were boys, like themselves, out there in the open who needed help and they must go to them—which they did. Many were the heartbreaking sights which these 'Boys in Blue' saw, but one in particular is connected with my story.

"Feeling their way cautiously among the dead, to ascertain whether or not some might still be living, my father was attracted to a form which was huddled in a bunch, rather than lying down as others were, and upon turning him over, he opened his eyes and smiled. He was gently raised and water placed to his lips, and as he was about to be lifted to the stretcher, he told them it was useless, the end was near. He asked to be left there beside his pal, who had died during the night. His words came in whispers and with great effort, but he slipped his hand beneath his shirt front and pulled forth this selfsame precious flag and haltingly told the 'Boy in Blue' the story,

but before he had spoken any names or given any directions, he writhed in agony, gasped, opened his eyes and smiled a farewell; and as the Boy from the Northland stood over the Boy from the Southland, hot tears coursed down his cheeks and he stooped and pressed a kiss upon the brow of someone's precious son; and as he left that field of gruesome horror, he knew he could never fire his gun again into the midst of such as these—and he did not, for, having some knowledge of surgery and medicine, he was detailed with the Hospital Corps and spent his entire time relieving the suffering of the boys, no matter which uniform they wore.

"Yes, this flag is dear to the writer, but if, perchance, there are those who may have been of that little village or even descendants of the very members of this company, who may know about the flag, I am willing to give it into their keeping, that they may pass it down as a relic, ever to be cherished, for the sakes of those who bore it so valiantly into the jaws of death.

"My father's name was E. Maynard Burgess (M.D.), 13th Michigan Infantry."

The Maj. Hugh G. Gwyn Chapter, U. D. C., through Mrs. H. W. Merkeley, 3575 Fourth Street, San Diego, Calif., would like to hear from any one having knowledge of this flag, or of a descendant of one of the Catawba Guards. This article was given to California's Director of Publicity for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, with the request that she endeavor to acquire information.

## IN THE JUNIOR RESERVES.

BY WILLIAM FRANKLIN ELKINS, PLAINVIEW, TEX.

I was born on March 14, 1847, in Cabarrus County, N. C., and reared in Concord, the county seat. Consequently, my fifteenth birthday came just before the opening of the War between the States in 1861.

On April 21, 1861, Sunday morning, at five o'clock, the fife and drum aroused the citizens to get ready to march with the boys to the depot to see them off for the seat of war. These companies were commanded by men who had organized military companies prior to the war. One known as the Cabarrus Guards was commanded by Capt. Nelson Slough, who had served in the war against Mexico, 1846-48. He had a fine military turn of mind. It will be interesting to know just what was the uniform of the men of his company, which was dark blue dress coats, with

light blue pants, all belt trimmings white, and caps that were topped with red, white, and blue plumes. Each man looked full six feet tall with his plumes. The combined uniform was the most attractive I have ever seen.

During the war, Captain Slough became famous as the commander of the 20th North Carolina of Clingman's Brigade. Captain Slough trained his men before the war according to the tactics of General Scott. Well do I remember that while Captain Slough trained his men, we boys, with sticks for guns, learned to go through the drills quite correctly.

The other company was called the "Black Boys" Company of Cabarrus County. Part of these boys were the descendants of a set of youngsters that played a well-remembered trick. When Lord Tryan was provincial governor of North Carolina, at one time he had run short of powder, and sent to Charleston to get a supply. Hearing of this, these youngsters blacked themselves like negroes so they might not arouse suspicion on the part of the guards until they could dispose of it. Then they began to fit a fuse out of wagon sheets and such. Setting fire to this they lay watching behind rocks and trees awaiting results. The names of the "ancestors" were Alexander, White, Farr, McCurdy. After the Revolutionary War, the organization was revived, and when the War between the States started, they were in full trim. They were armed and trained by the tactics of Gen. William H. Hardee, which were used throughout the war.

Reared under these conditions, I was a well-trained young soldier from observation. When our beloved Governor, Zeb B. Vance, saw fit, he called us boys, seventeen years old, to report to our respective county sites and then to Raleigh, the capital, where the Governor ordered us to Camp Holmes, and assigned us to quarters.

One evening we were ordered out to drill grounds, and the next morning put under drill masters, who began giving us the schooling of a soldier. Soon after, guns were issued to fit our size.

Morning and evening we drilled and were assigned all kinds of camp duties. Toward the end of the struggle, our company was ordered to face Sherman at Bentonville and Averasboro. Shortly after that, General Johnson surrendered and the war was over.

The field and company officers of my command were as follows: Second Regiment Junior Re-



serves, Company E, commanded by Col. John Anderson, Major Beasley and Adjutant Hunter, Captain Carl, Lieutenant Sheen, Lieutenant Hines, Lieutenant Rogers, and Orderly Sergeant, Kelop Louder.

#### *SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.*

JAMES A. HARROLD, CHAPLAIN, SURGEON-MAJOR,  
C. S. A., FIRST VIRGINIA REGIMENT.

September 11, 1861. Appointed from Virginia as Chaplain; to report to 1st Virginia Regiment. (Report, A. O.)

February 17, 1862. Appointed April 17, 1862, from Alabama, as Surgeon; to rank as Major. February 17, 1862, to report to Surgeon General. HOSPITAL DUTY.

March 10, 1862. Says he reported this date for duty as Surgeon at General Hospital at Charlottesville, Va. (Per Papers March 16, 1862.)

March 10, 1862. Resignation accepted as Chaplain, 1st Virginia Volunteers, July 3, 1862, to take effect March 10, 1862. (S. O. 153 (22), A. G. O.)

July 6, 1863. Surgeon, ordered to relieve Surgeon Ed. Lea, Examining Board 1st Congressional District of North Carolina. (S. O. 159 (3), A. G. O.)

September 10, 1863. Surgeon relieved from conscript duty in North Carolina and ordered to report to Surgeon Crowell, Medical Doctor at Charlottesville. (S. O. 215 (2), A. G. O.)

October 30, 1863. Surgeon, assigned to 3rd North Carolina Hospital, Department South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. (S. O. 225-Beauregard.)

April 1, 1864. Surgeon, relieved from charge of 3rd North Carolina Hospital, Charleston, S. C., and will proceed to establish a General Hospital, at Monticello, Fla. (S. O. 91-Beauregard.)

April 8, 1864. Relieved from duty Board of Examiners, Charleston, and ordered to Monticello, Fla. (S. O. 98-Beauregard.)

September 14, 1864. Surgeon, ordered to report to Medical Director, T. L. Ogier, Jr., at Charleston, S. C., for duty in prison hospital. (S. O. 218 (20), A. G. O.)

October 16, 1864. Tenders resignation and signs as Surgeon in charge of Prison Hospital, Columbus, S. C. (Per Papers.)

November 3, 1864. Resignation accepted as Surgeon, P. A. C. S. (S. O. 262 (1), A. G. O.)

The above military record as quoted from the "Official Records of the War," printed and issued

by the War Department, United States Government, in many volumes, shows most conclusively how tremendously and completely James Albert Harrold served his country, both as Chaplain and Surgeon, C. S. A., from beginning to end of war. But, as a military record, it does not tell half the story of much that happened in between or even during terms of duty. For nearly all his service was in the "Field" or in charge of three of the most important hospitals during the war. Many vivid instances were related only to his family in after-years, which some of his letters written to his wife and children corroborate. And at this late day, only a few fragments left of those vivid letters tell something that may add interest to the memories of those veterans or womenkind still left behind.

James Albert Harrold, M.D., D.D., graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Baltimore, Md., and, while practicing medicine in North Carolina, where he married the youngest daughter of the Hon. Henry Skinner, of Piney Woods Plantation, Perquimans County, N. C., became interested in the saving of souls, as well as their bodies, and was ordained there by the Bishop of the Episcopal Church.

This accounts for his two services both as Chaplain and Surgeon, C. S. A.

Reverend and Doctor Harrold was the warm, personal friend of President Davis, who, knowing of his work and record as surgeon, sent for him and asked him—indeed, almost ordered him—to "come and serve as Surgeon in the war," as he was badly in need of all surgical help.

His devoted and unselfish wife, with their five little children, followed Dr. Harrold all through his campaign, and domiciled as near his hospital work as was permitted by the authorities at Charlottesville, Va., Charleston, S. C., and Tallahassee, Fla. As the result of changing and insanitary housing or camping, four of those little children caught fever germs and were buried where they died.

So well were his hospitals kept and so faithfully he attended each patient that these hospitals became noted and known even to the Federal army, and many Federal officers asked to be sent to Dr. Harrold's hospitals when attention was needed. Friendships thus formed lasted through life, as in after years he baptized and officiated at the marriages of their children.

Dr. Harrold's private diary, kept day by day throughout the war, gives some interesting and

even amusing items, for he was blessed with a keen sense of humor and fine health. He often said that the rigors of war cured him of dyspepsia and a delicate throat. But it never cured him of a cheerful and happy nature, or a tolerance of the weaknesses of human nature.

His diary notes that in February, 1861, he "left Charlottesville to attend the inauguration of President Davis, C. S. A.; arrived at 9 P.M.," next day, "Saturday—rain and cloudy weather not propitious for ceremony; but was a large crowd. President's manner impressive and solemn. In evening attended 'levee' at the President's House."

During 1861, speaks of "churches closed for services and used to house the wounded," "cold and snowy and rain always." He seems to have been from "Camp in Centerville" and "by wagon to Manassas, but got no place to sleep, and went on to Gainesville." "Preached on Sunday for the Maryland Regiment." And next day "appeared before Medical Board at Manassas for examination—passed." While waiting for appointment as surgeon, preached in Richmond, Va., at old "St. Paul's, and Ashland, Va., and to troops in Field." At another date he speaks of "violent storm—Yankee fleet at sea—all praying for its dispersion and destruction"; while "in camp the storm abated—but great confusion—with tents blown down."

While in "Camp near Centerville on November 30, 1861," he writes to his children of an interesting ceremony "which occurred on the 28th of August": "You must know that our Army has a new flag for the battle field, the old flag being so much like the Federal flag as to have been mistaken at a distance on the battle field of Manassas, and thus caused confusion. The new banner is of bright red silk, in the ground, with a large blue, St. Andrew's (X) from end to end—this cross decked with twelve (12) *silver stars*, the present number of the Confederate States. This flag was presented to General Longstreet's Division on the day named. The day was bright and the army of ten thousand men of that Division marched to a high plain near Centerville and was drawn up in battle array. There were nine flags planted in the ground, by threes; around these were assembled General Beauregard and staff, Johnston and staff, Longstreet and staff, Ewell and staff, Jones, Bonham, Van Dorn, and others, all dressed in brilliant uniform of gray and gold. The army formed in a square in front, and different bands of music stirred the

air with sweet and martial strains. At a signal, a Colonel rode forward and read to the Army the 'orders' of the new banner—then General Longstreet rode forward with the Rev. Dr. Harrold (your dad), whom he presented to the Army as Chaplain for the day. I was requested to make a speech, and then to *bless the new war banner*; all of which I did. At the conclusion the bands struck up the 'Marseillaise Hymn,' and thousands of voices rent the air in loud and long huzzas. The crowd sang out for Beauregard; he, mounted on a fine black charger, rode along the lines and the men shouted, and the bands of music played, 'Dixie'; then Johnston was called out, with the same; then Longstreet, and so on.

"The flag was presented by Beauregard to each Colonel, who received it, making a short speech. The Army then went off to quarters and all the officers went to General Longstreet's quarters, where we spent the day in festivities. It was a great day; I was much complimented; had the honor of a long talk with General Beauregard, and introductions to many of the Generals."

On December 14, 1861, from Camp near Centerville he writes again to his children: "My last letter gave you some idea of the 'pomp and circumstance of glorious war'; now I give you an account of some of the war's sterner circumstance in the execution of its discipline—I allude to a *Military Execution!* On Monday last, 9th inst., two of the Louisiana Tigers Battalion suffered the extreme sentence of military law in having been shot to death by an order of Court Martial. You have often heard of the 'Tigers,' a wild, desperate set of men from the city of New Orleans, and commissioned by Major Wheat. They have the reputation of outlaws and desperadoes, though brave and valorous in battle, as was proved at Manassas. They are often imprisoned in the Guard House for stealing and insubordination. Sometime since one of them killed, or attempted to kill, a man, for which he was imprisoned. Two of his Tiger friends attempted to release him from the Guard House; they made an attack upon the officer of the Guard, knocked him down, seized the arms of the guard, and released the prisoner. This was a high offense, it being the penalty of death for a private to strike his officer. The two 'Tigers' were caught and tried by court-martial, and condemned to be shot to death. This was done on the last Monday morning at 11 o'clock. Fancy a large open field upon a high hill—on all sides surmounted by the glittering rows of thousands of white tents where



our brave soldiers await their enemies. It is a bright and beautiful morning—the sun shines warm, inspiring everything with new life and vigor. A large crowd of horsemen and persons on foot are seen wending their way from even surrounding camps across the field to the one particular spot. You follow the long train, and soon arrive upon the field where a vast army of people are gathered, standing in columns of scores, deep in the form of a hollow square, with the end of the square open. Around you gleam the arms of the men on the champing and neighing horses; and from thousands of bayonets and sabers the light of the sun is thrown in brilliant flashes, whilst rich uniforms of gold and gray add to the life and interest of the scene. At one end of the square the battalion of 'Tigers,' in full uniform and drawn up with their rifles in hand. An impressive silence seems to rest upon all—when, suddenly, at the open end of the square, a covered wagon, drawn by four horses appears, and slowly advances into the open space, where it stops for a while; then six men get out of the wagon—two 'Tigers,' a Catholic priest in long black cassock and three-cornered cap, and three officers. These step forward a little when the Colonel rides up to them and, speaking to the 'Tigers,' reads to them the charges of which they have been found guilty and the sentence of the court condemning them to death. The two 'Tigers' have their hands tied behind them with rope. They are then led backward a short distance and made to kneel with their backs resting against two strong posts driven into the ground, about twenty or thirty yards apart; their hands are also tied tightly behind them to the posts. The priest is seen going constantly from one to the other of the two criminals, comforting them in preparing them for the awful death, which is so soon to shut out from them the light of the beautiful sun which is shining about them. He holds to their lips a crucifix, which they passionately kiss and over which they pray. In a few moments the signal is given, the priest leaves them alone with an officer, who puts a bandage over their eyes and then retires. An officer gives a signal in silence, and directly twenty-four of the 'Tigers,' in their striking costume of a scarlet Turkish cap, gray half jacket, red shirt, short zouave pants of white and blue stripes, long blue and white striped stockings and russet leather half boots, advance within twenty steps of the two kneeling men, with rifles in hand; one-half are in front of each man—you can hear the faint-

est whisper of the wind. The commanding officer of the squad of 'Tigers,' in a long scarlet tunic, with a sword in his hand, steps out a few paces and commands 'Aim! Fire!' . . . . Poor fellows! they fought bravely at Manassas, driving back the enemy. I wept bitter tears for them and suffered intensely and prayed all the while for them. . . . . There, where they were shot, were they laid to rest, side by side. . . . . You think it cruel that their comrades were made to be their executioners, but no one of the soldiers who fired ever knew who of them shot the men, for the rifles are loaded half with blank cartridge by some officer who gives them to another officer who hands them to the executioner, not knowing himself which of them have guns loaded with ball or which are blank."

After the foregoing events, Dr. Harrold passed his examinations for Surgeon and received his appointment on March 10, 1862. His duties from thereon in hospitals in Virginia, South Carolina, and Florida kept him busy, and apparently too busy to keep a diary. When, in November, 1864, he resigned from the Confederate Southern Army, he again took up his duties as a clergyman in civil life, in South Carolina and in Florida, finally going to Washington, D. C., doing much work in that diocese from 1872 till the day of his death in 1903, organizing three parishes, preaching and teaching God's word and work, thus fulfilling his busy and vigorous life, serving others, his Lord, and his country.

[This sketch of a Confederate surgeon was contributed by Mrs. Caroline H. Chase, daughter of Dr. Harrold, of New York City.]

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As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery  
sod,  
Behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of  
God;  
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen  
flies  
In the freedom that fills all the space twixt the  
marsh and the skies;  
By so many roots as the marsh grass sends in the  
sod,  
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of  
God.  
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness  
within  
The range of the Marshes, the liberal Marshes of  
Glynn.  
—*Sidney Lanier.*





Courtesy The Richmond Magazine

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, RICHMOND, VA.



## JEB STUART—FIGHTING MAN.

BY THELMAR WYCHE COX, SHREVEPORT, LA.

"If you want to have a good time,  
Jine the cavalry!"

Through forest paths, through country lanes, through sunny Virginia valleys, men hummed that lilting ditty as they galloped along after young James Ewell Brown Stuart, with his rollicking voice booming out on the chorus, and long-legged, laconic Joe Sweeney's gifted fingers thumping out the accompaniment on the strings of his captured Yankee banjo.

Major General young Stuart was, and serving under the immortal Jackson, but to the men in gray who followed where he led he was romance incarnate. No march too long, no force of enemy too overwhelming for them if Jeb Stuart rode at their head, with his ostrich feather floating in the wind and the tassels of his yellow sash beating against the high tops of his polished boots—and his merry blue eyes challenging them to follow.

All the Launcelots and Galahads are gone. Not even the bravest would dare to wear a sash and a plumed hat these days, and wars are fought by men dressed as much alike as possible, and battles led by generals miles in the rear. Cavalry is practically obsolete, and the world has become stodgy and commonplace since that gay feather fell in the dust of Yellow Tavern.

But while it yet adorned a broad-brimmed felt, men knew that the world was still a good place in which to live, and that nothing was important save honor and courage and a good stiff fight, a gallant death, and a blanket shroud.

A short life in the saddle, Lord, not long life by the fire! It might have been their motto—those men who rode in Stuart's cavalry, for only a handful of them lived to see that black April at Appomattox Court House when Lee rode by them with hat in hand, that gray head of his proud even in defeat, and the pitiful remnant of his army gazing at his beloved face with sorrowing eyes that were striving to impress his likeness on loyal hearts that would never forget that day.

They carried back to their firesides memories that could soften the blow of defeat. Through dark days that tried their souls, their hearts still rode through Virginia in that long line with Jeb Stuart at their head.

They knew him. And some of those who had been with him put down on paper his deeds, his words, the way he laughed, the teasing light in

his blue eyes, so that posterity of theirs might know that a man had lived.

Prosaic histories give accounts of his military campaigns. The eyes and the ears of Lee's army, they call him, but not even their weighty words can quite conceal the glamor of the man himself.

He was so young. Men don't become generals these days at twenty-eight, even men who finish at West Point as he did, but at that age Stuart was a seasoned soldier and had smelled the smoke of battle and been wounded in an Indian skirmish. Already he had shown the resource and courage he possessed, so that when he offered his sword in defense of his native State, it was a great day for the Confederacy.

They sent him to serve under Jackson in the Shenandoah, and in the space of five months he was promoted from lieutenant colonel to brigadier general, and Union soldiers slept uneasily in their camps and dreamed that that laughing, fighting devil of a Stuart was after them.

He became a nightmare to Union generals aspiring to fame and glory—and promotion. They saw their high hopes vanish; they saw their lines falter and fall back before a mere handful of Rebels inspired to superhuman courage by a madman who charged at their head with flashing sword and laughter on his lips, and in his eyes the joy of martial combat.

Useless to explain to the newspapers, useless to try to make "Old Abe" understand that they couldn't stop a man like that! Wars aren't won by excuses, and when superior numbers can't conquer, something must be wrong with the general. Jackson and Stuart, advancing, retreating, in that beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah, keeping two armies at bay while the world looked on in amazement, and writing military history that excites the admiration of men even today, was something the North hadn't planned for.

But it was sport for young Stuart. War was an amusing game that he played to the best of his ability, and he was willing to pay for it when fate should demand an accounting. He had martial blood in his veins—and he had Irish blood. It was inevitable with a heritage such as that that he should love the smell of powder; inevitable that he should play the rôle of cavalier to the end. There is a potency, a color, about Irish blood that lends a glamor to the history of the world. It has helped to dye the soil of so many battle fields; will fertilize the grass roots of many more.

Hot Irish blood that loves a merry song and a good fight, and yet has its deep undercurrent of

faith in God and love of fellow-man—Stuart was all that.

His men said that they had never heard him use an oath, and though many women admired him, theirs, too, was the tribute that womankind always pay to a fighting man.

No scandal ever touched his name. One woman he loved, and that one he had married. She was his darling wife, and so he addressed her in letters from many a camp fire, and, when life for him was over, with May sunshine outside his window and the guns just beyond Richmond booming in his ears, he sighed that he must go out to join his beloved old Stonewall without one last sight of her cherished face.

He was made of wire and steel, and sleep didn't figure in his plans. While his soldiers slept the sleep of exhaustion from long wearying rides over incredible distances, Stuart, accompanied by Sweeney with his banjo under his arm, would set out for some home in the neighborhood.

The news would spread, and some old darky who knew how to make a fiddle talk would come up from the quarters to play with Sweeney, and soon a dance would be in full swing, just as if Yankee troops weren't encamped a few rods away, just as if the old plantation life with its balls, its white-columned old homes, its grinning Negro servants, its easy hospitality, hadn't come to an end. Just as if the Bonnie Blue Flag would wave forever over the capitol at Richmond.

Stuart and Sweeney were always welcome. Sweeney's supply of ballads was almost inexhaustible, and sometimes the young General would join in—"Sweet Evelina," "Faded Old Letters," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and ending up with "Jine the Cavalry!" Sweeney, minstrel to a knight-errant, the airs he plunked from his banjo made long miles drop away as if by magic under the horses' feet.

Like the great leader he was, Stuart taught his men to trust him. Had they been afraid of his judgment, the story of his career would not have been so breath-taking. But they were with him to a man. They followed his feather, as they said. Around McClellan's army they went after that gay plume, almost constantly in sight of the enemy, exposed to great danger, but safe through their own daring.

When they hesitated to ride by a gunboat lying in the James, he led them in an attack on it, and his battery soon forced the ship to up-anchor and drift down the river, since its own guns could

do no damage to the attackers at such short range.

With light hearts they followed him on his raid into Pennsylvania, confident that somehow their Jeb would get them back onto Dixie soil safely again. Miles into the enemy country they went, with Washington shaking in its boots and the order out to stop that fellow Stuart at any cost, guard every ford of the Potomac and not let him back across it.

But with the boldness characteristic of him, he outguessed them and crossed at a ford miles below where he was expected and nearest the greatest number of enemy! He brought with him a large party of horses conscripted from the Pennsylvania countryside, and he left behind him people who praised the gentlemanly conduct of his men.

There had been no plundering, and for the horses and clothing seized, Stuart had commanded that receipts be given so that redress might be asked of the United States Government.

In a day that prided itself on its gentlemen, young Stuart was admittedly the pride of Virginia chivalry. A great friend of his said that the young general's head was one that a helmet should have graced, and men much older than he envied him the brain under that feathered hat of his.

He outwitted the enemy on more than one occasion, and, at such times, that brain of Stuart's made up for superior forces before him. It served him in good stead at Fredericksburg, when the day went against his small band and defeat seemed certain. Confronted by troops almost four times as many as his own, he stationed men with banners in the rear so that it seemed he had several regiments in reserve. Then, leading the charge himself, he swept them on to victory.

But in spite of his military genius, and no one who reads the accounts of his maneuvers can doubt it for a moment, the man himself was very human, and it was that picture of him his men remembered and smiled mistily over for long years afterward.

He was their comrade. He slept with them, ate with them, joked with them, and grieved with them. They idolized him and knew in their hearts that they couldn't be beaten as long as they had him with them.

He had pet names for some of them, and the slang they quote him as using smacks of a much later date than the sixties. Men growing old remembered, long after that deep voice behind the heavy auburn beard was silent forever, how he would lean back in his saddle and roar at a joke.



He really meant it when he sang that if you wanted to have a good time you should join the cavalry. For Stuart had a grand time. Old enough to realize the seriousness of the war, but young enough to take it as it came and not quarrel with fate over the decision, his smiling face under the quizzical eyebrows never betrayed to his men any anxiety he might feel.

When the joke was on him, he laughed just as loudly. The enemy came so near to capturing him one morning when he imprudently slept on the porch of an old, abandoned house near Verdierville without a picket, that he escaped only by leaving his hat and coat behind and leaping a fence.

But the Northern general didn't laugh long over the possession of Stuart's hat and coat, for, some nights later, the young Rebel led a night attack on the general's camp while that worthy man was sound asleep. The poor general escaped in his night clothes, and Stuart, in great glee, took back with him the general's whole uniform! A store in Richmond displayed it in its shop window while the whole Confederacy chuckled.

And even Lincoln had to laugh at his imprudence when Stuart, after capturing a telegraph station and intercepting messages of the gravest importance, had his operator send in a complaint about the poor grade of mules being furnished the Union army. "They caused me great hindrance in removing my captured wagons," Stuart said.

He was a dozen men rolled into one, for they could never be sure just where he'd show up next, and so they were never easy. To the men in blue he was a devil who never slept. Hard to convince them that he was just a boy with a bushy beard that he was very proud of—riding half across the State of Virginia with a couple of bird pups on his saddle that some one had given him!

But at last they molded the bullet with his name on it. He had been sure that they would some day, but, like Jackson, he had been fatalistic about it. He believed that he had a destiny to fulfil and that he would be spared to complete it.

Battle after battle the shells flew thick and fast about his gallant head, and men he loved fell all around him, but he remained untouched. Through three hard years he gave of his best, and men fought under his blood-red battle flag and died with the picture of his smiling face in their hearts.

Three years exactly that day in May the bul-

let found him. The star of the Confederacy was setting. Stuart had twice saved Richmond; she would need him sorely again, but his destiny had run its course. Lee, with his best generals dead and his army ragged and starving, couldn't hold out much longer. A kind fate meant that Stuart should be spared that.

His men wavered when they saw that he had fallen in the charge. They responded to his rallying cry as he was carried from the field, but hope died within them that day at Yellow Tavern.

"I have done my best for my country! See that you do yours!" said their invincible leader to them for the last time. "I had rather die than be whipped!"

And so they took him into Richmond to die in that city where he had known gaiety and laughter and love.

Only thirty-one he was as he lay there with the sands of his life running low, and though the guns sounded in the distance, the flag he had fought for, shed his precious blood for—the beautiful folds of the Bonnie Blue Flag still floated over his beloved Richmond when he closed his eyes for the last time.

And there in a public place stands today his bronze likeness looking out across a city that still speaks of his gallantry and courage, after sixty-eight years.

Time tarnishes the brightest name, but it will be long before the nation—a united North and South—forgets Jeb Stuart. For the whole world loves a fighting man—one who plays the game squarely, one who fights for what he thinks is right, gives his life's blood gladly, and dies with laughter on his lips. For such a one there are no lost causes.

#### *DEFENSE OF THE SOUTH ANNA BRIDGE.*

BY JUDGE W. A. DEVINE, OXFORD, N. C.

Traveling northward from Richmond, Va., by rail, one crosses a stream of no very great size which bears the rather unusual name of the South Anna River. The momentary clatter of the car wheels over the bridge is hardly noticed, and but few, if any, recall that this was once the scene of a fierce and sanguinary conflict during the War between the States, and that here the blood of Oxford and Granville County men once crimsoned the shelving banks and dyed the waters of the swiftly flowing stream.

Nearly sixty-seven years have elapsed since the Confederate battle flags were furled forever, and the Southern Cause passed into history; but it is

never too late to recount deeds of gallantry and heroism, and it is not inappropriate that we take time to recall that in this instance the actors were all men of our own county and that their deeds are worthy to be remembered. This glory should not be permitted to remain undeclared and their spirit forgotten.

We read history and retain in our memory many unusual things done in other lands and by other people, yet frequently overlook highly dramatic and stirring exploits, deeds of courage, daring and endurance which have been performed by men from our own little corner of the world. Granville County history furnishes many incidents that often lift its record out of the ordinary and the commonplace, and sometimes into the heroic. We need to study these records and teach them to our children. In no period, I think, will we find our history richer than during the tragic years of the War between the States.

We are all familiar with the course of that long and exhausting struggle, and have a general idea of the many battles waged as the tides of conflict ebbed and flowed. North Carolina's large share in it is a matter of history. We are justly proud of the heights to which she mounted, of her greatness and her sacrifices in time of stress and storm; of the steadfastness of her sons and daughters in supreme trial. But too often we fail to recognize and accord the meed of praise and fame due for the heroic conduct of her sons on many unusual and striking occasions. Our failure in this respect is not due to lack of ability to appreciate what is great, but doubtless for lack of skilled artists to paint in the high lights with the tragic shadows. Paul Revere is immortal not so much because his galloping steed brought timely warning to the patriots, but rather because a great poet sang his praises in immortal verse. The gallantry and dash of Stuart, Ashby, Mosby, Morgan live in song and story, for our youthful ardor was stirred by the martial romances of John Esten Cook.

There are those who sprang from Granville County soil worthy to mingle in this goodly company. Let us help to resurrect from our own forgetfulness the history of an extraordinary occurrence, unsurpassed anywhere, and place here a wreath of fadeless laurel. So I am recording an instance of unusual gallantry and unconquerable courage displayed by a band of Granville County Confederate soldiers dominated by the spirit of their resolute and fearless leader, Col.

Taswell L. Hargrove, in the defense of the South Anna Bridge, in June, 1863. Their conduct on that occasion is worthy to be told wherever the recital of high courage in a supreme trial stirs the blood of a brave people and particularly to an Oxford audience. The theater on which these men acted was small, but their performance was unparalleled.

Here let me tell something of the background of the leader whose dauntless spirit inspired these men that day to their remarkable action.

In the good year 1742, there came out of the State of Virginia into North Carolina one Richard Hargrove, styled "gentleman" in the ancient deeds, of English ancestry, who acquired a large body of land on Nutbush Creek in northeastern Granville County, near the present site of the town of Townsville, and built there his home. Succeeding generations of Hargroves occupied the same homestead, and lived the lives of baronial, slave-owning Southern planters, accumulating substantial wealth in land and houses and slaves. This plantation still remains in the possession of a member of the Hargrove family. I have been told that these Hargroves were all men of fiery temper and untamed spirit, and that they still adhered to the ancient code of the duel, but that their word was their bond.

April 6, 1830, on this plantation there was born to Israel and Nancy Hargrove a son whom they named Taswell Lee. The latest scion of the Hargrove lineage proved no exception to the rule. Taswell was educated at Randolph-Macon College, graduating in 1848. Later he studied law at the University of North Carolina and at the famous Law School of Richmond Pearson in Yadkin County. Coming to the bar of his native county, he resided in Oxford and took up the practice of his profession. He entered politics in the fateful years before the War between the States, and became a fierce Democrat, an uncompromising Secessionist, and a disciple of John C. Calhoun. It was characteristic of him that he vigorously opposed his own uncle, John Hargrove, a Senator from Granville County, who was a staunch Whig. Taswell Hargrove was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1861 which adopted the Ordinance of Secession, and sat in the first assembly after North Carolina joined the Confederacy.

But the call to arms and to the more stirring scenes on the battle field was too strong for the hot blood of Taswell Hargrove, and early in 1862 he raised a company of Granville County men



which was assigned to the newly formed 44th North Carolina Regiment. Early recognition of his courage and leadership brought him promotion to Major and then to Lieutenant Colonel. He saw service on many fields in Eastern Carolina, and then led his Regiment to join Lee's Army in Virginia, where he participated in the movements of the Army of Northern Virginia. Let us picture him as a tall, slender young Confederate Colonel, with his gray uniform and rattling saber, with fierce eyes and fiercer mustache, with proud and imperious bearing, every inch the soldier, one whom you would instinctively select to lead a forlorn and desperate hope.

In June, 1863, flushed by the victory of Chancellorsville, Lee undertook the invasion of the North, and led his undefeated army across the Blue Ridge, along the Shenandoah, by way of Harper's Ferry, through the Maryland hills deep into the hostile territory of the State of Pennsylvania. Marching parallel with him moved the great hosts of Meade to repel the invasion. And thus the two armies approached the fateful field of Gettysburg.

Now, it was not in accord with the nature of the chivalrous and high-minded Lee to levy tribute on unarmed people, or take by force the supplies needed for his army, so there extended in his rear an ever lengthening line of communications whereby food and ammunition and supplies must constantly pass from the Confederate base at Richmond. It was necessary to guard this line of communications, and it fell to the lot of the gallant 44th North Carolina Regiment to do this work.

To be left behind when the decisive battle of the war was in prospect, to cool their heels far in the wake of the stirring happenings at the front, was enough to make these young fighting men bewail their fate. But they little dreamed that fortune would single them out for a glorious achievement, for a battle worthy to be remembered wherever brave deeds are sung, and for a service of prodigious magnitude to Lee's army and to the Confederacy.

In this covering duty, Colonel Hargrove took post with a single company, Company A, his old company, composed entirely of men from Granville, Capt. R. L. Rice, sixty-two strong, at the railroad bridge over the South Anna River. To the northwest, some distance away, along the railroad, was Company G, composed of men from Orange County. At Hanover Junction, still farther away, were other units of the 44th Regi-

ment, including Maj. Charles M. Stedman. These, however, were too far away to render assistance to those who held the bridge. Not only was the maintenance of the bridge vital to Lee's communications, but there were stored near there thirty thousand stands of arms and a large depot of supplies of ammunition and food.

Now this long line of communications naturally tempted the Federal commanders to try to break it, and thereby harass and impede Lee's invasion of the North. So a formidable force was organized and dispatched to strike at this vital joint in the long snake and to destroy the South Anna railroad bridge. June 26, 1863, Colonel Spears, with fifteen hundred Pennsylvania and California Cavalry and two guns, landed near the "White House" and rode swiftly to a surprise attack from an unexpected quarter from the south. But the Confederates were alert. On the approach of the enemy, Colonel Hargrove moved his small force to the north side of the river, and took cover under its banks and behind the bed and crossties of the railroad. A small earthwork and a watchman's hut formed a part of his defense. He so skilfully maneuvered his men, making use of every vantage point the ground afforded, as to give his adversary the impression that a much larger force opposed him. Colonel Spears brought up his guns, dismounted a portion of his cavalry, and, after a vigorous shelling of the Confederate position, charged repeatedly with both cavalry and footmen.

But the little band held their ground. The odds were more than twenty to one, but Colonel Hargrove knew the value of time, the importance of the bridge to Lee's communications; knew the necessity of holding the bridge at all hazards, and the command was that there must be no retreat. There must be no surrender. They must stay there and die if need be. There was only the grim necessity of selling their lives as dearly as possible. And there they stayed all that long June afternoon. Their leader's coolness, self-possession, resourcefulness, and grim determination inspired and steadied his men. They clung to their position with unshakable tenacity; they fought like men possessed—four hours—attacked repeatedly in front, on both flanks—in the rear—finally surrounded; for the Federals had found a crossing two miles below and were on both sides of the river now. A part of Company G, eighteen men, under command of Capt. Robert Bingham, had arrived and taken

position two hundred yards from the bridge in an effort to protect the rear of Colonel Hargrove's position. They were immediately attacked by four hundred enemy in furious assault. The men of Orange joined their comrades from Granville in time to share their fate. But the Confederates did not give way. They fought with furious determination, with rifles, sabers, pistols, clubbed muskets, and, at last, hand to hand, in murderous madness, in inextricable confusion, in undistinguishable mêlée, until every single man was killed, shot down or wounded, or incapacitated. Colonel Hargrove, covered with blood from a saber cut on his head, was struck from the rear and fell unconscious. Not a man was left on his feet. The battle was over. The little band and its intrepid leader became a total casualty. But their purpose was accomplished, their sacrifice was not in vain. They had held the bridge long enough to prevent its destruction. The surprise attack had failed. After attempting ineffectually to burn the bridge, the Federal Commander, taking his wounded and wounded prisoners, withdrew with all speed lest his own retreat be cut off. The situation was saved. Trains went forward unhindered over the bridge bearing supplies to enable Lee to fight for three days his great battle in Pennsylvania and to insure his leisurely retreat.

Every man who fought at the South Anna has now passed away. The wounded survivors rarely talked about it. The scenes enacted there that day were not pleasant subjects of conversation. They know what price the glory.

I have seen two accounts of this memorable defense written by men who bore their share of gallantry in that day's fight. One of them wrote it thirty years after, but did not publish it. The son found it among his papers after his death and gave it to the press. That man was Capt. Alexander S. Peace, father of Oxford's present Postmaster, and of Col. Willis Peace, who rendered distinguished service in the late World War as an artillery commander in France.

Captain Peace, in the hand to hand fighting at the South Anna, was wounded by a ball from a pistol fired so close that his clothing was set on fire, and, falling unconscious, was left for dead. A portion of his description of the final scenes of this desperate struggle is given here: "The enemy had gained our rear. We were completely surrounded. Men in ranks and out of ranks, mounted and on foot, armed and disarmed, were on all sides, while horses without riders ran wild in

every direction through the fields. We would now have been an easy prey if the enemy had kept ranks and stood off from us, but, being too eager, they rushed in on us, more than ten to one, and were too close and crowded to use their sabers to advantage. A pistol shot was more dangerous to them than to us. Nor could those Federals who remained in ranks do more than stand on the outside and wait for an opportunity. On the inside there was bloody work going on. Colonel Hargrove, his sword broken, is knocked down with a saber cut. His assailant is felled across him. Another Federal soldier just above him, with uplifted saber endeavoring to strike his head, is clubbed in the mouth by a Confederate soldier and at the same time is shot through the heart by Sergeant Strum and falls dead across our Colonel. Now a mass of humanity, both gray and blue, is piled above and about him grappling for the lives of each other. Still Colonel Hargrove's voice rang out encouraging his men to fight to the last."

Of course, it was impossible for Captain Peace to see all that took place in this Homeric struggle. Certain glimpses remained fixed in his memory. He sees Satterwhite receive a blow on the back of his head, knocking his gun flying from his hands. He crawls to where a saber is lying, seizes it, and before he has fully straightened himself up strikes down the man before him. Corporal Knott captures two men and disarms them. Sergeant Hayes, a man of powerful muscle, runs amuck through the crowded ranks, knocking down two men at a stroke, but is himself felled by a blow from a carbine. Sergeant J. R. Buchanan (whom I knew as a kindly, soft-spoken old gentleman) constantly fired his rifle into the ranks of the enemy until he is himself shot through the lungs and captured after a desperate struggle with half a dozen Federals. Another Confederate with clothes on fire is furiously attacking with the butt of his gun the columns of the enemy's ranks. Private Cash (a boy of fifteen, taking his father's place) finds himself face to face with Colonel Spears, who orders him to surrender. "Not until my Colonel commands me," replied the intrepid youth, and, lunging with his bayonet at the body of the Federal Commander, is by him shot through the heart and falls dead at his feet. And so it continued until not a man was left on his feet.

Colonel Spears was so impressed by the unconquerable courage of Colonel Hargrove and his men that he paid them a high tribute in his for-



mal report. He states that the resistance made by the Confederates was the most stubborn he had known during the war, and that he supposed he was fighting four hundred infantry instead of eighty, and that his expedition had entirely failed of its object, which was to cut General Lee's communications with Richmond.

In a letter to the *Land We Love* magazine, in 1867, Colonel Robert Bingham made this reference to the defense of the South Anna Bridge:

"I saw in the January number of your magazine reference to the fight made by part of the 44th North Carolina at the South Anna Bridge. Lieutenant Colonel Hargrove did the fighting. He commanded two companies, A and G, about eighty men, and fought fifteen hundred Yankees for four hours. He was himself knocked down, twice wounded in two places by saber, in two places with bayonet, and, after firing all the loads in his pistol, threw it at a Yankee and knocked him down. He had sworn never to surrender and he never did, and only after he was severely wounded, knocked down and overpowered, was he captured." And so the defense of the South Anna Bridge passed into history.

Colonel Hargrove was wounded four times, became unconscious, and was carried away captive. He survived his wounds and languished in a Federal prison on Lake Erie during the remainder of the war. But even in prison his spirit was untamed. The gray uniform he wore became threadbare and offered but little protection against the chill wind that blew across Lake Erie. The prison commander sent him some blue clothing to wear, but he disdained the offer, and proudly wore his ragged and tattered gray throughout his imprisonment.

Judge Robert Winston said of him, "He was the most unreconstructed Rebel I ever knew."

Major Stedman said, "He was the bravest of the brave."

Colonel Bingham said, "He was the most fearless man I ever knew."

After the war, Colonel Hargrove returned to Oxford and resumed his place as a lawyer at the bar of his county. He was a member of the Legislature of 1870, and was candidate for Speaker, but was defeated. In 1872, he was elected Attorney General of the State, and, after his term, returned to Oxford and continued to practice law there until his death on December 16, 1889.

On March 17, 1868, he was married to Miss Mary Augusta Lamb, of Eastern Carolina, of distinguished North Carolina ancestry. Her great-

grandfather was a member of the Constitutional Convention which met at Fayetteville and ratified the Constitution of the United States in 1789. She long survived her husband, a sweet, cultured lady, who was for many years my closest neighbor and warm personal friend. Always Colonel Hargrove was her hero. On the walls of her home hung his portrait and his saber and, draped above them, the Stars and Bars.

He was not an old man when he died. Doubtless his end was hastened by the wounds he received in battle and as result of his confinement in a Northern prison. You will find spread on the records of the Granville Superior Court the memorial resolutions adopted by the Bar at the term succeeding his death.

He sleeps in the old family burying ground near Townsville. Upon the marble shaft that marks his resting place is inscribed these words:

"The Defender of the South Anna Bridge."

"And so he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

There his comrades have all joined him, and they, with him, have "Spread their tents on fame's eternal camping ground."

He belongs to the noble company of those of whom Thucydides wrote,

"Who dared beyond their strength,

Who hazarded against their judgment

And in extremities were of excellent hope."

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### THE PROTEST OF NEW JERSEY.

[From *Tyler's Quarterly Historical and Genealogical Magazine*, October, 1931.]

No more terrific indictment of Lincoln by any Southern man was ever made that what one reads in the Resolutions of the Legislature of New Jersey, adopted in the name of the people of that State, March 18, 1863, and which are republished below. They accuse him of dishonoring his word, of breaking the constitution, of advocating secession (in the case of West Virginia), after denouncing it in his messages, and of many other things. In the debunking now going on in this country of Lincoln's meretricious fame, these resolutions should receive attention. Especially noticeable is it that the Jersey Legislature in these resolutions urged the Federal Government to take steps for a Peace Conference. Mr. Davis had already made overtures to that effect, and had been repulsed with haughty disdain. It was only in 1864, when the tide turned against Lincoln, that

he gave any countenance to missions of peace. But as soon as the dangers attending his re-election were over, he expressed himself in his message as entirely opposed to making any new attempt. The weariness felt by the people of the North over the war continued, however, and Lincoln was forced to turn again to peace, but it was General Grant's influence that persuaded him to go in person to Old Point. In 1861, it will be remembered, he refused to hold any conference with Rebels.

The following protest on the part of New Jersey was passed March 18, 1863:

*"Be it resolved by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That this State, in promptly answering the calls made by the President of the United States, at and since the inauguration of the war, for troops and means to assist in maintaining the power and dignity of the Federal Government, believed and confided in the professions and declarations of the President of the United States, in his inaugural address, and in the resolutions passed by Congress on the 25th day of July, 1861, in which, among other things it was declared 'that the war is not waged for conquest or subjugation, or interfering with the rights or established institutions of the States, but to maintain and defend the supremacy of the Constitution, with the rights and equality under it unimpaired, and that as soon as these and that, relying upon these assurances, given objects shall be accomplished war ought to cease,' under the sanctity of official oaths, this State freely, fully, and without delay or conditions, contributed to the assistance of the Federal Government her sons and her means.*

*"2 And be it resolved, That this State, having waited for the redemption of the sacred pledges of the President and Congress with a patience and forbearance only equaled in degree by the unfaltering and unswerving bravery and fidelity of her sons, conceives it to be her solemn duty, as it is her unquestioned right, to urge upon the President and Congress, in the most respectful but decided manner, the redemption of the pledges under which the troops of this State entered upon and to this moment have continued in the contest; and inasmuch as no conditions have delayed nor hesitation marked her zeal in behalf of the Federal Government, even at times when party dogmas were dangerously usurping the place of broad national principles and executive and Congressional faith; and as the devotion of this State to the sacred cause of perpetuating the Union and main-*

*taining the Constitution has been untainted in any degree by infidelity, bigotry, sectionalism, or partisanship, she now, in view of the faith originally plighted, of the disasters and disgrace that have marked the steps of a changed and changing policy, and of the imminent dangers that threaten our national existence, urges upon the President and Congress a return and adherence to the original policy of the administration as the only means, under the blessing of God, by which the adhering States can be reunited in action, the Union restored, and the nation saved.*

*"3 And be it resolved, That it is the deliberate sense of the people of this State that the war power within the limits of the Constitution is ample for any and all emergencies, and that all assumption of power, under whatever plea, beyond that conferred by the Constitution is without warrant or authority, and if permitted to continue without remonstrance will finally encompass the destruction of the liberties of the people and death of the Republic; and, therefore, to the end that, in any event, the matured and deliberate sense of the people of New Jersey may be known and declared, we their representatives in Senate and General Assembly convened, do, in their name and in their behalf, make unto the Federal Government this our solemn*

#### "PROTEST.

*"Against a war waged with the insurgent States for the accomplishment of unconstitutional or partisan purposes;*

*"Against a war which has for its object the subjection of any of the States, with a view to their reduction to a territorial condition;*

*"Against Proclamations from any source by which, under the plea of 'military necessity,' persons in States and Territories sustaining the Federal Government, and beyond necessary military lines, are held liable to the rigor and severity of military laws;*

*"Against the domination of the military over the civil law in States, Territories, or Districts, not in a state of insurrection.*

*"Against all arrests without warrants; against the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus in States and Territories sustaining the Federal Government, 'where the public safety does not require it,' and against the assumption of powers by any person to suspend such writ except under the express authority of Congress.*

*"Against the creation of new States by the division of existing ones or in any other manner not clearly authorized by the Constitution, and*



against the right of secession as practically admitted by the action of Congress in admitting as a new State a portion of the State of Virginia.

"Against the power assumed in the proclamation of the President made January 1, 1863, by which all the slaves in certain States and parts of States are forever set free; and against the expenditure of the public money for the emancipation of slaves or their support, at any time, under any pretense whatever.

"Against any and every exercise of power upon the part of the Federal government that is not clearly given and expressed in the Federal Constitution—reasserting that 'the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people.'

"4 *And be it resolved*, That the unequaled promptness with which New Jersey has responded to every call made by the President and Congress for men and means has been occasioned by no lurking animosity to the States of the South or the rights of her people, no disposition to wrest from them any of their rights, privileges, or property, but simply to assist in maintaining, as she has ever believed and now believes it to be her duty to do, the supremacy of the Federal Constitution; and while abating naught in her devotion to the Union of the States and the dignity and power of the Federal Government, at no time since the commencement of the present war has this State been other than willing to terminate peacefully and honorable to all a war unnecessary in its origin, fraught with horror and suffering in its prosecution, and necessarily dangerous to the liberties of all in its continuance.

"5 *And be it resolved*, That the Legislature of the State of New Jersey believes that the appointment of commissioners upon the part of the Federal Government to meet commissioners similarly appointed by the insurgent States to convene in some suitable place for the purpose of considering whether any, and if any, what plan may be adopted consistent with the honor and dignity of the National government, by which the present civil war may be brought to a close, as not inconsistent with the integrity, honor, and dignity of the Federal Government, but as an indication of the spirit which animates the adhering States, would in any event tend to strengthen us in the opinion of other nations; and hoping as we sincerely do that the Southern States would reciprocate the peaceful indications thus evinced, and believing as we do that, under the blessing of God,

great benefits could arise from such a conference, we most earnestly recommend the subject to the consideration of the government of the United States, and request its co-operation therein.

"6 *And be it resolved*, That his Excellency, the Governor, be requested to forward copies of these resolutions to the government of the United States, our Senators and Representatives in Congress, and to the governors and legislators of our sister States, with the request that they give the subject proposed their serious and immediate attention.

"7 *And be it resolved*, That the State of New Jersey pledges itself to such prompt action upon the subject of these resolutions as will give them practical effect, immediately upon the concurrence or co-operation of the Government and Legislatures of Sister States."

### THE LINT BRIGADE.

A LITTLE DRAMA OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

BY MISS ELIZABETH HANNA.

Time, 1863. Place, anywhere in the South.

The home of Mrs. Howard, wife of Colonel Howard, commanding his regiment, the Florida Grays, in Virginia.

#### STAGE SETTING.

A dining room. Dining table in middle of the room. Chair at head and foot, and other chairs at sides. Sideboard with plates, dishes, etc. Small table in one corner, on which are books and magazines. Portrait of Lee on the wall. Other accessories.

On the dining table a large work basket, on the floor at side of table a large box. In the center of table a pile of squares (four by four) of linen cloth. Box of table knives for scraping lint.

*Cast*.—Mrs. Howard, wife of Colonel Howard.

*Girls*.—Jennie, Mary, Alicia, Florida, Caroline, and Virginia.

*Boys*.—George, a young schoolboy; John, James, and Henry, preparing to go to the front.

*Mattie*.—A negro maid.

Enter Mattie, brandishing a large feather duster.

*Mrs. Howard*.—Good morning, Mattie. I'm glad to see your duster. This room needs dusting, badly.

*Mattie*.—Mornin', Miss Ellen. Whar you see any dust? I'se a dustin' and er scrubbin' from daylight ter dark, an' nuthin' ever stays clean. What all dem gals gwine do ter dis room fore days thru a pullin' an' er messin' wid dese here

rags? (Picks up a square of cloth and begins to pull out the threads.)

*Mrs. Howard.*—That will do, Mattie. Go on with your dusting, and I will step out and see if I can sight any of them up the road. (Exit.) Mattie dusts vigorously and sings.

Re-enter Mrs. Howard. No sign of them yet. Step up the road, Mattie, and notice if you see or hear anything of them.

*Mattie.*—Lord, Ole Miss, don't worry yerself, 'em gals wont miss dis here Lint Pickin' fer nuthin.'

A sound of voices, singing and laughing.

Deys dun come, Ole Miss.

A knock at the door, Mattie opens door, greets the girls, and exits.

Enter six girls. All carry bundles. All salute Mrs. Howard and take seats at the table.

*Mrs. Howard.*—I'm so glad to see all of you, girls. Not a single member of the Lint Brigade absent from duty. Lay your bundles on the table, and we will get to work at once.

*Jennie (opens bundle shows cloth).*—Mrs. Howard, Ma's last clover-leaf tablecloth is in this bundle. She looked at it a long time before she rolled it up. Then she drew a long breath—sounded more like a sigh—and said it had to go.

*Mrs. Howard.*—She has my sympathy, Jennie. Fine table linen, to a Southern matron, is a cherished possession. You seem to have a rather large bundle, Mary.

*Mary.*—Yes, Mrs. Howard. Mother laughed when she took it out of the closet. "Here," she said, "I lay my last linen sheet on the altar of my country." It hurt, but she tried not to show it.

*Alicia (pretends to blush).*—Now, girls, don't be shocked; here is my last unmentionable. From this time on to the close of the war, I'll wear cotton, or go without.

*Florida (shows robe).*—Mother cried when she gave me this, John's baby christening robe. John is her baby, and he is with Lee in Virginia. "Take it," she said, with tears in her eyes. "Our boys must be cared for, and our hospitals need lint."

*Mrs. Howard.*—That appeals to us all, Florida. We know how your mother felt, we must be brave, and make many sacrifices.

*Caroline.*—Well, father's on the fighting line, and it will be a long time before he needs a linen shirt, so here I dedicate his last fine garment to the cause.

*Virginia.*—We have no linen, Mrs. Howard, but Mother read in the *Atlanta Constitution* that an old lady and a party of girls went out to the scene of a recent battle and found stretched upon the ground a number of soldiers whose wounds had not been dressed. "Why," cried the old lady, "have these wounds not been bandaged?" "Because, my dear Madam," said the Surgeon in charge, "we have no bandages." "No bandages," said the old lady, and she hustled the girls behind some bushes, and in ten minutes the surgeons had all the bandages they needed.

*Caroline.*—As for the girls, "their petticoats were cut all round about" like the little old woman in Mother Goose.

*Mrs. Howard.*—I judge from your anecdote, Virginia, that you and your mother have been equally patriotic and sacrificed your petticoats to supply bandages for the hospital box.

*Virginia.*—Yes, Mrs. Howard, and rolled them, too. See how nice and firm they are (shows bandages).

*Mrs. Howard.*—Hurrah for the patriotic Lint Brigade. (She rises and waves a small Confederate flag.) Hurrah for Dixie, Hurrah for Southern Rights! All rise and sing the Bonnie Blue Flag.

Song ended.

*Mrs. Howard.*—Now, all be seated, and let's get busy. (Distributes squares of cloth and knives for scraping.)

*Virginia.*—Mrs. Howard, I am just a new recruit. Please show me how to make this lint.

*Mrs. Howard.*—Gladly, Virginia. She takes a square of cloth, draws the threads, lays them carefully side by side, takes a knife and scrapes the lint. As she works she carefully explains the process.

*Florida and Caroline.*—Here, Mrs. Howard, is a box of lint which we made at home. (Shows box.)

*Mrs. Howard.*—Thank you, girls. That is a wonderful help. What a blessing this box will be to some poor soldier who, perhaps but for our help, would suffer with wounds not dressed.

*Caroline.*—Is there no other way for them to get help?

*Mrs. Howard.*—The Federal Government makes all medicines, surgical instruments, and other aids to the sick and wounded, contraband of war.

*Jennie.*—Contraband of war! What does that mean, Mrs. Howard.

*Mrs. Howard.*—The Federal Government siezes and confiscates every thing that could be of any help to the South in time of war. In the case of



medicines and other things for the sick, this is contrary to the laws of civilized warfare, if there could be such a thing, but it is in keeping with many other things equally as inhuman.

*Mary.*—This seems to me a very cruel thing. There are many Northern soldiers prisoners in the South. Must they suffer, too? And then the sick in Southern homes. Is there no relief for them?

*Mrs. Howard.*—None, dear Mary, but take courage. We have in the South some wonderful botanists whose skill and knowledge enables them to find in our fields and forests nature's remedies to meet our needs. Now, while we work, let us have some songs, and recitations. Jennie is going to recite the "Home-Spun Dress."

(Here follow other songs and recitations.)

After the last song, the box is placed on the table and packed. The table is cleared. Mrs. Howard rings a small call bell. Enter Mattie with tray of refreshments.

(Knock at the door.)

Enter George and three young soldiers in gray uniforms.

*Mrs. Howard.*—Welcome, young gentlemen. You have come just in time to take lunch with us. George, the box is packed and ready.

*George.*—Mrs. Howard, if your Brigade works as heartily as they sing I shall have a heavy load. (Lifts the box as if with difficulty).

*Mrs. Howard.*—Help yourselves, young gentlemen. Girls, see that your guests are served. Will one of you young soldiers give us a toast? (All fill glasses.)

*James.*—I speak for all of us, Mrs. Howard: The South, God bless her. May she never lack true hearts to love her and brave ones to defend her. (All repeat the toast.)

*Mrs. Howard.*—Our Flag: May your brave deeds so cover it with glory that it will live forever in song and story. (All lift glasses and repeat toast.)

*George.*—May I give a toast, Mrs. Howard?

*Mrs. Howard.*—Gladly, George.

*George.*—Our Women. The fairest and bravest in the world, God bless them.

*James.*—Let me add to that toast, Mrs. Howard. Our Women: God bless them. Our inspiration in war, and our reward in peace.

*Mrs. Howard.*—We thank you, young gentlemen, for these beautiful sentiments. Now, let us close this meeting by singing that soul-stirring song, "Maryland, My Maryland."

They rise and sing, and at the last stanza they retire from the stage, girls escorted by the young soldiers, George carrying the hospital box.

Curtain falls as the song is heard in the distance.

NOTE.—Miss Hanna contributes this little sketch of one feature of woman's work during the War between the States, and it can be used with effect by U. D. C. or C. of C. Chapters at their meetings or for school programs. Southern history can be most attractively taught by plays and pageants, and copies of these will be appreciated and used to best effect. Constant calls are being made for just such short plays, and much local history may be preserved in this way. Division Historians are being urged again to stress this phase of our historical work.

In sending this little play, Miss Hanna writes: "Although my father was Captain of a company during the War between the States, I have always felt that the best service he rendered was as agent for the hospitals, in which capacity he collected medicines, surgical instruments, and all kinds of supplies needed by the sick and wounded. Many boxes, such as I mention in this little play—though much larger and very valuable—have I seen packed and sent to the front. The process of lint-making was as is described in the play. My sister and I were busy all our spare time. We went about with a square of linen pinned to the front of our dresses, and filled up our spare time in pulling threads and scraping them to make the lint. Such information might prove interesting and instructive to our young people. . . . The length of the performance would depend upon the number of songs and recitations introduced."

[Mrs. John H. Anderson, Historian General, U. D. C.]

DIDN'T KNOW HIS ONIONS.—During the War between the States, John Morgan's men were in camp at Lookout Mountain. One day some of the men rode out to buy what they could find to eat. Coming to a house, they asked for onions, and the lady said: "I have no onions, but I have some mighty fine 'Shellots.'" "My dear lady," came the reply, "I am mighty hungry, but I don't believe I could eat any 'shelled oats.'" Such had been the soldier's understanding of her offering of a certain kind of onion—*Eschallot*.

(Contributed by Mrs. S. C. Bittick, Forsyth, Ga.)

MRS. GREENHOW, CONFEDERATE SPY.

[The following is an interesting bit of information on an interesting figure in Confederate history, as written by Carrol Dulaney, columnist of the *Baltimore News* and the *American*.]

A farewell letter written by Mrs. Rose O'Neal Greenhow, famous Confederate spy, to Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, on the eve of her departure for Europe on a secret mission—a mission which cost her her life—has recently come into the possession of a Baltimore collector.

The letter is in an envelope addressed "To the President, Richmond, Va.," and marked "Private." The envelope is postmarked Wilmington, N. C., August 31, and also bears the stamp "Ship." There is no stamp, but the figure "12" is written in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope.

The letter, on a double sheet of paper 5 by 8 inches, is written in a large, flowing hand and reads:

"WILMINGTON, August 4, 1863

"TO THE PRESIDENT:

"*My Dear Sir:* In a few hours I shall be aboard the Phantom, the tide being now favorable. Tonight Captain Porter intends to make the attempt to get out. Of course, I am anxious, for Forts Warren or Delaware are hovering in the distance. The Yankees are reported as being unusually vigilant, a double line of blockaders block the way. Still, I am nothing daunted and hope, by the blessing of Providence, to get out in safety. I think I should brave any fate rather than remain here two days longer. It is the hottest and most disagreeable place in the world, and the very atmosphere seems laden with disease. The better class of the inhabitants have left the city. A great many people are here for the purpose of running the blockade—and am surprised to see among the number so many men who ought to be in the army.

"Dr. Gwin and Lucy are going, I think, on the Ella and Annie. The captain of the Phantom would only take me as passenger on his ship. I saw General Whiting last evening, and in the course of the conversation he said he thought that he could be able to raise a brigade of cavalry among persons about here whom he knew if he were able to promise that the officers selected would be commissioned.

"I have a letter this morning from an intelligent gentleman, Colonel Jones, who started some twenty days since for Matamoras, who has been

obliged to return to Mobile, as he represents Louisiana and Mississippi to be completely in possession of the Yankees.

"And now, my dear sir, I must say goodbye. I can never sufficiently thank you for your goodness to me. May He ever guard you, sir, and keep you in health, is my most fervent prayer.

ROSE O'N. GREENHOW."

According to historians, Mrs. Greenhow gave General Beauregard the information which enabled him to concentrate the widely scattered Confederate forces in time to meet and defeat McDowell at Manassas.

During the Buchanan administration, Mrs. Greenhow was one of the social leaders of Washington. A widow, beautiful, accomplished, wealthy, and noted for her wit, her home was a rendezvous for those prominent in official life. President Buchanan was a close friend, and so was William H. Seward, then Senator from New York and later Lincoln's Secretary of War. Her niece, a granddaughter of Dolly Madison, was the wife of Stephen A. Douglas.

On August 23, 1862, Mrs. Greenhow was arrested at her home by Allan Pinkerton, then a Federal Secret Service officer. Held a prisoner in her own home under strong guard until January 18, she was then removed to the old Capitol Prison. Tried for treason, she was sentenced to exile, and, on May 31, 1863, she was brought to Baltimore and sent through the Confederate lines.

One historian says that if the story of the remainder of Mrs. Greenhow's life could be told it would reveal much of the secret history of the Confederacy. What her mission abroad was is not known, but it must have been important.

Returning to the Confederacy on the blockade-runner Condor, which ran aground, Mrs. Greenhow told the captain she had important dispatches for President Davis and insisted that she be put ashore at once.

She was put in a small boat, which started for shore, but the boat was upset in the rough surf and Mrs. Greenhow was drowned. Two days later—September 8, 1864—her body was washed ashore. The dispatches were recovered and forwarded to Richmond, and her body was buried in the cemetery at Wilmington.

She was the only woman to die in the service of her country in the Civil War if we except the nurses who died of disease contracted on duty.



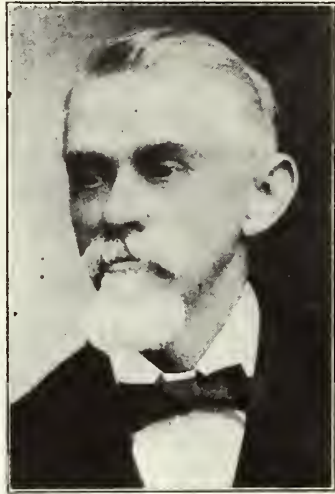


Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

#### CAPT. JOHN H. THORPE.

In the passing of Capt. John H. Thorpe, of Rocky Mount, N. C., another of "The Thin Gray Line" now rests "under the shade of the Trees."

Captain Thorpe was the last but one of Company A, 47th North Carolina Regiment, which performed such brilliant service in the War between the States. He was born in Nash County, N. C., October 2, 1840 (during the administration of Martin Van Buren, the eighth President of the United States), and died February 22, 1932, at Rocky



CAPT. JOHN H. THORPE

Mount, N. C. He enlisted in the Confederate army April 18, 1861, as a member of the Edgecombe Guards under Capt. John L. Bridgers, serving with that command for some time, but later returned to Nash County, and was made Captain of Company A, 47th North Carolina Regiment, in which capacity he served until the close of the war, this Company having been on the front line at Gettysburg, and thereafter with the Army of Virginia until the end.

Captain Thorpe was a member of one of North Carolina's prominent families. He entered the University of North Carolina in 1856 and graduated in 1860. Prior to his death, he was the oldest alumnus.

After graduation, he taught school in Rocky Mount for about a year. He then studied law under Judge Pierson at Log Town, and received his license to practice law in 1866. He followed his profession in Rocky Mount until 1875, when he gave up his practice and engaged in farming

until about 1900, when he came to Rocky Mount to live with his only son, Henry R. Thorpe. He was married shortly after the war to Miss Sallie Bunn, who died some eight years ago.

Captain Thorpe was a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina at the time of its reopening in 1875. He was also a member of the State Senate in 1887.

Captain Thorpe was a high type of Christian gentleman. He loved his God and his fellow-man, was gentle and courteous in manner, loyal to his friends, and charitable to all men. He read a great deal, keeping abreast with the times, but in his latter days his mind dwelt very much in the past. He had a keen mind and a retentive memory. In the passing of this good man has gone one of the old order; for a brave soldier "taps" has sounded.

[Mrs. L. M. McIntyre, Rocky Mount, N. C.]

#### CAPT. B. F. WEATHERS, U. C. V.

The passing of Capt. Benjamin Franklin Weathers, on March 18, at his home in Roanoke, Ala., removed one of Alabama's old and distinguished citizens—a man who did his part in making history, serving his country as a soldier in the sixties and taking a prominent part in civil life in later years. He had reached the great age of ninety-two years, and is survived by two daughters, eight grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Born in Fayette County, Ga., November 8, 1839, his parents moved to Randolph County, Ala., in 1843, and in that State his life was spent, his residence in Roanoke covering sixty-seven years.

His service as a soldier began with his entering the State service in August, 1861, as second lieutenant, Company E, Dowdell Rangers, and the Confederate service in September following, with the same rank in Company E, of the 17th Alabama Regiment. Promoted to Captain in April, 1862; took part in battles at Pensacola, Shiloh, Atlanta, and Franklin, Tenn. Taken prisoner at Franklin, he was released June 17, 1865, from Johnson's Island, Ohio. In July, 1863, he was detailed as drill master of heavy artillery at Mobile, by order of General Buckner.

At the organization of Akin-Smith Camp, No. 293, U. C. V., at Roanoke, Ala., June 24, 1893, Captain Weathers was made Lieutenant Commander. There were four Weathers brothers in the Confederate army, one of whom survives, J. A. Weathers, of Wedowee, Ala.

## CALVIN EDWIN MONTGOMERY.

Calvin Edwin Montgomery, a native of Mississippi, and the only veteran of the Confederate army living in Lee County, Ark., died at his home in Marianna on February 17, 1932, at the age of eighty-four years. He is survived by a daughter and a son.

Born at Fayette, Miss., August 28, 1847, he went out with a company organized in Amite County, which later became a part of the 11th and 17th Regiments of Arkansas. He took part in a number of campaigns, though only eighteen when the war ended. In 1893, he was married to Miss Sarah Lucinda Palmer, of East Feliciana Parish, La.

For many years he served as bookkeeper for the State at the East Louisiana Asylum for the Insane, at Jackson, and for some thirty-one years he was a cotton planter in Tensas Parish, moving to Marianna, Ark., last October, in order to be near his son. He was the last veteran of the Confederate army in Tensas Parish, La., as well as in Lee County, Ark.

His funeral was from his home in Marianna, and he was buried in Cedar Heights Cemetery at that place.

## W. G. LOONEY.

William Guy Looney, one of the oldest citizens of the Ninnekah Community, near Chickasha, Okla., died at his home there on February 29, in his ninety-second year. Just sixteen days before, his devoted wife had died, and he was laid by her side in Rose Hill Cemetery at Chickasha.

Comrade Looney was born at Springfield, Mo., May 24, 1840, the son of John and Elizabeth Littleton Looney. He went with his parents to Grayson County, Tex., some seventy-three years ago, and the family settled near Whitesboro. There he was married to Miss Martha Ann Williams, whose parents were old friends and neighbors in Missouri and had also moved to that community. Seven children were born of this union—two sons and five daughters, all surviving him. There are also twenty-four grandchildren and twenty-seven great-grandchildren.

William Looney enlisted for the Confederacy in Company H, 34th Texas Regiment, early in the war and served to the close. He was a faithful member of the Grady County Camp, No. 1854, U. C. V., at Chickasha.

In 1886, Comrade Looney took his family to Love County, Okla., and later located at Ardmore, then at Duncan, going in 1903 to Ninnekah, where he operated a hotel until some five years ago.

He joined the Methodist Church when a child and had always been interested in its Sunday school work.

(J. S. Downs, Chickasha, Okla.)

## F. G. JAMISON.

F. G. Jamison, successful merchant, banker, and civic leader of Whitesboro, Tex., died on September 18, 1931, after a short illness. He had been a resident of Whitesboro since 1875, with the exception of six months in Pilot Point.

Going to Texas from Mississippi, where he was born in Lee County, July 19, 1847, he became a school-teacher, then went into the mercantile business, which engaged his attention for thirty-two years. Later he served as President of two banks there, retiring from business three years ago.

Mr. Jamison was a veteran of the War between the States, enlisting January 1, 1865, at the age of seventeen in Company B, Alabama Cavalry. He was awarded the Southern Cross of Honor by the Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C.

Mr. Jamison married Miss Armanda Quillian, of Whitesboro in January 1880, and six children were born to them. He is survived by his wife and four sons, and six grandchildren.

He was an elder in the Presbyterian church for many years, a member of the Knights of Pythias, of the Whitesboro "Seventy" Club, and of the United Confederate Veterans.

## JAMES W. STUBBS.

James William Stubbs, who died in his home in Norfolk, Va., on April 2, 1931, was born at Old Springhill, Ala., August 14, 1848.

As a schoolboy of fifteen, he joined the Confederate Army and served in a company called "Hatch's Babies," under General Forrest, until the close of the war.

James W. Stubbs was married to Miss Willie Owen Moody, niece of General Y. M. Moody, who joined the Confederacy as Captain of the company he had formed, and took General Gracie's place at the time of his death. Their golden wedding was celebrated in December five years ago. He moved to Virginia soon after marriage, and engaged in the contracting business. He was honorary member of Foreign Wars Legion, and deeply interested in anything pertaining to the Confederacy, also a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. His beloved wife joined him in the Great Beyond on October 22, 1931, six months after his death. He is survived by two daughters, two sons, and six grandchildren.

[Mrs. C. A. Pitts.]



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. WILLIAM E. R. BYRNE, *President General*

Charleston, W. Va.

MRS. AMOS H. NORRIS ..... *First Vice President General*  
City Hall, Tampa, Fla.

MRS. CHAS. B. FARIS ..... *Second Vice President General*  
4469 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo.

MRS. R. B. BROYLES ..... *Third Vice President General*  
5721 Fifth Court, South, Birmingham, Ala.

MRS. W. E. MASSEY ..... *Recording Secretary General*  
738 Quapaw Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark.

MRS. L. U. BABIN ..... *Corresponding Secretary General*  
903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

MRS. GEORGE DISMUKES ..... *Treasurer General*  
1409 Chickasha Avenue, Chickasha, Okla.

MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON ..... *Historian General*  
707 West Morgan Street, Raleigh, N. C.

MRS. A. S. PORTER, Hotel Monroe, Portsmouth, Va. .... *Registrar General*

MRS. J. W. GOODWIN, Allendale, N. J. .... *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. J. L. MEDLIN ..... *Custodian of Flags and Pennant*  
1541 Riverside Avenue, Jacksonville, Fla.

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:*  
The summer season is approaching when the Chapters will suspend active work until fall. Before you do this, it will be well if each Chapter would take inventory of the work accomplished and the work still to be done.

When meetings are resumed in September, the time is short until the meeting of the Annual Convention, and work left until that time is apt to be left undone.

I wish to call your attention to Article VII, Section 2, of the By-Laws: "Each Chapter shall on or before the first day of March pay into the General Treasury, through the Division Treasurer, the annual per capita fee of twenty cents (20 cents) for every registered member, with a typed list of each member for whom the per capita tax is paid." I am calling special attention to the fact that the list of members must be forwarded. Your representation at the Convention depends upon your compliance with this By-Law.

Take the minutes of the Jacksonville Convention and read carefully the By-Laws that you may not overlook any of the requirements.

Those Divisions which have not completed their quota to the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation should certainly make an effort to finish it this year.

The same is true of the Mrs. L. H. Raines Memorial Scholarship Fund and the Lee-Startford Memorial Fund.

Mrs. J. C. Abernathy, Chairman of the Committee on Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries, writes me that she is somewhat disappointed at not receiving more replies to the circular letter she has sent to her Division Directors. This is an important Committee and the Chairman is entitled to have her letters answered promptly. No better historical work can be done

than the placing of books of Southern history, biography and research in libraries where they are available to both graduate and undergraduate students. Donations to this Committee should be in money that selections of books may be wisely made.

Mrs. Broyles, Third Vice President General, writes me that work with the C. of C. is progressing nicely.

It has been my pleasure since my last letter to visit the Lexington Chapter, Lexington, Ky., on March the 8, and the Dixie Chapter, Columbus, Ohio, on March 14.

The Lexington Chapter entertained with a tea in my honor, at which members from Louisville, Danville, Frankfort, and Paris Chapters were present. The visit to Transylvania College to see the bust of President Davis and hear the words of appreciation expressed by members of the faculty of the honor of having it in the school was one of the pleasures of the visit, as was the visit to the home of John Hunt Morgan.

In Columbus, I was entertained at a luncheon by Mrs. Marcus Wade Crocker, President of the Ohio Division. On the afternoon of the 15th, the Dixie Chapter entertained with a tea in my honor, and on the evening of the 16th, their Annual Spring Meeting, always open to members and their friends, was held. The form of entertainment was two interesting one-act plays, most cleverly put on.

Faithfully yours, AMANDA AUSTIN BYRNE.

"What did they lack that conquerors should have  
Save history's purchased page to call them  
great?

A wider field? A consecrated grave?

Their hopes were not less high, their souls  
were full as brave."

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*California*—California Division, with its scores of earnest, energetic members, has routed the first two letters of "Depression," making of the remainder their slogan to "Press-On." Were it otherwise, California Division, with the untiring efforts of Mrs. W. J. Chichester and her Confederate Home Committee, could not independently sustain Dixie Manor, our own Confederate Veterans' Home, with its spacious, well-kept grounds and happy surroundings, where our veterans receive the love and care of Daughters and friends and the spiritual guidance of the retired ministers from Monta Vista Grove. Nor could our Division President, Mrs. Helena Thorpe Riche, who, during the past few months, has traveled from San Diego in the South to the Bay Cities of the North, while visiting twenty-six of the thirty California Division Chapters, report:

"My visits to Chapters throughout the State have been inspirational. At each meeting I found the heartiest cordiality and enthusiasm. Two Chapters have evening meetings, and they prove very satisfactory. One Chapter meets forenoons—has its business meeting, then lunch, then cards. They like this way, and I think it novel and fascinating. The S. A. Cunningham Chapter, of Oakland, has for its C. of C. leader Miss Evelyn Bostic, who is only nineteen years of age. She is the youngest Children's Chapter Director in our Division, and probably the youngest in the entire organization. She is a captivating young lady, and I predict much success for her.

"It is certainly gratifying to find all Chapters so well organized, so comprehensive, so willing to do the proper thing and to learn how to do it right. This work and close association with the Chapters has enchanted me, and I wish I could have the pleasure of meeting with them much oftener. I look forward with joyous anticipation to visiting the other four Chapters before our State Convention in May."

This enthusiasm has invaded the Children's Chapters also, for our Division Director, Mrs. W. G. Prickett, reports the reorganization of the Dixie Lee Chapter, auxiliary to the Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter. The Chapter has been duly chartered, as has also the Winnie Davis Chapter, auxiliary to the John H. Reagan Chapter, which has acquired several new members.

[May Blanks Killough, Director].

*Colorado*.—The members of the Colorado Division held their semiannual luncheon at the Argonaut Hotel, Denver, Tuesday, January 19, to commemorate the birthdays of Gen. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury.

Mrs. John H. Campbell, Division President, was assisted by the Presidents of Margaret Davis Hays, Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson Chapters, of Denver, and Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter of Pueblo.

Mrs. W. J. Morris, of Stonewall Jackson Chapter, acted as social chairman.

Mesdames Don M. Lemen, E. C. Burke, and J. A. Carter had arranged a beautiful musical program appropriate to the occasion.

Mrs. Campbell, Division President, gave a most interesting address paying tribute to the great heroes in whose honor the meeting was held.

Dr. W. W. Grant, who holds the great honor of having served his country in the War between the States, Spanish-American War, and World War, was the honored speaker of the day, paying tribute to George Mason.

More than one hundred guests were present.

[Mrs. Alonzo Fry].

*Florida*.—The Chapters of the Florida Division are active and sponsoring the most interesting programs with splendid speakers and well prepared talks by the members. The two chapters in Gainesville—Kirby-Smith, Mrs. H. H. McCreary, President, and J. J. Finley, Mrs. G. M. Strickland, President—sponsored instructive programs on Lee-Jackson-Maury days in January.

In February, the Kirby-Smith chapter gave programs on George Washington and Lee-Stratford Memorial; in March, a fine address was made by Dr. U. S. Gordon on "Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest."

On February 22, the N. DeV. Howard Chapter, Sanford, gave a George Washington Tea. The honor guest was the President of Florida Division, Mrs. Marion Dickson, of Tampa. After the Tea, the Chapter participated in the Tree Planting exercises held on the Lake Monroe Boulevard, when twenty-eight organizations planted Washington Memorial Palms. This Chapter planted two palms at the entrance to the Junior High school on February 29, the first palm dedicated as a Washington Memorial; the second palm was the gift of Francis Roumilat and was dedicated by him also as a Washington Memorial, and he read the poem, "The Palm," written by Mrs. J. T.



Jacobs. The palms were accepted by Mr. Jacobs, principal of the school.

The Apalachicola Chapter, Mrs. J. P. Hickey, President, held a program of music and addresses at the high school on January 19. Mrs. Robert Grady, of Savannah, Ga., a gifted speaker gave a most inspiring talk to the pupils.

Daytona Beach Chapter, Mrs. J. W. Sessums, President, gave a benefit card party at the John Cheek residence, and the sale of the tickets placed the Chapter in the one hundred per cent column of all U. D. C. endeavors.

Confederate Gray Chapter, Leesburg, held the February meeting at the home of Mrs. F. L. Ezell, with a program in honor of George Washington bicentennial. Rev. R. F. Blackford gave an address on "Washington as a Christian and Churchman." The entire afternoon's program centered in the Washington Bicentennial, with the handsome picture of Washington on an easel, and the flag of the United States. Pictures of Washington were displayed, and a large map showed the homes of Washington, their locations and historical facts about them.

Miss Mary Lowry played several piano selections of British folk tunes and music enjoyed in the days of the Revolution.

[Mrs. F. L. Ezell, Publicity Chairman.]

*Kentucky.*—On February 20, the Richard Hawes Chapter of Paris, Mrs. R. L. Wilson, President, gave a patriotic program in celebration of the Bicentennial of George Washington. Special mention was made of the important happenings in his life that occurred during this month, and the history of Washington portraits was given, with a round table discussion of various facts connected with his life.

The Paris Chapter joined with Lawrenceburg, Danville, Frankfort, Louisville, Cynthiana, and other chapters of Central Kentucky in greeting the President General, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, when she was the guest of the Lexington Chapter at the March meeting. Mrs. Byrne's address covered the varied phases of the general work, stressing the many things accomplished and many yet to be completed. She spoke especially of the Mrs. L. R. Raines Memorial and the Janet Randolph Fund for Needy Confederate Women, and praised the organization for finishing in one year the project of placing a bust of Jefferson Davis in Old Transylvania College. Mrs. Byrne visited the school and viewed the bust, being greatly pleased with the power and mysticism portrayed

by Lukeman in the bronze. Mrs. George R. Mastin, to whose enthusiasm and labor is due the completion of this memorial, was chairman of program for March and brought together a notable group of Daughters for the occasion which, was colorful and beautiful. Two silver cups won by the Chapter in recent years were displayed. Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, of Louisville, State President, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, General Chairman of Jefferson Davis Highway, gave interesting and instructive talks. Greetings were given by past State Presidents, Mrs. W. T. Fowler, Miss Annibelle Fogg, of Frankfort, and Mrs. Mary Dowling Bond, of Lawrenceburg. Mrs. Thomas Floyd Smith, of Louisville, Director for Stratford, made a splendid appeal for that cause, and others made splendid talks. Mrs. Graham Price, of Danville, gave a gratifying report of the work of the E. M. Green Children's Chapter of Danville. Other patriotic organizations were represented by leaders who were introduced.

The long-planned marker at the birthplace of Albert Sidney Johnson at Old Washington will be dedicated in April, as announced by the Chairman, Mrs. John L. Woodbury.

Great praise was given to the Daughters who again "saved the Confederate Home" at Pewee Valley by visiting the Legislature and using their persuasive powers on a representative who had introduced a bill to abolish it and care for the veterans in some hospital.

Miss Julia Hughes Spurr, President of the Lexington Chapter, presided at this meeting, which was most successful in every way.

*Virginia.*—Among Chapter reports this month two are outstanding in accounts of work accomplished. The Greenville Chapter, at Emporia, has presented to the Emporia High School Library over one hundred books on Southern Literature, reference books, biographies, with Confederate book plate in each volume. It has also presented to every white school in Greenville County copies of Horton's History, a Confederate flag, and several copies each of Dr. Lyon G. Tyler's Confederate Catechism; and in all of these schools, essays have been written on both the Catechism and Horton's History.

Honor Roll Blanks have been filled out and sent to the Confederate Museum for every soldier from Greenville County.

For four years prizes have been offered by this Chapter in every white school of the county for essays on Confederate History.

For three years, a prize has been offered in the Colored High School for the best essay on "Causes Leading to the War between the States," based on Horton's History. There were splendid results each year.

For the past three years, the Greenville Chapter has won the prize offered to the Chapter reporting the greatest amount of historical work done in the schools during the year. Mrs. F. L. Palmer, Virginia Historian, is also Historian of the Greenville Chapter.

The Highland Chapter, Monterey, held a Memorial tree planting in the grounds of the Monterey Courthouse in March. Mrs. George P. McCoy, Chapter President, called the meeting to order and explained the object of the day's program in honor of George Washington and at the same time to plant another tree in memory of those who had once been members of the chapter and had "passed on" to a richer life, four of whom had been charter members. The exercises were characterized by simplicity. The address of the occasion by Hon. E. B. Jones was on trees; Mrs. G. J. Hiner read a poem entitled "Trees," and several songs on trees were rendered.

As the Memorial Roll was read, members placed the earth around the trees, two beautiful and evenly matched sugar maples.

[Claudia M. Hagy, Editor.]

*West Virginia.*—In song and story the birthdays of Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson were commemorated by the Parkersburg Chapter at a dinner. The address of the evening was given by William G. Peterkin, who contrasted the characters of these two great men.

An honored guest was Capt. James R. Mehen, one of the two surviving veterans in Parkersburg and chief aide of the United Confederate Veterans. A beautiful tribute was paid to him and to Capt. George Watson, the other veteran, who was unable to be present, in an original poem written by Miss Katherine Creighton Hays, entitled, "The Sentinel at the City Park."

Other honor guests were the three oldest members of the Chapter—Mrs. Maria Amiss, aged 95; Mrs. Emma Raleigh, aged 87; and Mrs. Ruth Stephenson, aged 84. Mrs. Roberta Cling, of Chicago, and Mrs. Eva Robinson, of Woodstock, Va., a member of Shenandoah Chapter, were also guests of honor.

At the February meeting of the Parkersburg Chapter the memory of George Washington was honored.

McNeill Chapter, of Keyser, gave a Washington Program at the February meeting in accordance with the Bicentennial. A gavel made of wood from a tree planted by General Washington in the Valley of Virginia was presented to the Chapter by Mrs. Jennie McNeill Alkire, who organized the Chapter twenty-six years ago.

## FOR GENERAL OFFICES.

The Georgia Division presents the name of Mrs. J. J. Harris, former President of the State Division, for the office of Custodian General of Crosses.

The North Carolina Division presents the name of Mrs. Glenn Long, President of the State Division, for the office of Recording Secretary General.

Both of these candidates are well known throughout the organization for their ability and efficiency, and have been widely indorsed in their State Divisions.

(See page 198 for Registrar General's Letter).

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

HISTORIAN GENERAL: Mrs. John Huske Anderson.

AIMS FOR 1932: To know your work—a fuller knowledge of the facts of our Confederate history.

## HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CONFEDERATE PERIOD.

*With Southern Songs*

JUNE, 1932.

Radio Talks: Birthday of President Davis, June 3. His Rightful Place in History. Refute False Statements.

Memorials to the South's Chieftain—The Jefferson Davis Highway and the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation (material from State Directors).

Poem: "The South in the Union" (James Barron Hope, VETERAN for November, 1931).

Song: "The Bonnie Blue Flag" (Harry McCarty).

JUNE, 1932.

June 3, Birthday of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States.

A Memorial—The Jefferson Davis National Highway. (Material from State Highway Director.)

Shaft at His Birthplace, Fairview, Ky.

Song: "Bonnie Blue Flag." Harry McCarthy.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. ADA RAMP WALDEN, Editor, Box 592, Augusta, Ga.

## A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Our Day of Memories draws near, and once again the call comes to gather the fairest flowers of spring to wreath the monuments to our sacred dead, and to pay tribute to the valor and matchless heroism of those who sacrificed for the principles which they knew to be just.

Let us make of this an outstanding occasion that shall proclaim to the world anew that while they sacrificed for us, we hold in reverent and loving memory "the story of the glory of the men who wore the gray," and shall pass on to future generations the torch that shall light the way to shrines that inspire to emulation of highest patriotism.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Oswell R. Eve, of Augusta, Ga., has accepted the appointment as State President for Georgia, she is a daughter of Gen. Clement A. Evans, and has for ten years served the Ladies' Memorial Association of Augusta; has a Junior Association with 172 members. She will take a good delegation to Richmond with her.

\* \* \*

The Reunion and our C. S. M. A. Convention in Richmond, Va., June 21, 22, 23, 24. If you have not already made your reservations at the hotels, do so at once, for the slogan is "On to Richmond!" and the largest crowd in years is predicted. Providence permitting, I hope to meet many old friends there and to make many new ones.

Yours in loving service,

MARGARET A. WILSON.  
(Mrs. A. McD. Wilson).

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

BY ADA RAMP WALDEN, EDITOR.

The appointment of Mrs. Oswell R. Eve, of Augusta, to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of Mrs. William A. Wright, of Atlanta, State President Confederate Southern Memorial Association, meets the unanimous approval of every association in the State, and of other States where Mrs. Eve is known. Since childhood, she has been an indefatigable worker in the Ladies' Memorial Association of Augusta and of the U. D. C. She was President of the Association of Augusta for a number of years; and also of Chapter A., U. D. C. Although retiring from the presidency of the former, because of ill health at the time, never have her enthusiasm and patriotic interest waned. The Junior Memorial Association, with more than 135 members, was named the Mary Lois Sibley Eve Association in her honor, because of her intense interest in the little organization from its incipency.

\* \* \*

As early as January 9, 1864, was a special day given to the decoration of graves of Confederate soldiers in New Orleans. A young lady visiting that city at the time described the day as follows: "On All Saints' Day, every Confederate grave was beautifully decorated. Not one was neglected. They presented a glorious contrast to the graves of the Federals, some of which were covered with weeds that almost obscured the headboards. We wondered why the Union ladies here did not decorate them. In the center of the Confederate burial ground, which is in Cypress Grove, was placed a cross seven feet high, covered with black velvet and spangled with gold. In golden letters on the front of the cross were these words: 'To Our

Southern Brothers. By the Ladies of New Orleans.' On the opposite side were three wreaths, the one in the center in white, the two on the ends, red. The top of the cross was surmounted with a wreath of olive. Every name, regiment, and place of death is inscribed on the headboards. Each board was entwined with wreath of evergreen interspersed with white flowers, while the grave themselves, on which there is not a blade of grass, were planted with red and white flowers."

\* \* \*

Mrs. James R. Armstrong, State President Oklahoma C. S. M. A., sends the following: "To members and workers of the C. S. M. A., Oklahoma sends love and greetings. We are giving of our time these strenuous days to our beloved veterans, their wives and widows, trying to bring into their lives pleasure and happiness; and also placing markers or headstones on the graves of our Confederate soldiers. Our hearts were torn in December by the passing of our much beloved chaplain, Mrs. W. C. Richardson, whose presence is sadly missed at our meetings. The time is drawing near for our general convention, and we are looking forward to seeing our dear President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, and all others who are carrying on our work."

\* \* \*

Just 135 girls and boys joined the Mary Lois Sibley Eve Junior Memorial association of Augusta, Ga., during the recent reorganization directed by Mrs. J. S. Carswell and Mrs. R. J. Wilkinson. The meeting that followed was indeed enthusiastic; and the little organization had prominent part in the Memorial Day exercises, April 26. As usual, the exercises were most interesting, and the memorial procession was viewed by several thousand spectators. At the

section in which several hundred Confederate soldiers are buried, the exercises were held, with William H. H. Jones, World War veteran and descendant of a Confederate soldier, delivering the inspiring address. He was introduced by Dr. Charles Francis, veteran of the Spanish-American War, who in the morning received his Cross of Military Service from Chapter A, U. D. C., being the first veteran of that war to be so honored in the county.

Misses Emma Perkins and Martha Baillie were elected as delegates from the Juniors to attend the reunion and convention of the C. S. M. A., in Richmond; Anne and Charles Hammett, Josephine and Clinton Wheeler, alternates.

## IN MEMORIAM—MRS. WILLIAM A. WRIGHT.

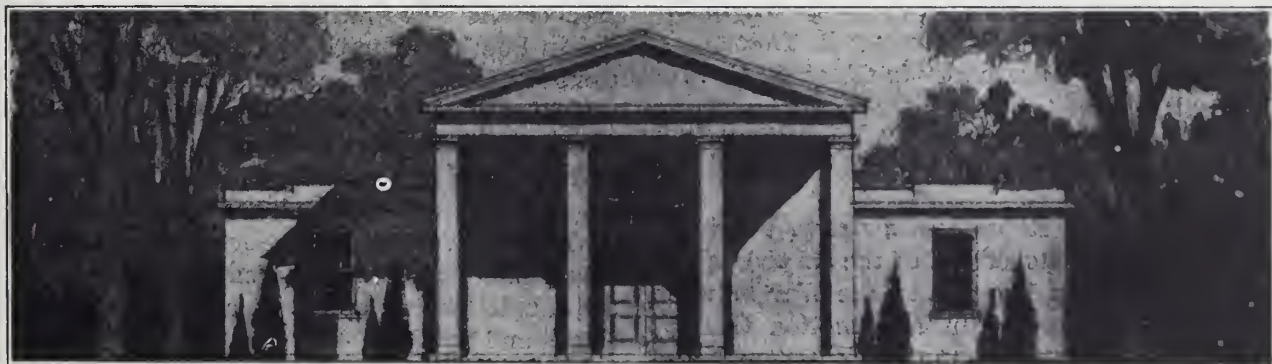
STATE PRESIDENT GEORGIA C. S. M. A.

Not only Atlanta and Georgia, but the South has sustained a loss in the passing of Mrs. William A. Wright, beloved State President and for ten years President of the Atlanta Ladies Memorial Association, whose sudden going was a shock to countless friends.

A rare spirit, thrilled with the fire of deepest loyalty—typical of the Old South with all of its graciousness and charm characteristic of the *ante bellum* period—she was truly an example of its beautiful life. Her services for ten years as President of the Atlanta Ladies Memorial Association and her zeal and patriotic devotion inspired every organization to thrill with pride in being a part of the mile long procession that annually wended its way to the City of the Dead, where paeans of praise and mounds covered with flowers bespoke the love of the South for her matchless heroes.

We shall meet, but we shall miss her.

MARGARET A. WILSON.



MUSEUM AS PLANNED FOR THE MANASSAS BATTLEFIELD THIS MOVEMENT ORIGINATED WITH THE MARY TALIAFERRO THOMPSON MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, C. S. M. A., OF WASHINGTON, D. C.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to Edmond R. Wiles, Editor, 1505 W. 22nd St., Little Rock, Ark.

## GENERAL NEWS AND NOTES.

### CHAIRMAN HISTORY COMMITTEE.

#### *Special Order No. 7.*

1. Mr. Arthur H. Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va., having resigned as Chairman of the Historical Committee, a vacancy therefore exists in said position.

2. Upon suitable recommendations, and in obedience to and by and under the authority vested in the Commander-in-Chief by Article VII, Section One, of the General Constitution, Judge W. W. Robertson, 400 East 15th Street, Oklahoma City, Okla., is hereby appointed chairman of the Historical Committee, to rank as such from April 1, 1932. He will at once take over the duties of this office and make such reports as he may deem necessary at our Convention, which will be held in Richmond, Va., June 21-24, 1932.

By order of: GEORGE R. TABOR,  
*Commander-in-Chief, S. C. V.*

#### *Official:*

WALTER L. HOPKINS,  
*Adjutant-in-Chief, S. C. V.*

Walter William Robertson, a native Virginian and son of Major Robertson of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia in the War between the States, was reared in Appomattox County, about three miles from the present courthouse at Appomattox Depot. He was educated in the public schools of Appomattox County, spent four

years under Mr. C. H. Chilton at Union Academy, and later graduated from Randolph Macon College, taking special work following his graduation at the University of Virginia. For some years he taught in Virginia, later being Superintendent of Schools at Harrisonburg, Va., and for nine years Superintendent of Schools in Staunton. He has held many positions of honor and responsibility, since his removal to the West, in New Mexico and in Oklahoma, his present home.

### THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

A resolution unanimously adopted by Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 981, S. C. V., of Richmond, concerning the adoption of Muzzey's History by the State Board of Education of Virginia, expresses with deep regret that the Board saw fit to adopt this history in the schools of Virginia in face of the fact that it has been on the black list in Southern States by Confederate organizations for some years past, due to its unfair representation of the causes leading up to the War between the States from the South's viewpoint. Notwithstanding the corrections made by Mr. Muzzey, it is still regarded as being unsuitable for use in the public schools of the South, where the youth would likely receive an erroneous impression of the causes leading up to the conflict between the North and South.

*Special Order No. 6:* The Commander-in-Chief has named the following Committee, whose re-

sponsibility will be to submit a report at the Thirty-seventh Annual Convention, Sons of Confederate Veterans, to be held in Richmond, Va., in June, covering the future activities of the organization and also to cover the Way and Means Committee report, these two committees being similar in their duties:

Major Edmond R. Wiles, Chairman, Little Rock, Ark.; Col. John Z. Reardon, Tallahassee, Fla.; J. Roy Price, Shreveport, La.; J. Edward Jones, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Col. R. G. Lamkin, Roanoke, Va.

CONTRIBUTED BY C. E. GILBERT, HOUSTON, TEX.

Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 67, S. C. V., at a recent meeting voted to offer a prize of \$10 for the best paper on the Life and Character of Jefferson Davis written for the Camp by a pupil of Jefferson Davis High School of this city. The Camp also voted a similar prize of \$10 for the best paper on the Life and Character of Albert Sidney Johnston written by a pupil of Albert Sidney Johnston High School. Commander C. E. Gilbert wrote the proposal to the Superintendent of each school, and it was acknowledged by the Superintendents with expressions of appreciation, and the offer was printed in the School Bulletin. In July, the Camp will have the papers read at a general meeting of the pupils of the high schools, and the awards will be made, and the winning papers published.

#### OLD SACRAMENTO.

The following comes from A. L. Maxwell, of Lexington, Mo., R. No. 1, and any one having information wanted will please communicate with him. He writes:

"Bledsoe's Battery, recruited mainly of Lafayette County (Mo.) men, went the whole way from Missouri to South Carolina under the same captain. Recently I found a letter in an old copy of the VETERAN written in September, 1901, by a member of this battery, Mr. John B. Santmyer, in which he states that 'Old Sac,' the Mexican cannon captured by Bledsoe and other Lafayette County men at Sacramento Creek, Mexico, in 1847, and used in the Missouri State Guard until fatal Pea Ridge, Ark., was in September, 1863, lying dismounted in the arsenal at Mobile. Ten years ago this same gentleman told his son that he had word that the old gun was still there. The citizens of Lexington, Mo., now want to make a search for this gun, and I would like to know if the old cannon is yet in Mobile."

#### THE LONELY GUNS.

[At Fort Taylor, Key West, Fla.]

Like Nelson's lions couched, we lie and dream  
Of mighty songs our brothers sang afar  
On bloody fields of old when Freedom's star  
From Valley Forge to Yorktown shed its gleam;  
Alone we watch by day, and by the beam  
Of tropic moon along the channel bar;  
Not ours to raise the ancient chant of war  
To roll across our Gulf's eternal stream.

O Eagle's sons who set us here to guard,  
Forget us not, whose brothers made you free;  
Nor hark to treason's insolent demand  
That no more shall keep our watch and ward.  
Remember, Peace and Happiness shall be  
Where Freedom's stalwart sons about her stand.

—A. R. Wiggin.

[The writer of these lines states that they were "suggested by the guns of our fortress at Key West, which have a rather pathetic look of loneliness about them," that, he visions, is caused by the pacific trend of the present day; and he adds, "How they learn of these things, I don't know, unless they feel their kinship with the guns of the Revolution and of Trafalgar which, in a way, spoke a message of freedom. Their kinship to the guns of 1812, 1848, 1861 (whose burial Thomas Nelson Page sang in a glorious prose epic), 1898, and 1917, they probably feel also, but the limits of a sonnet don't permit them to enlarge on these.]

SEEKS A COMRADE.—S. J. Eales, 107 South Popular St., Hutchinson, Kans., now past ninety years of age, would like to hear from any survivor of his company, regiment, or brigade. He writes: "I served in the 5th Kentucky Infantry, of the Orphan Brigade; had a brother killed by my side in the battle of Chickamauga; was in all the battles and skirmishes with my regiment and brigade from Dalton to the fall of Atlanta; was severely wounded in the battle of Jonesboro, August 31, 1864, and spent the fall and winter in different hospitals. In March, 1865, still on crutches, I made my way to Augusta, Ga. In the meantime the Orphan Brigade had been mounted and was fighting in South Carolina until ordered to Washington, Ga., to surrender, where we received our discharges on the 6th of May, 1865; each soldier was then his own commander. I was a thousand miles from my old Kentucky home, on crutches, and no money."



## HUMOR IN SOLDIER LIFE.

(Continued from page 169)

say you've got the spondulix. The old man will jump up and rear and swear at you, but when he does you just pat him on his bald head, and say: "Oh, yes; I knew you would do this, but I'm one of the boys. I don't talk; you can count on me."

Ben went over, while Eulah and Dave Rowland waited on the other side. In about three minutes, Ben rushed into the street, his canteens rattling, making a great noise as he ran down the street. The guards were after him, but Ben was too fleet, and he reached the "Rockets" ahead of all pursuers. General Winder rushed to the sidewalk and ordered the guards to shoot him.

When Ben patted the old man on the head, he knocked his glasses off, and this was the only thing that saved him. Ben reached camp about daylight, but he brought nothing back but the canteens and an empty stomach.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 193)

## TO CHAPTER PRESIDENTS.

During the past month, I have mailed to each Chapter, U. D. C., three copies of "Instructions for Correct Registration for Use of Chapter and Division Registrars" to Presidents, Secretaries, and Directors of C. of C. Chapters. A copy was sent to each Chapter Registrar early in the year through the Division Registrars.

When Chapters change their officers, will they please pass on these little "Red Books" to their successors? The edition is limited; there will be no second edition printed. The instructions in these books are very helpful in preparing applications for membership correctly.

Owing to several important changes made by amendment to the By-laws at the last General Convention after these books were printed, Chapter officers will have to consult the last copy of Minutes for proper instruction regulating the payment of initiation fees for new members, also for a transfer of membership. I regret very much that these changes do not appear in the "Red Books."

If any other person other than officers of Chapters desire a copy of these instructions, they may be obtained from the Registrar General, U. D. C., at the price of ten cents per copy.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. ALBERT SIDNEY PORTER,  
Registrar General, U. D. C.

## "THE SOUTH IN AMERICAN LIFE AND HISTORY."

The book by Mrs. E. E. Selph, of Nashville, Tenn., on "The South in American Life and History" has been widely commended, and one of the latest letters referring to it comes under date of March 30, 1932:

"My dear Mrs. Selph: I personally own a copy of your wonderful book, "The South in American Life and History," and I could not do without it, as it is the most helpful of all my reference books. I keep it always at hand. I had my Chapter here buy a copy for the High School Library, and I recommend its use for all libraries both school and public. In the Historical Year Book of the Virginia Division, you will notice it included in the list of approved books for schools libraries. I am telling you this that you may know I heartily approve of it, and have done my bit toward getting it distributed. Hope that you will not only be able to sell the second edition promptly, but many more as well. It is terribly needed to counteract some of the harmful propaganda which is being spread over the country. When I think of the gigantic task awaiting us, I am sometimes discouraged, until I remember the thousands who, as you and I, are willing to continue the battle until the South has justice in history.

"Wishing you all success with your great book, and with kindest personal regards for yourself,  
Sincerely, MRS. F. L. PALMER, *Historian, Virginia Division, U. D. C.*"

This book is especially valuable as a work of reference, many historic happenings being given in concrete form and making it convenient for those seeking light on points of history which would otherwise require exhaustive research. The edition is nearly exhausted, but copies may still be procured from Mrs. F. E. Selph, 5007 Michigan Avenue, West Nashville, Tenn., at \$2.50, postpaid. Order promptly.

*From Massachusetts.*—The VETERAN has some good friends in Massachusetts, one of whom is Mr. Walter H. Wilcox, of Woburn, who is interested in advancing the VETERAN through subscriptions as well as otherwise, and writes recently, in reporting a new subscriber: "I have taken the VETERAN for many years, and in response to your recent request for new subscriptions have now sent you two. If your Southern friends all do as well, your success is assured. From a Yankee friend."

## PICTURES OF CONFEDERATE LEADERS.

The following pictures are commended as being most suitable for presentation purposes, as their good quality is fine insurance. These pictures are:

**THE THREE GENERALS.**—Group showing Generals Lee, Jackson, and Joseph E. Johnston. A fine steel engraving some 19 by 22 inches, price \$10. With an order for this picture, a year's subscription to the *VETERAN* is allowed.

**PICTURE OF GEN. R. E. LEE.**—A fine steel engraving printed in soft brown tones; in good size. Picture highly commended by General Lee's daughter as a good likeness. Price, \$5.

**PICTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.**—A handsome print, showing him in the flush of maturity, just before the war. Can be had in different sizes, as follows: 16 x 20 inches, double weight paper, \$4; mounted on cardboard, \$4.50; 20x30 inches, \$7; mounted, \$7.50; 30x40 inches, \$10; mounted, \$10.50.

Address the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, Nashville, Tenn.

From Mrs. R. A. Jarvis, Stinnett, Tex.: "I intend to take the *VETERAN* as long as I live. My husband was a soldier under General Forrest; has been dead thirteen years."

\* \* \*

John W. Bonee writes from Nashville, N. C., in renewing subscription: "I am now in my ninetieth year—partly deaf and blind; almost the last of the Confederate soldiers of Nash County; but I expect to take the *VETERAN* as long as I live, if I can."

\* \* \*

Dr. T. C. Sexton, of Fremont, Nebr., sends subscription and compliments on "the successful accomplishment in producing so valuable and, to the old Confederates, such an interesting magazine."

\* \* \*

Anyone knowing the war record of J. H. Wiggins will confer a favor by writing to W. E. Long, 719 N. Main St., Rusk, Tex., who is interested in securing a pension for the widow of this comrade. Jim Higgins was born in Oxford, N. C., in 1848, and moved to Texas in 1854, going into the Confederate army at Rusk. He was so young that Capt. Frank Taylor used him as a courier.

\* \* \*

Inquiry comes for a copy of "The Partisan Rangers of the Confederate Army," by W. J. Davis, also "Noted Guerrillas," by John N. Edwards. Anyone having these books for sale will please communicate with the *VETERAN*, stating price and condition.

\* \* \*

Miss Mary D. Carter, Upperville, Va., is interested in collecting newspaper clippings of articles on the War between the States period, which are to be preserved by one of the Southern universities. There are

many valuable articles in this form that would otherwise be lost, and anyone having such clippings will be helping to preserve our history by co-operating with Miss Carter in making this collection.

\* \* \*

"Best of luck. You are doing a wonderful job to keep us posted on the South," writes W. McMillan Lewis from St. Louis, in renewing subscription.

\* \* \*

"Always glad to help the *VETERAN* out," is the message from Gen. H. Oden Lake, of Washington, D. C., one of our Spanish War veterans—and he renews for two years.

\* \* \*

Mrs. H. A. Crenshaw, of Salisbury, N. C., continues the subscription order for the Chapter which bears the name of her father, Joseph J. Davis, and says: "I am glad to tell you that the Chapter enjoys at each meeting extracts from the *VETERAN*—indeed, it sometimes provides the program to a great extent."

Miss Mabel Brooke Blum, 1300 Page Street, San Francisco, Calif., would like to hear from some one who knew her uncle, George Gibson Brooke, Brigade Chaplain with Gen. J. D. Imboden Cavalry Brigade, Lomax's Division, C. S. A.

**CONFEDERATE CATECHISM.**—By Lyon Gardner Tyler. Price, 20 cents. For fifty copies, or more than fifty, 10 cents each. Address, L. G. Tyler, Holderoft, Va.

"I get a thrill of genuine patriotism from each number," writes Mrs. J. M. Johnson, of Louisville, Ky., in renewing her subscription.



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NOTICE

147 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.

R. W. Griffith, History Department, Mississippi Heights Academy, Blue Mountain, Miss., is collecting data on the members of Company I, 11th Mississippi Regiment—Van Dorn's Reserves—and he is very anxious to get in communication with any surviving members or others who can give information on the service of any member or members, and incidents of their service.

## LEADING A BETTER LIFE.

A State health officer in Virginia relates in *The Survey* the story of a farmer who was delivering vegetables to a public sanitarium. A patient saluted him.

"You're a farmer, ain't yuh?"

The farmer allowed that he was.

"I used to be a farmer once," says the guest of the State.

"Did youh?"

"Yes. Say, stranger, did youh ever try bein' crazy?"

The farmer never had, and started to move on.

"Well, you oughta try it," was the ex-farmer's parting shot. "It beats farmin' all hollow."

Mrs. J. W. Hall, of Denver, Colo., renews for two years and writes: "If all Southern people realized how much Southern history is contained in each number of the *VETERAN*, it would be swamped with subscriptions."

## TO BE PRESIDENT.

"To be a satisfactory president of the United States," says Grenville Kleiser, "a man must possess many qualifications." He lists the following as vital:

The patience of a Job.

The perspicacity of a Plato.

The strength of a Hercules.

The wit of a Rabelais.

The courage of a lion.



# And NOW--- NEW REDUCED RATES

Sensational reductions in all steamship fares have just been announced . . . . so we have cut \$50 from our already low price of the select VACATION TOUR to HOLLAND, BELGIUM, GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, ITALY, RIVIERA, FRANCE, ENGLAND, and SCOTLAND, sailing:

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TOUR  
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July 21 VENICE  
July 22 VENICE  
July 23 FLORENCE  
July 24 FLORENCE  
July 25 ROME  
July 26 ROME  
July 27 ROME

July 28 NAPLES - CAPRI - BLUE  
GROTTO  
July 29 AMALFI-POMPEII-NAPLES  
July 30 GENOA  
July 31 NICE-MONTE CARLO  
August 1 MARSEILLES  
August 2 PARIS  
August 3 PARIS  
August 4 PARIS  
August 5 VERSAILLES-MALMAISON  
August 6 PARIS  
August 7 LONDON  
August 8 LONDON  
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# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XL

JUNE, 1932

NO. 6



**RICHMONT IN FLAMES**

The Richmond which will greet the United Confederate Veterans in their 42nd Annual Reunion, June 21-24, will have no reminder of the harrowing scenes following its evacuation, April 2, 1865. After successfully resisting the four years' efforts of the Federal armies to capture the capital of the Confederacy, the fall of Petersburg necessitated the evacuation of Richmond. The above lurid scene gives an idea of what followed the evacuation, the warehouses and armories being set on fire and the bridges burned after the troops passed over. Photographed from an old painting by H. P. Cook, of Richmond.



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## STANDARD WORKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

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The American Bastille. By John A. Marshall. History of the illegal arrests and imprisonment of American citizens during the War between the States	4 50

J. R. Mathes, Lascassas, Tenn., Route No. 1, has reached the age of ninety-two years, and is still interested in the VETERAN. Wants to know how many other readers of the VETERAN are older than he. A list of such readers would be of interest. Send in your names.

Mrs. Nannie Haley, of Colorado, Tex., widow of J. H. (John H.) Haley, is trying to establish her husband's record as a Confederate soldier, which will enable her to get a pension. He enlisted with Company D, 1st Louisiana Voluntary Infantry, as a private, in New Orleans, La., in April, 1861, and served through the full period of the war. Any one remembering his service as a soldier will please write to her as above.

I. G. Bradwell, of Brantley, Ala., would like to communicate with any old Confederate who took part in the battle of Monocacy, Md., July 9, 1864.

Inquiry comes as to whether there is any foundation for the statement that the figure of a soldier on a Confederate monument is always placed facing the north. This inquirer had noticed that those she had seen were so placed. Is there any reason for so placing them?

Mrs. Isleta Kimbro Hunt, of Bisbee, Ariz., Box 196, is very anxious to establish the war record of her father, John Kimbro, who, she thinks, did scout duty under Forrest. A very daring act of his is brought out in an article by W. H. King, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., in the VETERAN for November, 1924. His service was also thought to have been under Capt. Dick McCann. The old Kimbro home is near Antioch, Tenn., and John Kimbro is buried at Mount Olivet, near Nashville. Any information would be appreciated.

If I had to choose between a free government with a corrupt press, and a corrupt government with a free

press, I would unhesitatingly choose the latter; for no government can long remain free with a corrupt press, and no government can long remain corrupt with a free press.—*Thomas Jefferson*.

## THE MOTHER'S SPHERE.

"Do you do any literary work?" asked a neighbor of a mother.

"Yes," she replied. "I am writing two books."

"What are their titles?"

"John and Mary," she answered. "My business is to write upon the minds and hearts of my children the lessons they will never forget."

Every mother is an artist and her material is not the perishable marble, but immortal souls.

I took a piece of living clay  
And gently formed it day by day,  
And molded with my power and art,  
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone;  
It was a man, I looked upon.  
He still that early impress bore,  
And naught could change it any more.

The greatest need of America today is Christian mothers who will bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

## REMEMBERED.

Probably the only case of its kind in history is the tribute paid to the memory of Edward Colston, a philanthropist buried in Bristol, England. The schools, homes, and hospitals which he founded have placed fresh flowers on his grave every week for the past 210 years!—*British American*.

"You know you'll never have your name inscribed in the Hall of Fame."  
"Perhaps not. But I'd rather have people asking why it isn't there than why it is."

A small boy went to school for the first time. He came home and was questioned as to his experience.

"Nothing much happened," he said. "There was a woman there who wanted to know how to spell cat, and I told her."—*Exchange*.

# Confederate Veteran

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
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SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1932

No. 6

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

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GEN. L. W. STEPHENS, Coushatta, La.. *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Matthews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## FORT FISHER MEMORIAL.

The North Carolina Division, U. D. C., has sent out invitations to the unveiling and dedication of the Fort Fisher Memorial at Fort Fisher, N. C., on Thursday morning, June 2.

## THE REUNION PROGRAM.

The program for the Richmond Reunion follows the usual lines in the convention exercises, which will be held in the auditorium of The Mosque beginning Wednesday morning, June 21. In the afternoon of that day will be the formal dedication of the Richmond Battlefield Parks. The balls will be held in the armories of the Richmond Grays and Richmond Blues. For the grand parade on Friday, all veterans are to report to their brigade and division commanders at the Confederate Home to be assigned their places. The parade is to move at twelve o'clock.

## THE LEE MONUMENT.

A mistake was made in the May number of the VETERAN in stating that Mr. F. William Sievers, of Richmond, Va., noted sculptor, made the equestrian statue of General Lee in that city. He writes a correction, stating that it is the work of Antonin Mercie, the French sculptor, but he made the Stonewall Jackson equestrian statue in Richmond and also that magnificent memorial to General Lee at Gettysburg, pictures of which have appeared in the VETERAN.

Another correction comes from Mr. William Palmer Hill, of Richmond, who adds that Monument Avenue begins at the equestrian statue of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, leads up to the Lee statue, on to that of President Davis, Stonewall Jackson, and then to Commodore Maury.

The photographs from which the frontispieces of the April, May, and June numbers were made are from the studio of H. P. Cook, of Richmond, who doubtless has the largest known collection of photographs of Confederate leaders, many of them made during the war.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(On a visit to Montgomery, Ala., April, 1886).

I saw him pass in grand review that day,  
 And in his eyes the fire of life burned bright;  
 He stood a monument in manly height,  
 No king more steady in his fine array.  
 He smiled as he passed by, and smiled my way,  
 I tipped my hat and waved with great delight;  
 No word was said, but as a flash of light  
 The message of his heart on my heart lay.

The nobleness of his great soul was chiseled deep,  
 For Time the master sculptor had his fling;  
 And though the mighty cause met with defeat,  
 He never cringed from duty, nor did creep.  
 From history's page all men in pride will sing,  
 The glory of his life love shall repeat.

(As he lay in State in the Capitol at Montgomery, Ala., May 29, 1893.)

How cold in death I saw him lying there  
 So silently upon his peaceful bier;  
 My soul was as a weeping fount, a tear  
 Surged from my heart and fell a whispered prayer.

His noble brow, unfurrowed by a care,  
 Shone as a bit of alabaster clear.  
 No longer then of death I felt a fear,  
 As his fine life it seemed had been my share.

Upon the Book of Time is graven bright  
 The mirror of his precious life well spent;  
 And like a golden galleon on blue sea  
 His thoughts shall travel on as rays of light,  
 And for mysterious purpose he was sent,  
 From every ghost of doubt the world is free.

—John Proctor Mills.

[It is of interest to know that the author of these tributes was born at Oxford, Mich., and had relatives in the Northern Army; but he went to Alabama as a little boy at the age of five, just before (the fall) the visit of Mr. Davis in 1886, when the Confederate Monument corner stone was laid.]

## EDUCATED SOUTHERN YOUTH.

It is well known that Alexander Stephens was a great advocate of education, and during his lifetime he helped a good many young men to obtain an education. In the case of helping women, it was a gift; but with young men it was understood that after going into business, their benefactor would be repaid whenever they were able to do so. These beneficiaries were rarely selected from among the children of friends or relatives, but whenever an appeal was made to him in behalf of a youth of promise, without means to acquire an education, he almost invariably responded. It was thought perhaps that few of these had shown any gratitude or repaid him, but in response to an inquiry of the kind, he wrote as follows, this being an extract from his letter:

"I have assisted upward of thirty young men in getting an education. About a third of these I have taken from the stump and put through college. The other two-thirds I assisted to graduation, but most of them at a medical college. Out of the whole number only three who have lived have failed to refund the money. The three I have alluded to are, I think, scamps, except perhaps one. One who refunded I think is a scamp also, though he is a preacher. Nine of the number I assisted are dead; five of these died before refunding; two died while at school. Only four of the number studied law. Six are preachers—four Baptists, one Presbyterian, and one Methodist. One of them is (or was when last heard from) a man of distinction in Tennessee, a professor and author. Another is at the head of a high school in Mississippi, and another at the head of a high school in Georgia. Mr.—, the preacher, is, I think, a shabby fellow. He showed some ingratitude. The other three I spoke of I think shabby, but never heard of any ingratitude. Take the whole lot, all in all, I think very well of them. The per centum of black sheep in the flock is small; not more than one in twelve or thereabouts. Of the number I assisted in getting medical diplomas, there are now living in the State six, all clever physicians of good standing. Two of the physicians died several years ago."

In a later letter, he said: "Fourteen of the number at one time, or sometime after quitting school, became teachers; several of them are still teaching. It is proper also to state that none of them, that I am aware of, was ever addicted to intemperance except one. He sometimes drank too much, but he abandoned liquor entirely before he died. I ought to say also that the four I spoke

of as shabby fellows all maintain what is considered respectable positions in society. . . . A great majority of those I have aided have done good in their day and generation in their quiet spheres of life. This is a source of great satisfaction to me."

Continuing this habit of aiding indigent youths to get an education, the number had increased to fifty-two at the time the next record was made.

#### TOUR TO OLD SOUTHERN HOMES.

BY MRS. L. U. BABIN, COR. SECY. GEN., U. D. C.

Recently I was fortunate to have the opportunity to visit a picturesque city in a neighboring State—Natchez, Miss.—as a participant in a tour of old homes. This pilgrimage leaves a lingering delightful memory of glimpses of the past when the Old South existed in the full glory of its wealth and culture.

Homes of different types added to the interest of the tourist, and new charms were constantly before him. Some places retained the old virtually undistributed in all its elegance—antique furniture, the same costly carpets on the floor, the original rich draperies, and lovely paper covering the plastered walls, unchanged. Guests were greeted by hostesses in genuine, handsome costumes of the days of the sixties and Colonial period. The atmosphere of the past pervaded everywhere, with architecture, art treasures, oil paintings, marble mantles, steel engravings, or old silver and china and crystal reminding the visitors of days gone by.

The most striking instance of an *ante-bellum* home thoroughly repaired was "The Briars," where Jefferson Davis married Varina Howell, his second wife. This house is typically southern, with its deep porches and classic architecture and charm of design. The view overlooking the Mississippi is the most beautiful in all this section, and the hill on the river front, perhaps, the highest.

In many of the homes the tourist was attracted by handsome portraits of Confederate soldiers, members of the family, or their generals; framed documents signed by a Confederate general or governor; and other evidences of loyalty to the Southland.

In all, more than two dozen of these large and beautiful homes were open to the tourists, more than two thousand in number from more than thirty states.

Although during the more than half century past some of the fine places have been destroyed by fire, the many that remain are fully worth the pilgrimage. Next year, for the second time, they will be open, and I am sure another large number of tourists will visit them and, better than reading volumes, enjoy the thrill of seeing these homes of the Old South.

#### GENERAL FORREST NOT ILLITERATE.

[The following excerpt from the *Congressional Record* is a timely correction of the generally accepted idea that Gen. N. B. Forrest was not an educated man. Though his schooling was limited, his natural intelligence took him out of the illiterate class.]

Mr. Johnson, of Washington: From the gentleman's own State of Mississippi, there came to the front in the War between the States, 1861 to 1865, a private soldier who developed so rapidly in skill and tactics that he became a general—a man almost illiterate. That man probably worked more physical punishment on the Northern army than any other one man individually, and, with the aid of his troops, he played tremendous havoc. He was Gen. Nathan B. Forrest; and when he was asked to what he attributed his success in these combats which he had with the Northern armies and was asked for his tactics, he said: "The answer is simple: 'I got there *fastest* with the *mostest* men.'"

Mr. Rankin, of Mississippi: Will the gentlemen yield?

Mr. Johnson, of Washington: I yield.

Mr. Rankin, of Mississippi: I just want to say that General Forrest did not make use of the slang expression that has been attributed to him. What General Forrest said in answer to General Morgan was: "I took a short cut, and got there first with the most men."

R. Y. Leavel writes from Newberry, S. C., in renewing his subscription: "This is the thirty-third year that I have been taking the *VETERAN*, and I have thirty-two years bound in book form. I was a 'kid' soldier of 1864-1865; am nearing my eighty-fifth year and still in business. I am Commander of Camp James D. Nance, No. 336, U. C. V., also a member of the Pension Board. We have only thirteen veterans left in the county at the present time; they are fast passing into their 'Great Expectation.'"



## GEN. JO LANE STERN—IN MEMORIAM.

A familiar figure at Confederate reunions will be missed from the gathering in Richmond this June, for Gen. Jo Lane Stern has gone to be with the great army in gray across the River. Death came to him on the morning of May 3, after some months of failing health, at the age of eighty-three years. He was Chairman of the Entertainment Committee for this Richmond Reunion, a place which he was so eminently fitted for, and his passing means a loss in every sense of the word.

Born in Caroline County, Va., December 23, 1848, son of Levi and Elizabeth Hall Stern, who came to Virginia from Rockingham, N. C., Jo Lane Stern was educated in the private schools of his county, at Fountain Hill Academy, Squire's School in Richmond, and at Washington College, now Washington and Lee University. General Lee was at the head of the College, and young Stern was admitted to the circle of the General's family, and he also had the rare privilege of riding that famous old war horse, Traveller. He graduated in law in 1869, and returned to Richmond, was admitted to the Virginia bar, and in 1871 entered upon his practice of law, which continued to his death. He was at one time President of the Richmond Bar Association, and also became a leader in the military and social life of the city, holding the office of Inspector General (Lieutenant Colonel) from 1884 until 1918, when he was appointed Adjutant General of Virginia by Governor Westmoreland Davis, as which he served until 1922. He had been actively connected with the United Confederate Veterans since its organization, and was Chief of Staff, with rank of Brigadier General, for the late Gen. Edgar D. Taylor, then Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V.

Too young to be regularly enrolled in ranks, Jo Lane Stern watched military preparations and operations from his father's home near old Chesterfield station, and listened with avid interest to the click of the telegraph instrument carrying messages of military import. Then he learned to send those messages and relieved the overworked operator. It was a proud day when he took a message for General Lee and delivered it to the General's tent—and that brief acquaintance made him thereafter a devoted follower of a matchless man, that devotion taking him to Washington College when General Lee became its President.

At the ripe age of sixteen years and three months, Jo Lane Stern returned from the scenes

of war, a veteran, and when he had finished his education and returned to Richmond, he had developed a social charm and leadership which gave him first place in the life of the city. He was a member of the prominent clubs of his city and State, of the Army and Navy Club of New York, a member of fraternities and Masonic Lodges, ever active in social and civic duties, eternally young in enthusiasm and physical status. "Life brought him many successes," said the editor of the *Richmond News Leader*, "but few equal to that of keeping young; and that success he honestly won by a daily discipline of courtesy and kindness that kept his heart young and his spirit cheerful. It is a dolorous thing to say farewell to that dauntless spirit."

General Stern never married, and is survived by a brother and nieces and nephews.

## CONFEDERATE DAD O' MINE.

BY GRACE DUPREE RIDINGS.

For sake of one old man who wore the gray,

I'm meeting you and greeting you once more;  
Your handclasp tells me of that far-off day

When he the Southern colors gladly bore,  
And marched to battle fields of Dixieland.

With Lee and Jackson brave to fight nor yield  
The Stars and Bars, to take his valiant stand  
With you and others on war's blood-red field.

For that brave old Confederate Dad o' mine,

My hands shall spread a table white for you;  
Shall place sweet flowers, as the glad hours shine,  
Shall pray for you whose men rest 'neath earth's dew.

For that dear man who wore, and wears the gray,  
I shall be kind and try to light your way!

And I shall work where you must bear your load,  
And lend a hand until you cross the bar.

I shall go seeking heroes down life's road,  
And tell them of the everlasting star!

For one old man, and for our Southern land,  
I bow to men who wear the ashen clothes,  
To wives today who sit and hold a hand,

For Blue and Gray are now good friends, not foes.

And for Dad's dear sake, I sing the songs  
Of "Annie Laurie" and of "Dixie," too,  
The while my wanton spirit ever longs

For one old man, a hero brave and true,  
Who taught his orphan children lessons fine.  
A cameo—Brave Confederate Dad o' Mine.

*HELD AS A SPY.*

[From papers of the late Capt. Eugene G. de Jarnette, of Richmond, Va.]

In June, 1863, General Beauregard, wishing to know the number and class of troops which were being massed at City Point and Bermuda Hundreds for an attack upon our front, I was ordered by Maj. James F. Milligan, commanding the Independent Signal Corps, to select some half dozen of my best men to act as couriers, and to go to some place on the James River below City Point, and there, with our spyglasses, to observe carefully the number of vessels coming up with troops, the size of the transports, the class of troops in transition, etc., and to send in a courier to headquarters with details every few hours.

Being somewhat familiar with the country, I left Petersburg by a road to the right of Blandford, and by a circuitous route struck James River at Cogan's Point, eight miles below City Point. This place was well suited to our purpose, and we were sending satisfactory accounts to the General Commanding, when, about 4 P.M. on the third day, that, on June 14, being quite unwell with a chill, I went into an unoccupied house, the residence of a Mr. Edmond Ruffin, and lay down. I had not been there more than half an hour when a sudden noise like the ringing of sabers against saddles aroused me, and, before I had time to realize the fact, the yard and house were full of the enemy, and I was a prisoner. A squadron of the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry, commanded by Captain Ray, had dashed across the headland, and my reports for that time and place were at an end. Fortunately, only two of my men were "at home." James Clark, of Surry, was at the glass and was captured; John G. Dew, of King and Queen County, Va., was at the spring. Upon hearing the commotion, he marched up the hill, but, taking in at a glance the situation, he promptly assumed a horizontal position and rolled down again. This maneuver saved him, and, after the enemy left, he made his way to Petersburg and gave information of our capture.

It would be a useless task to attempt to describe the feelings of a captive; only those who have felt it can know. I must say, however, that no personal indignity was allowed toward me by Captain Ray. The men were not allowed to search me, as was a common occurrence among the enemy, and I was thus enabled to save a valuable watch by slipping it down my boot leg so soon as night came on. About seven or eight o'clock P.M., we were dismounted before the quarters of

Colonel Rand, commanding the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry, who questioned me closely, though respectfully, as to our forces, etc. Finding me somewhat reticent, he ordered a file of negro soldiers to take me over to Gen. B. F. Butler's command at Bermuda Hundred. There a very different reception awaited me. In a coarse and violent manner, General Butler asked me my name, to what branch of the Confederate army I belonged, why I had struck a vidette outpost so far from any support, and so was captured. As I was a member of the Signal Service, he took it for granted that I was informed as to the number of the troops in and around Petersburg, their positions, etc., and he demanded the information in a very harsh and peremptory manner. These questions I parried as best I could, keeping him as far from the real truth as possible, for it is a well-known fact that at the time Petersburg was almost defenseless, not having troops enough to man one-half the works. At about this point in the interview, one of General Butler's staff whispered something to him. He seemed startled for a moment, and then asked me to repeat my name. This I did, and, looking at me intently, one eye behind the other, he said, "You are the Rebel officer that whisked into Norfolk last fall and out again before we could get hold of you, but I've got hold of you now, and, d—— you, I'll fix you. Take him off" (to the negro guard). I felt that I was in a difficult position, and the character of the officer into whose hands I had fallen did not console me greatly.

Life and liberty are very precious to youth, and I was only twenty. If each plan of escape I found that night could have taken me just one hundred yards from the enemy's lines, I should have been many miles away and safe ere daylight. But it was not to be, and in a day or two I was taken down the James and safely lodged in one of the casemates of Fortress Monroe.

About the first of July, I was notified by one Major Stackpole, Judge Advocate, that, by order of Gen. B. F. Butler, he must prefer charges against me as a spy, and the specification was that I had entered the city of Norfolk as such the fall previous; that a trial upon such a charge involved life and death, and that I should be represented by competent counsel.

Be it remembered that this whole proceeding of General Butler's was contrary to the law and precedent, for I was not captured until eight months after the alleged offense had been committed, and at my "court-martial," which was held in Carrol Hall and lasted three days, it was



*in evidence* that I had at the time named led a party of Confederate soldiers, in full Confederate uniform and well armed, through General Butler's lines and back to our own in safety, which is a legitimate mode of warfare among all civilized people.

Upon Major Stackpole's suggestion as to counsel, I wrote to the Hon. Joseph Segar, who was known to members of my family, and had visited at my father's home, and also to Hon. Lucius H. Chandler, of Norfolk. Mr. Segar wrote that he could not interfere in the difficulty I was in with his government. Mr. Chandler promptly replied *in person*, and though opposed in sentiment, rendered me efficient service to uphold the right; and though that trial resulted in my *perfect vindication*, yet the officers of the United States Government kept me in suspense for months, and failed to promulgate my innocence until I was exchanged, which was sometime during that year.

#### NOT A COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX.

In the April number of the VETERAN, in a death notice of comrade Ben Harvin, St. Louis Camp No. 731, U. C. V., occurs this statement:

"In 1863, 1864, and 1865 Comrade Harvin rode with that gallant and dashing chieftain, Quantrill, and he also served the true cause with George Todd, Dave Pool, "Bloody" Bill Anderson, and Jesse James."

This notice appearing in the VETERAN affords a clear implication that Quantrill, Todd, Dave Pool, Bill Anderson, and Jesse James were Confederate soldiers.

An effort is made to employ truth in writing Confederate history. Let us have the truth concerning these men.

In 1863, while the 6th Missouri Voluntary Infantry, C. S. A., was camped near Grenada, Miss., William Quantrill, on his way back to Missouri from Richmond, where he had gone to ask President Davis for a commission, paid us a visit. Sitting in front of Col. Erwin's tent, I heard him make the statement that he had met Mr. Davis, asked to be commissioned either as Brigadier General or Colonel, but had been refused, because he declined to place himself under the military authority of the Confederate government. Davis said: "Mr. Quantrill, if you will take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate government and place yourself under military authority, I will give you a Colonel's Commission, but I will not

give you an independent command." "With that," said Quantrill, "I took my leave, and I am on my way back to my men, to fight the Yankees in my own way."

Capt. Maurice Langhorne was of General Joe Shelby's staff. After the war was over, he came to Jackson County Mo., and along in the eighties became deputy county marshal at Independence. At the time, I was conducting the Independence *Sentinel*. Langhorne told me this story:

When General Price reached Marshall (Mo.) in 1864, Quantrill and his men rode into camp. General Price sent for me, and when I arrived, directed me to go to Quantrill and tell him that he, his captains and all his men must take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate government, and submit to constituted military authority, or get out of camp. I went as ordered, and delivered Price's edict. Quantrill and all his captains and their men, except George Todd and his men, refused and the next day rode away."

George Todd, up to the outbreak of war in Missouri, which was precipitated by Captain Lyon's capture of Camp Jackson, had been a quiet, peaceful citizen. He and I had joined a company of the State Guard in December, 1860. When Captain Prince, of the regular army, landed at Kansas City with a force of infantry and cavalry, Captain Gregory, of our State Guard company, practically disbanded it, and left Kansas City. Todd and several others, including the writer, went to Independence and joined the forces assembling there. Todd subsequently joined General Price's Provost guard, but when that was disbanded, upon Price's accepting a Commission in the Confederate army, he returned to Jackson County and fell in with Quantrill.

While scouting in Jackson County, he crept into Kansas City one night, met the attractive widow of his brother, who had been accidentally killed some two years before, took her to the parish priest, who duly married them. Even many of his enemies regretted his death.

Wagner Post, G. A. R., at Independence is named for a Captain Wagner of the Iowa Cavalry, who was killed in a fight with Todd and his company. Wagner, with twenty-two men, had gone on as scout to locate Quantrill. At the noon hour, he and his men dismounted in a small clearing about seven miles southeast of Independence. While eating their rations, unsuspecting danger, they were suddenly attacked by Todd and twenty-two of his men. Wagner and his men gained their mounts and there was fought one of the most

sanguinary battles of the war. Quarters were too close for carbines, so only six shooters and sabers were the weapons used. Nine times the combatants rode back and forth across the clearing. I don't know how many men Todd lost; many were wounded. Of Wagner's men only one was left to carry the news of the battle back to Independence.

## ANOTHER LEE BIOGRAPHY.

A REVIEW BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

By virtue of the Bobbs-Merrill Press, a new life of Lee has appeared, the author of which is Rev. Dr. William E. Brooks, a Northerner, who approaches his subject in a fine spirit of liberality. With non-partisan sympathy, he writes of Lee's character, achievements, and attainments—if not of Lee's attitude. The style of the book is wholly pleasing and the volume itself is not at all ponderous, being some three hundred and forty-odd pages.

The author lays emphasis (very properly) upon Lee's great contribution to the Confederate cause in strengthening the coast defenses prior to the time he took command of the Army of Northern Virginia. Also, Dr. Brooks shows an unusual comprehension of the abilities of General McClellan, incidentally reporting Lee's eulogistic comment on that commander. This appreciation is quite contrary to the accustomed superficiality of the majority of historians, biographers, and others, who make McClellan the scapegoat of the early failures in the plans of the Washington administration.

The author's tributes, in paragraph portraits, to the character and characteristics of Jackson and Stuart are unexcelled in brevity and force. Furthermore, Dr. Brooks appraises the true significance of the delinquencies of Longstreet as does no other Lee biographer. This is brought out prior to Gettysburg; for Dr. Brooks refers to the campaign leading up to the second battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, in these words that go straight to the mark:

"... Longstreet did not move as rapidly as Lee desired, in spite of Lee's orders given three times that fateful morning of August 29. Thus Pope was probably saved from annihilation."

Having thus inadequately touched upon the excellencies of Dr. Brooks's narrative, it is now necessary, for the sake of the record, to review certain fundamental misconceptions as to the attitude of the Southern people and the real causes of the war. There is a statement by Robert E. Lee

which should be at least laid before every writer who approaches the subject, even though the expression itself be rejected:

"We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor."

Dr. Brooks either does not know about these principles or he fails to apprehend them. Consequently, he must needs harp on allegations based on propaganda which, we hope, in the next generation or so will be abandoned by writers treating of the sectional conflict; *i. e.*, that Lincoln and the North went to war primarily and principally on behalf of a great "moral issue"; and that the South fought, by inference at least, immorally, or unmorally, solely or basically, for the maintenance of the institution of slavery! Dr. Brooks should have read the treatise which received the Mrs. Simon Baruch prize in 1927 entitled "The South as a Conscious Minority," by Dr. Jesse T. Carpenter. Once that is understood—together with that invaluable compilation of Beverly B. Munford, "Virginia's Attitude Towards Slavery and Secession"—these fundamental misconceptions would cease to obtrude themselves. Or had the author but glanced over the U. D. C. compilation entitled "Women of the South in War Times," he would necessarily have been led to a recasting of his approach to this all-important matter of cause and effect.

Dr. Brooks repeats a number of ancient errors inherited from the popular misconceptions of the nineteenth century. For example, the "treachery of Secretary Floyd" and the "imperialistic origin" of the War with Mexico; such, however, are not fundamental, as for instance, this from his foreword:

"Lee was opposed to slavery. But he was not opposed to it as was Lincoln."

It is too bad that so excellent a writer should fail to grasp primary principles because of misinformation presented in secondary sources. The author goes on to demonstrate that Lincoln's heart and soul were stirred by the unfortunate plight of the negro, while Lee was concerned chiefly with the problems of his own race. Doubtless Dr. Brooks has never seriously considered Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation as a "war measure"—a measure that should properly be placed in much the same category as the previous and similar proclamation of Lord Dunmore in 1775. If the British had won the Revolution, the slaves of George Washington, Patrick Henry, and



other American patriots would have been set free; and then British historians might have declared that their argument was based on a "moral issue" while the American rebels were fighting to "rivet the bonds upon the African slave!"

The writer recalls an address delivered by the late Charles Francis Adams in Baltimore in which the speaker intimated that one of the purposes of the Lincoln Proclamation of Emancipation was to arouse servile insurrection, which would have brought the war to an end because the Confederates would have been compelled at once to the protection of their homes and firesides. When asked about this clear intimation, Mr. Adams frankly declared the wide belief at the North that the emancipation proclamation "would arouse the slaves." Then, "with the Union preserved," President Lincoln might easily have reasserted his attitude of non-interference with the South's "peculiar institution." In fact, the Proclamation, so far from having a "humanitarian purpose," distinctly exempted from its provisions all slaves within Union territory, so that General Grant could have held on to any slaves he then had—though Lee, at material sacrifice to himself, had already set his slaves free! Lincoln strongly favored the original form of the thirteenth amendment, which specifically inhibited any interference on the part of the central government with slavery wherever it existed.

Lincoln was exercised over the abstract issue of slavery, perhaps as much as Thomas Jefferson or Henry Clay. Lincoln, however, declared that the preservation of the Union was vastly more important than the abolition of slavery. Both of these issues he looked at *from the political and the economic or commercial points of view*. Dr. Brooks should read Thomas Prentiss Kettell's "Southern Wealth and Northern Profits." He would then appreciate what Lincoln meant when he replied to Rev. Dr. Richard Fuller's suggestion as to "granting independence to the Confederacy." "What," said Lincoln, "is to become of the revenue?"

Abraham Lincoln's objections to the negro were so intense that he enthusiastically supported all bills which sought to exclude negroes from the Northwest, *both slave and free*—thus showing that his objections to slavery were preponderantly economic and racially selfish. During the war, he expressed a desire to have all negroes shipped out of the country, and he told a negro delegation that *their mere presence in America was doing an injury to both races*. Lee expressed an opinion

much more complimentary to the Afro-American, for he declared, after the war:

"The important fact that the two races are, under existing circumstances, necessary to each other is gradually becoming apparent to both."

The negro was infinitely better off in America than he had been in Africa. The American negroes had been advanced a thousand years in the matter of civilization by their contacts with the white race. On the other hand, it was known that the conditions surrounding the factory workers in the North were so terrible as almost to beggar description. These conditions may be discovered in the writings of various and sundry economists and historians, notably those of Professor Willis Mason West. The sectional contest predicted by Richard Henry Lee was essentially an economic one—between King Coal and King Cotton, with the former winning the legislative battle in Congress long before the beginning of the physical clash of armies in the field. If the war had started in 1831, Andrew Jackson, of Carolina and Tennessee, it seems, would have played the Union rôle of Abraham Lincoln. It would be eminently fitting and proper for Dr. Brooks to make a close study of Beveridge's biography of Lincoln, in so far as it was completed before the author's untimely death.

Since there are so many fine points and passages in Dr. Brooks' life of Lee, it is most unfortunate that the reviewer has to mention these misconceptions; for, after all, they may be over-emphasized—in proportion to the length of this review. They must be mentioned "for the record," and for the guidance of those who follow. Dr. Brooks presents perfectly the *post-bellum* period in Lee's career. Here the author frees himself completely from his secondary sources of sectional import and does himself justice as a broad-minded son of the Republic—of a country the original fundamental principles of which were established by Washington and consistently upheld by Lee. The sole important matter one misses in reference to this part of Lee's career is the latter's letter to Lord Acton, in which Lee sets forth the reasons for his course, explaining that he was following the precepts, teachings, and practices of George Washington and "Light-Horse Harry." In the first secession there were engaged General Washington and Colonel Lee. In the second, there were associated, in reversed ranking, General Lee and Colonel Washington, the latter falling in General Lee's first campaign in what is now West Virginia.

HEREDITARY VISION.

BY BRITTA COAD, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

It had been raining all morning—a slow gray Easter drizzle. The heavy air, saturated with moisture and fumes of monoxide gas, narrowed the tongue of asphalt to a shimmering circle in which the motorbus slipped and swayed like thoughts in a troubled mind. Shadows of thirsty trees made blue-black blurs against the windows; and occasional guideposts leaped out stark and white against the bent back of the sky.

"Chancellorsville—five miles East." "Lee's Headquarters."

Donald Worthington, huddled in his topcoat beside a closed window, did not need these signs to remind him that he was traveling through the South. Although it was his first trip below the Mason and Dixon Line, the South was sacred land to him and his New England people. His maternal grandfather had given his life for the cause of the Confederacy; and Grandfather Worthington, for whom he was named, had carried a drum in some of the most decisive battles of the War.

Young Donald had heard tales of these battles from his ancestor's lips with a child's wide-eyed wonder when the old gentleman visited in the North; and he was recalling them now as he rode toward the plantation to visit the aged man. If the talkative stranger on his left would only keep still and let him remember. . . .

Presently he closed his eyes, drew his hat forward, and relaxed, letting his tense nerves unravel as the miles were unraveling behind him; as the years were unraveling in reminiscent history; as the sky was unraveling in rain. Soon the monotonous droning patter hammered all consciousness of the present into daydreams of the past; and he was no longer Donald Worthington of New England on his way to visit an ancestor. He *was* that ancestor, Donald Worthington of Virginia, revisiting familiar scenes of 1863.

The drenched land with its gaping wounds growing green through gray rain was a part of him, and he a part of it somehow. He was a part of the dense trees of the Wilderness with their blanched twigs twined together like fingers in prayer for a lost cause; a part of the weathered signs still guiding swollen feet in their silent march against already victorious men; a part of the proud spirit that occupied the vacant seats in the bus, preventing the little group of negroes standing huddled together in the rear of the car from sitting down.

When he reached Richmond for a thirty-minute stopover, he rubbed his numb thighs, crawled out, and sauntered through the town, drinking in the piney smell of trees, the familiar twittering of birds he could not identify, and entered the old White House of the Confederacy as a pilgrim enters a shrine.

Softly he moved from room to room, his hat gripped in his hands. The executive offices of Jefferson Davis seemed peopled with grave-faced men, staring at legal documents with feverish eyes. The President sat at his desk with a quill pen in action. The laborious scratching of the official signature broke the ominous silence of the room.

He passed on into the Virginia wing and paused to look at the discarded dress uniform of General Lee; but it was not empty. The worn black riding boots had feet in them. The famous sword with its anonymous inscription: "To Gen. Robert E. Lee, from a Marylander," was unsheathed, but not in surrender. The field glasses studied the maneuvers of the enemy, dangerously near.

The rain-spattered, bullet-torn, blood-stained flags were not draped in glass cases. They waved in the gray rain of a Virginia morning. The muskets, rifles, and breech-loading guns fastened to the walls were not silent. Powder blazed from their muzzles in lightning spurts of fire, and bullets thundered a roaring rat-a-tat-tat on the roof. The cumbrous drums, with sticks crossed over their weazened faces like hands in resignation, reverberated with the tune of "Dixie Land." The canteens, rusty and dry from disuse, sloshed and gurgled on the shoulders of men in gray uniforms following the flags.

Doors opened and people entered the Museum; but he did not see them. Neither did he feel the gusts of air move through the building on sodden feet. His nerves were too tense for external impressions as he stood there fighting again the decisive battles of the War between the States.

A girl, leaning on the arm of a sailor, paused beside him to look at the relics in the case. "What was this old war all about anyhow, Eddie?" she twittered.

"Niggers!" Eddie replied.

Donald shuddered, conscious of hearing something that was blasphemy in his ears. He looked rebelliously at the intruders, shut his eyes, shook his head—became a twentieth century boy again. With a heavy sigh he turned and walked out of the building.

When he reached the bus the driver was calling



a telegram for Donald Worthington. His eyes were bright with anticipation as he tore it open and read the first sentence:

"Your grandfather is dead."

"What!" The word cracked like a shot and sizzled to a whisper as it ricocheted through the air.

He looked at the message again, smoothing out the damp creases with trembling fingers, assuring himself that he had read correctly. The statement was legible but unconvincing.

"Your grandfather is dead."

There was more, but he could not read it. The words blurred, marshaling themselves into gray uniforms that were not empty; tramping boots with feet in them; guns carried aloft on hopeful shoulders; drums reverberating with the tune of "Dixie Land."

He lifted his eyes rememberingly to the hills of Virginia growing green through gray rain.

"No!" he said stubbornly. "Never!"

#### THE FIRST SECESSION MEETING.

BY LEWIS PERRIN, ABBEVILLE, S. C.

"A haze on the far horizon,  
The infinite tender sky,  
The rich ripe tints of the cornfields,  
And the wild geese sailing high—  
And all over upland and lowland,  
The charm of the goldenrod."

It was the miracle of autumn come to South Carolina.

Along the roads leading from various directions into the quaint village of Abbeville, the first white frost of the season rested on grass and low shrubs, as if a shower of silver had fallen during the night. It was a land of peace, "half in light and half far shadowed from the east," a land of quiet and tranquillity. Here was the solemn stillness of autumn, the season that was making preparation for the coming death of the year. Yet there was nothing in this early quiet to suggest the thought of revolt, riot, or civil commotion; nothing to suggest the word so often used in the days that were to follow—Secession. This was autumn, the autumn of 1860, and only eight more days of the season remained, for this was the twenty-second of November.

Almost with the disappearance of the frost the quiet was broken by the sound of buggies, carriages, and the rapid hoofbeats of spirited horses, coming from every part of the district (what we now call county), all moving toward the village

of Abbeville, which was the home of some of the best known and most highly regarded statesmen in the State of South Carolina. The village itself was astir early, and the streets and the "public square" began to fill rapidly, the citizens of the village greeting and mingling with their friends from the country. The horses were unhitched from the vehicles, and were munching their oats from bags; while to the "horse racks" scattered about the "square" many a spirited horse was hitched, whose rider had passed the slower moving carriages and buggies in order to be among the first to reach the square. The square was the business section of the village, and there the crowd was thickest, and groups of stern-faced men in earnest conversation were scattered about the brick sidewalks.

For years the agitation against slavery by the Northern States, and what the South considered interference against her rights, was being resented more and more, and the recent election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States, and Hannibal Hamlin as Vice-President, upon doctrines regarded by the citizens of South Carolina as "destructive of their rights, and the interest and the equality and the safety of the Southern States," had brought to a fever heat the long-brewing feeling of resentment. The Legislature had issued a call for delegates from the districts of the State to assemble in a convention in Columbia, with a view of taking some definite action expressive of the feeling of dissatisfaction and resentment everywhere prevalent throughout the State. So the representative men of the village of Abbeville had gotten together and sent out a call for a meeting of the citizens of the entire district to assemble on this Friday, the 22d of November, not only to elect delegates to this convention, but to declare just what the sentiment of Abbeville District was in the matter—to "tell the world" where Abbeville stood.

Mr. Augustus Marshall Smith had been appointed Chief Marshal for the day, and his assistants were Mr. M. W. Rogers and Mr. J. F. Livingston, Jr. Mr. Smith presented a commanding and military figure on a large roan horse, with cocked and plumed hat and flowing sash; his assistants on horseback and with cocked hats also. About ten o'clock they began to form the crowd into a procession, and to the strains of martial music and the intermittent booming of cannon (this cannon was a relic of the Revolutionary War and pressed into service for this day), they led the way to the hill on the eastern side of the

town, near the Southern depot. This hill was called Magazine Hill at that time, but from that day has been known as Secession Hill. It was a wooded grove then, and the varicolored leaves of the trees, from apple green to golden yellow, and russet brown to vivid red seemed to vie with the colored bunting with which the speaker's stand had been decorated in doing honor to the occasion. There were many ladies present whose lovely faces and brilliant costumes added beauty and color to the assemblage. As the procession reached the hillside, the Southern Rights Dragoons and the Old Artillery Company swung into view from the opposite street; the band played louder and the cheering grew wilder. As soon as the enthusiasm abated a little, Col. Thomas C. Perrin, who had been made President for the occasion and was to preside (assisted by Judge D. L. Wardlaw, Col. John A. Calhoun, Dr. J. W. Hearst, John Brownlee, and Dr. John H. Logan), called the meeting to order and asked the Rev. Mr. North to ask God's guidance and direction in all that might be done. After Dr. North's fervent prayer, that touched the hearts of his hearers, Colonel Perrin spoke briefly and earnestly, stating the object of this meeting, and concluded by introducing as the orator of the day Gen. A. G. McGrath, of Charleston. Colonel Perrin was a man who stood high in the councils of his State, and a short time after this meeting, when the Ordinance of Secession was adopted at the convention in Charleston, he was the first signer (after the President) of the Ordinance. General McGrath was a noted speaker, and on this occasion spoke with great feeling, advocating State Rights and Southern Independence, narrated many of the ways in which he believed the North had for a long time been oppressing the South and the injustice from which the South had for years been patiently suffering, and expressed himself as strongly favoring the Secession of the State from the Union. His speech struck a responsive chord in the hearts of his hearers, and they were swept off their feet with excitement, as he urged the necessity of acting at once in so moving a way that the crowd yelled itself hoarse with the first "Rebel Yell." Gen. M. L. Bonham, one of the most eloquent speakers of the State, followed General McGrath, and never spoke to better advantage. At every sentence the wild cheering would break forth anew. He told them that the time for compromise had passed. "We are ready for immediate action," he said, that he was the bearer of good news from other sections, and he believed

the public sentiment of the State was unanimously in favor of Secession—indeed, he thought the Cotton States would all co-operate in the movement. At the suggestion of General McGowan, Abbeville's "grand old man," three cheers for "our gallant Representative" were given with a right good will.

The ladies were as excited and as enthusiastic as the men, and by their encouragement nerved their hearts and hands to undertake any adventure. Following the speech of General Bonham, Mr. Edward Noble, one of the leading lawyers of the Abbeville bar, came to the front of the stand and asked leave to offer the following resolution:

*"Resolved*, That in the opinion of the people of Abbeville District, the election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States, and of Hannibal Hamlin as Vice-President, upon doctrines destructive of the rights and interests, the equality, and safety of the Southern States, by the factions and sectional votes of our Northern confederates, utterly perverts the spirit of the compact formed by the Federal Constitution; that it must be promptly and sternly resisted by the State of South Carolina, and that the secession of the State from the Union is the proper mode of resistance."

This resolution was adopted without a dissenting vote. After its adoption, Judge D. L. Wardlaw, a man of venerable appearance, with long, white beard, a man highly respected and honored by everyone, came to the front of the stand and began to speak; with wisdom beyond that of the excited crowd, he warned against acting too impetuously; but as soon as the crowd grasped that he was warning against any hasty action, they became impatient, and some even hissed him. Rev. E. L. Patton, a splendid Christian gentleman, walked to the front of the stand and cried sternly: "Judge Wardlaw shall be heard!" Then the crowd gave Judge Wardlaw its attention. "Men," he cried, with the tears streaming down his cheeks and losing themselves in his flowing beard, "we are acting with too much haste. We are not counting the costs. We are carried away with our enthusiasm and excitement, and a sense of what we believe to be our wrongs. What could we do," he exclaimed, "if the North should send her armies down here and destroy our cribs, burn our homes, and insult our women? What could we do should they send their ships to Charleston, and bombard and destroy that city?" Then a Mr. Kerr, a shoemaker by trade, large of body, red of beard, and



loud of voice, thundered in reply, "By —— we'd wade out and sink 'em." And such was the thought and feeling of the men that were there that day; they were going to leave the Union, come what might. If the South would not secede, then South Carolina would, and if South Carolina would not secede, then Abbeville would and whip the whole Union. Could they have known that the gallant Augustus M. Smith, Chief Marshal for the day, would, in less than two years, lie mortally wounded on the field of battle at Gaines' Mill, that two of the young sons of Col. Thomas C. Perrin, who was presiding that day, would lay down their lives in the struggle for the protection of their country; that many who were wildest in their display of patriotism on the hillside that day would be cold in death before the next four years were passed—it might have "given them pause." But not today! The flood-gates of resentment had been too long closed, and today nothing could check the tide which swept everything before it.

A committee of twenty-one was appointed to nominate delegates to the convention to be held in Columbia (this convention had to adjourn to Charleston, because of a serious epidemic raging in Columbia), and the nomination of the following gentlemen was reported: Edward Noble, Thomas C. Perrin, John A. Calhoun, Thomas Thomson, and D. L. Wardlaw (the same who had raised his voice in warning). Before the nomination of these gentlemen was ratified, each was called on to speak and say that he indorsed and would support and vote for the resolution which had just been passed.

Judge Wardlaw, of course, declared his wholehearted support of the resolution, as did each of the other men nominated.

There were many other prominent men who spoke that day, and among them was Major Armistead Burt, who was one of the brilliant lawyers at the Abbeville bar, and a former United States Congressman. In the course of his speech, he said: "Why speak of war, or bloodshed? There will be no war; there will be no blood shed; I will guarantee to drink all the blood that will be shed in a wine glass, and a very small wine glass at that." Perhaps he recalled this promise (without speaking of it) when, four years later, the worn and defeated President of the Confederacy came with the members of his Cabinet to Abbeville in their flight from Richmond, President Davis was a guest in the home of this same Major

Burt, and there held the meeting with his generals and Cabinet members at which it was decided that further resistance would be impossible, and there the Confederacy was dissolved. So the little town of Abbeville became the birthplace as well as the grave of the short-lived nation.

The enthusiasm continued throughout the afternoon after the adjournment on the hillside, and when night fell it had reached the wildest excitement; huge bonfires were built about the "square"; fireworks were set off; then a torch-light procession was formed which circled about the streets, finally halting in front of the Marshall House, which was the village hotel, making a great demonstration, there more speeches were made, influential men from the district addressing the huge crowd; at each speech the shouting grew louder and the band played their most spirited airs. The heavens rang with soul-stirring music and hoarse human voices.

The emotions were too deeply stirred to think of counting the costs now. All fears for the outcome of the war, if war should come, was drowned in the wild enthusiasm. A local paper published that night said: "But one sentiment pervades the wildly excited crowd, and from mountain to the seaboard the cry is echoed back, 'Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.'"

Now the bonfires begin to flicker out one by one as the darkness deepens and the cold stars shine clearer and brighter as the thin moon rides high in the heavens; and the crowd that has been so filled with excitement all day begins to hitch the shivering horses for the homeward trip; some of them will have to travel all the long, chilly Autumn night if they reach their homes before the sun comes up in crimson streaks to dispel the frosts and vapors of the night.

Here in the last days of autumn, in 1860, in the village of Abbeville, the "die was cast" which resulted in the long bleak winter of the Confederate War—a war with a record for valor, of sublime heroism, and noble sacrifice such as the world had never seen before, in a struggle against overwhelming odds from the very first—a struggle which has cast an everlasting glory over these "whom defeat could not dishonor."

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In Tribute to the Confederate Soldier.—The indomitable courage, the patient endurance of privations, the supreme devotion of the Southern soldiers will stand upon the pages of history as engraven on a monument more enduring than brass.—*Maj. James F. Huntington, U. S. A.*

## THE SOUTH JUSTIFIED IN SECESSION.

[Address of Samuel B. Adams before the Sons of Confederate Veterans and friends at Savannah, Ga., April 18, 1932, bringing out some salient facts bearing upon the justification of the Cause of the South.]

It is eminently proper that all of us have a distinct understanding as to the cause for which the South fought. Even if we were not Southern people, vitally interested in this past, as intelligent men and women we should desire to know the truth as to the great struggle.

I do not, of course, question that the bulk of the men who fought upon the other side were honest and patriotic, were true to their convictions. I refer to the American soldiers. I do not refer to the large number of Hessians and mercenaries induced by a bounty to join the ranks of the Federal Army.

I think it proper that Southern men and women should not only believe that we were right, but that they should be entirely confident as to the correctness of this belief, the belief of others to the contrary notwithstanding, and should be prepared to give a reason for the faith that is in them.

It is clear, and the soundness of this view is now often admitted by Northern men, that the Southern States had a right to secede from the Union whenever they saw fit. The convention which framed the Constitution and proposed it for ratification was composed of representatives of the different States selected by their respective Legislatures. They met as States. They voted as States, each State having one vote. The votes of individuals were not recorded, but only votes of States. For example, if Georgia voted "No," it was recorded that Georgia voted no, not that its representative voted.

When the instrument was finally perfected, the concluding sentence reads: "Done in convention by the unanimous votes of the States present."

The last article of the instrument contained these pregnant words: "The ratification of the conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the same." If separate State action had not been intended, there would have been a popular vote by the people of all the States regardless of State lines. In this event, it might have turned out that by the vote of the larger States, a popular majority had been carried for the ratification of the instrument, and yet some of

the smaller States might have voted against it, and they could not have been brought into the Union without their consent.

It is surprising that those who claim we formed a National Government and not a Confederation of States should stress as of paramount importance the first words of the instrument reading: "We, the people of the United States in order to form a more perfect union . . . do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." They claim that these words indicate that it was adopted by the people of the United States in their entirety and as an integral community, and not by the States as such. The records of the Constitutional Convention show that these words are not entitled to the slightest significance. They show that the instrument, as originally and unanimously recommended, uses the words, "We, the people of New Hampshire, Massachusetts," etc., naming the thirteen States by name. It was suggested, however, that the ratification in some States was very problematical, as it was. A ratification by nine would form the Government. To say the least, its acceptance by all the States was very doubtful. The result was, because of this danger and, further, because it was contemplated that other States would come into the Union (Kentucky was almost ready for Statehood at that time), it was determined that a Committee on Style be appointed, of which Gouverneur Morris, of New York (a State Rights man), was a dominant figure. This Committee recommended a change so that it would read, "We, the people of the United States," and not confine the Union to designated States. The very convention that had unanimously adopted the Constitution with the specification of the names, unanimously adopted the same instrument with this change of phraseology. It is unthinkable that such a change of words meant a sudden change in the views of the members of the Convention, or in the spirit and intent of the instrument.

This Convention met only once. It could not adopt a Constitution. It could only recommend it to the States for their adoption. When it was adopted, the general, if not universal, understanding was that it was a compact between Sovereign States, and that each State had the right to withdraw whenever that State saw fit to do so. In the "Life of Daniel Webster," by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, in disagreeing with the great Nationalist, when Webster held that the Constitution was a National Instrument and not



one of the States, the author uses this significant language: "When the Constitution was adopted by the votes of States at Philadelphia, and accepted by the votes of States in popular convention, it is safe to say that there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton on the one side, to George Clinton and George Mason on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the States, and from which each and every State had the right peacefully to withdraw, a right which was very likely to be exercised."

Even the great John Marshall, who made law designed to strengthen the general government, believing that this was proper (and he was a great lawyer and a great man) in the convention that framed the Constitution, when a representative of a smaller State expressed the fear that the larger States might impose upon the smaller States and do them injustice, took the position that States which delegated powers to the General Government could withdraw these powers from their agent if they saw fit to do so.

Contemporaneous construction of any instrument is of paramount importance. The men who made the compact best knew what it meant. Succeeding generations would be at a relative disadvantage in attempting to construe its meaning.

Three of the original States that ratified the instrument stipulated for the right of the State to resume its sovereignty, and the language used, if it had meant anything, meant that they could withdraw from the compact. Other States did not, because the reservation was understood to be unnecessary. If three could withdraw, or one, then all could withdraw. The instrument was binding upon all, or binding upon none.

Until the secession of the South, this right was not seriously questioned. New England and Massachusetts were prepared to threaten it whenever they saw fit. Even after secession, Horace Greeley, in his newspaper, stated that if a war of coercion was made upon the Southern States, these States would resist, and, in resisting, would be clearly in the right, and the North would be clearly in the wrong.

Quite a number of years ago I read a speech delivered at Fisk University in Nashville, Tenn., by Edward Stowe, son of Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which he was frank enough to defend the South. He defended it as to slavery, taking the position that the North was just as much to blame as the South; that

New England had been in the slave trade, and, when it was found that slavery was not profitable in their climate, the people who owned them did not free the negroes, but sold them to the South, putting the money in their pockets. I particularly remember some language that he used that was to my mind very suggestive. This is certainly the substance, if not the literalism, of his language: "I admit that my people and I were rebels. We were opposed to slavery, but the Constitution protected slavery, and we rebelled against the Constitution. We were Nationalists and opposed to State Rights. The Constitution protected State rights and we rebelled against the Constitution. The truth is that the defenders of the Constitution were in the Confederate Army, and the real rebels were in the Federal Army." This was the truth, but from an unexpected source.

The South did not begin the war. I know that the Administration at Washington, with great duplicity and with deliberate purpose to bring about a false impression, made it appear that, because the South fired the first gun on Fort Sumter, the South first insulted the Flag and began the war. But it is international law and common sense that the nation which fires the first gun does not begin the war, but that nation begins it which makes the firing of the first gun necessary. If a fleet of a foreign power approached our shores with hostile intent, thus beginning the war, it would be quite immaterial who fired the first gun.

The ground upon which Fort Sumter stood was ceded to the general Government by South Carolina for the protection of Charleston Harbor. Assuming the right of secession, then it was necessary that, when this right was exercised and South Carolina had joined the Southern Confederacy, it take possession of the Fort. It was just as unthinkable for the United States of America to hold Fort Sumter at Charleston Harbor as it would have been for the Spanish Government, or any other foreign power, to have held the fort. Horace Greeley declared that unless South Carolina intended to surrender the right of secession, it was obliged to take possession of Fort Sumter. Commissioners were appointed to negotiate with Washington in regard to Fort Sumter, to pay the United States Government for its expenditures, but to take the position that the fort should be evacuated by the United States troops. Seward, Secretary of State, pretended to recognize the right of South Carolina to the fort. He (as the

representative of his government) promised Mr. Justice Campbell as representative of the Confederate Government (I have read the written statement of this eminent jurist) that the Fort would be surrendered. With promises of this character Judge Campbell was held off for some weeks. The South Carolina authorities heard the rumor that a fleet was being prepared to support Fort Sumter, and he was urged to rush the matter to a conclusion. He could not get a written statement from Seward, however, only an unsigned memorandum in Seward's handwriting stating, "Faith as to Sumter fully kept. Wait and see." The only possible keeping of the faith was the surrender of Fort Sumter, since that had been the specific promise. Finally, however, within twenty-four hours of the approach of the "Relief Squadron" off Fort Sumter, the Washington authorities sent an emissary to the Governor of South Carolina notifying him that the Fort would be fortified, peaceably if this could be done, forcibly if necessary. This Relief Squadron, as it was called, consisted of eleven ships, 285 guns, and 2,400 men. When this fleet left for this purpose, it then began the war, if it had not been begun before. The purpose, however, of the duplicity was accomplished. The Northern heart was fired with the conviction that the South without cause and without reason had fired upon the Flag and had begun the war. This prompted thousands of Northern Democrats to volunteer in the Federal army who would not have otherwise been in sympathy with the effort to coerce the South.

The right of secession being admitted, it cannot be logically claimed that the war, so far as the South was concerned, was a war for slavery, although it may have been involved. We are all glad that slavery was abolished, although we may not be reconciled to the way it was done. If the South had established its independence, slavery would have been gradually abolished. A large number of the best men in the South were in favor of this gradual emancipation, General Lee among them. Slavery had much to do with differences between the sections. The Constitution, in terms, had provided that fugitive slaves going into non-slaveholding States should be surrendered to the owner on demand. That was as much a part of the Constitution as any other part. But for this provision the Union would not have been formed. Thirteen Northern States repudiated this provision, declined to surrender fugitive slaves, and appealed to what they called a "high-

er law." Daniel Webster, the great Nationalist, took the position broadly, in his Capon Springs speech, that if this part of the Constitution was not observed, the Southern States were relieved from their obligation to support the bargain, stating that if a bargain is violated on one side, he knew of no principle that required the other side to observe the agreement. This broad State Rights position on the slavery question caused a howl of protest and indignation in Massachusetts.

We were divided on the subject of tariff. The South was an agricultural people. The North was in favor of factories and manufacturing, and New England had gotten rich at the expense of the South. We were not a homogenous people. Because of the institution of slavery, we were somewhat isolated and out of sympathy with a large majority of Northern people.

But whatever the difference between the sections, when the South seceded and formed a separate government, the war of coercion necessarily involved resistance by the South in a fight for its independence and its clear rights—a fight against invaders. Resistance was as completely justifiable as it would have been had a Spanish army invaded the South for the purpose of attacking the South by force of arms to the Spanish Kingdom, or if the South had been invaded by Italians or Germans. A large majority of the men in the Confederate army never owned a slave and did not expect to own one. They fought for their homes and firesides. They fought, I repeat, invaders.

Men like Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, Stuart, Tatnall, and Buchanan were not rebels or traitors. They were patriots. They fought for the South, for its independence, for its clear right. They fought against invaders who, in violation of the Constitution, were endeavoring to subjugate their section and people. You should be proud of a cause illustrated and defended by such men as Robert E. Lee ("Facile Princeps" among all Americans), who had been offered the position of Commander in Chief of the Union Army, had declined the offer and cast his lot with his own people. He knew the resources of the North and the odds against which the South would have to contend, but this gave him no pause. Believing the South was right, he went with the South and declared it was better to resist the wrong even although it was believed that resistance would be unsuccessful, than to tamely yield to the wrong without resistance.



No cause could be a bad cause or an unworthy cause for which such men fought and struggled.

Jefferson Davis (a princely gentleman and the South's vicarious sufferer) was imprisoned for two long years in Fortress Monroe, treated as a common felon, visited by indignities, the recital of which would make the blood boil, under a charge of treason, and yet when he and General Lee were at West Point a textbook used was the work of Rawle, of Pennsylvania, on "The Constitution," and this book specifically taught (I have read this part of it) that the Union was a compact of States and that each State had the right to withdraw, the people of the State being the judges of the necessity. This was the teaching of his country, and yet, forsooth, because he followed that teaching and went with his State, he is held out to the world as a traitor and a criminal. An unspeakable outrage!

I recognize that we are back in the Union, that the United States is our common country, and, while yielding no conviction as to the justice of the cause of the South, it is our duty to be good citizens of a common country, to sustain and support that country. It needs such support now as it never has in the past. Our government and our very civilization are being put to a strain. Radical and revolutionary propaganda is abroad, and we must stand against these mischievous and dangerous agitations and be true to the best traditions of the South and to the great and good men who defended the South, and who have left Southern people a priceless heritage in their names and stainless records.

#### HEYDAY OF KING COTTON.

[From reminiscences of Jonathan Nagel, "of the Old Navy," Philadelphia, Pa., in *National Tribune*.]

There are four scenes which illustrate the subject to be treated of here, and to which the reader's attention is directed.

The first depicts a populous city in the realms of King Cotton; the time is 1861; the people are wild with enthusiasm; to the ringing notes of the bugle, or, with throbbing drum in van, soldiers gaily marched, amid the plaudits of men and smiles of women, to the field of war.

There were fiery speeches by day and bonfires and illuminations by night. Suspended by ropes across the streets, and conspicuous among the floral and bunting decorations which appeared

everywhere, were cotton bales from which flaunted the encouraging and defiant inscription:

The World Wants It and Will Have It—  
Rejection and Starvation.

Picture the second carries us to the manufacturing towns of England, whose mills work Southern cotton five out of six days given to labor, on the sixth using cotton from other places, the supply of which was very limited.

For lack of the Southern crop—shut up in its ports—these mills were now idle, and thousands of operatives were thrown out of employment. In a short time men, women, and children, with faces pinched and wan and utter hopelessness depicted thereon, wander aimlessly through the streets. Starvation brings despair, and despair creates violence. Riots ensue, and to the widespread misery was added destruction of property and bloodshed.

"I know that Exeter Hall may be down upon me,  
But, as Jeff has the cotton, I'll cotton to he."

We observe upon picture the third a long low, rakish-looking vessel gallantly breasting the waves of old ocean. She is a blockade-runner, bears the colors of "St. George," and is bound from Charleston to Nassau.

There are several remarkable points about this vessel. She is painted lead-color—a color which blends so skillfully with tints of misty twilight and early dawn, as, at these times, to render an object so painted invisible at short distances. She has unusually low masts and funnels, and her engines are fed with a coal which emits no trail of smoke to notify her enemies of her presence.

To enable her to force herself through and not over the waves of a heavy head sea, she is provided with a convex fore-castle deck extending aft nearly to the waist. Heavily laden with cotton, she is going at full speed.

She is pursued by several vessels flying the Federal colors, and frequently puffs of smoke and loud reports indicate that they are sending after the chase swifter messengers than those impelled by wind and steam.

With scene four we go back to the English manufacturing towns. What a change? They have put on holiday attire. Want and despair have abandoned the field to plenty and joy.

Large vans laden with cotton, handsomely decorated with ribbons, flags, and flowers, are drawn

through the streets by gaily caparisoned horses. They are surrounded by throngs of operatives who laugh, and sing, and weep, and are intoxicated with happiness.

In the midst of the general rejoicing a young mother reverently kisses a cotton bale, and teaches her young infant's lips to murmur, "Our preserver."

Within the limits of the 3,549 statute miles of Southern coast upon which the Federal Government placed the restrictions of blockade—a paper one at first, but which became more and more rigorous as the years of war rolled on—there were millions upon millions of pounds of cotton, worth about ten cents per pound, while outside of the limits it commanded four and five times that amount.

Upon this coastline were nearly two hundred openings which could be used by any vessel whose owner chose to run the nominal risk of capture. Here was cotton almost valueless to its owners who were in dire extremity for munitions of war. There it was beyond money value to a nation which had war material to sell.

Is it surprising that an interchange was commenced which increased day by day, and only ceased when the battle flags were furled and the white-winged messengers of peace allowed to sail wherever steam or favoring winds and tides might carry them?

While there were numerous places both in and out of Dixie which were the resort of the blockade-runners, yet the principal points were Wilmington and Nassau—550 miles asunder, equivalent to a 48-hour run. The first on the North Carolina coast, not far from the dreaded Hatteras, and the other in the Bahamas, with its no less dangerous coral reefs—both recalling the mariner's refrain,

"If the Bahamas let you pass  
Then look out for Hatteras."

Wilmington, an old city for America, situated upon the Cape Fear River thirty miles up from its mouth, has always been noted for the thrift and hospitality of its Scotch-descended inhabitants, and its exports of cotton and naval stores.

From the fact of its being the main port of entry for the evaders during the war, it became in importance to the Confederacy second only to Richmond, the capital.

The Cape Fear River has two mouths, nine miles apart, known as Old and New inlet, the former defended by Fort Caswell, an anti-war

fortress, and the latter, by the celebrated Fort Fisher.

Owing to the spreading out of Frying Pan Shoals, the blockaders were compelled to travel nearly fifty miles from the mouth of one inlet to the other.

Smithville, a little fishing village, lying about equidistant from the forts, was a temporary stopping place for the incoming and outgoing evader. From here the blockading fleet off both inlets could be described and a course decided upon.

Nassau, for the last two hundred years, has enjoyed that which in a dog is equivalent to death—a bad name. A resort for pirates, privateers, and wreckers—until the guns of civilization swept out of existence the gentry whose distinguishing trait was the affability with which they could "scuttle a ship or cut a throat"—its streets and houses were the scenes of riotous gaiety, disorder, and frequent bloodshed.

It was the rendezvous of the famous pirate Blackbeard, who, before the Revolution, was a terror to the Virginia and Carolina coasts. A tree is still pointed out under which he and crew, with "damsels-a-many," held high carnival off the spoils of an expedition.

Once he went and came not. The Virginians met him on the sea, fought and captured him. They fed his body to the sharks, and in triumph bore home his head stuck upon the point of the bowsprit.

Here Lord Dunmore, when kicked out of the gubernatorial chair by the Virginians, fled and was made Governor. Blennerhasset, whose wife and his Ohio island home have been made familiar by Wirt's speech at the trial of Aaron Burr, here sought refuge from notoriety and his wife.

Unless believed by tradition, this place in the olden time was the paradise for those in whose sight few things found favor "save comeliness and carnal companie."

Nassau, the capital and only port of New Providence, had up to the commencement of hostilities been enjoying a season of brief repose, the only occasion of excitement being the advent of a cargo which had been wrecked upon the coral reefs.

Nature was lavish in furnishing these spoils of the sea, but she was frequently aided by the arts of wreckers. When King Cotton established a principality here, adventurers of every degree and sex flocked hither. Their presence infused considerable life to the town and slightly aroused from their normal state of torpor the highly



colored natives who before had been noteworthy for putting on the most consequential airs with the least possible amount of exertion.

The houses and roofs are constructed of the white coral formation of the island, the dazzling whiteness of which would be blinding but for the relief afforded by the intense blackness of the population, the bright green of the shrubbery, and the brilliant hues of fruits and flowers which grow here in tropical profusion. During the blockade the wharves were crowded with merchandise just received or ready for shipment, while the whole place was made lively by the bustle of traders, sailors, and adventurers, who squandered gold with so reckless a hand as to suggest the possibility of the last one of them being either a "bank or a gold mine."

The channels of approach were bounded by coral reefs intricate and dangerous, but as the evaders were of light draft, and always carried Bahama bank pilots, they experienced little difficulty in running out or in.

The Federal cruisers, of heavier draft and unprovided with pilots, were fain to give up the chase when near this port.

Upon approaching the Confederacy, the evader bound for Wilmington would generally endeavor to strike the coast thirty to forty miles below the inlets and run up along the shore, which close in gave sufficient depth. Upon the coast at both these points there were signal stations to notify the evaders of any lurking danger.

The first evader sailed from Charleston on December 2, 1861, and three days later discharged her cargo of 144 bales of cotton upon the wharves of Nassau. During the 1,215 days which elapsed from this period to the close of the war, 397 vessels entered Nassau from and 588 cleared for Confederate ports.

Three-fourths of these vessels were steamers, and a large number were constructed especially for the requirements of the trade. The risks of blockade running, all things considered, were not so great, but were yearly increased, as the number of captures demonstrated.

In the critical stages of the business, the owners of vessels insured them and their cargoes. London insurance companies issued policies at the rate of 60 per cent premium, but the insured soon ascertained that the real risk was far below the nominal one and ceased to insure.

An insurance officer well acquainted with the subject and given to figures asserted that the risk

for a round trip was for the vessel 29 and for cargo 20 per cent; but if the chances of going out and in were equal, 14½ per cent would have been a fair percentage.

### THE SOUTH AND EDUCATION.

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, HISTORIAN GENERAL,  
U. D. C.

The early settlers and founders of the Southern States understood something of the value of education and its relation to industrial, social, political, and religious welfare. So in all the colonies schools and colleges were soon established.

In Virginia, on the James, as early as 1609, there was established a college, the first in America.

South Carolina early saw the necessity for public schools, and in 1710 an act was passed to establish a free school in that State.

The South has remembered that her George Washington, in his farewell address, said: "Institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge are essential to the structure of government."

Our own State of North Carolina was one of the first to make constitutional provision for both the common and higher education of her citizens, as the heroes of 1776 recognized that the surest safeguard to democratic government is education, and they realized that upon this depended the happiness and prosperity of future generations. So into our State's Constitution was woven the foundation of the public school system and our University, chartered in 1789, which was instrumental in educating public sentiment to the importance of education.

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Our people throughout the Southland, recognizing the necessity of a general education as the means of recovery from the ruins of the War between the States, went earnestly to work to form, through education, a safe civilization, built on a devastated section. No civilized people ever had thrust upon them a more difficult problem, but with splendid determination they overcame it, and education has given the Southland a deservedly high place in the nation.

As the means for the reconstruction of their section, the South turned to universal education as the chief factor in the rebuilding of the country and regaining its lost prestige. Hardly had the war come to an end than the South betook herself to the tremendous task of recovery by rebuilding schoolhouses, although endowments had

been swept away, funds wasted, and the public educational money destroyed.

The advancement made in education in the South since the war, considering all the difficulties met and overcome, is marvelous. Though the tragedy of the war checked higher educational growth for many years, a new era now has dawned and its development has been steady and rapid.

In "An American Epoch" (Dr. Horace Odum) we find a picture of this era:

"So came an American epoch that was the South. An era had ended, an era had begun. Old golden pages of history, shining parchment record of culture, then yellow and faded, scorched and seared with years of embattled conflict and epic struggle, gallant figures, passing across an epoch, to rise up again in another American epoch strangely different and vivid and powerful."

The people of the South knew that since the dawn of civilization ignorance has not contributed to the progress of mankind; therefore, they felt that their greatest duty to their land was to educate their children as the means of advancement to their rightful place in the nation.

Dr. Frank Graham has touched the feeling of these men and women of sixty-odd years ago: "It is a wise people who build a commonwealth in which education of their youth is held high and not allowed to go up and down with the stock market."

A prophetic glimpse of what North Carolina and the whole South achieved from the ruins of the war is seen from the *Land We Love*, that invaluable magazine edited by North Carolina's general, D. H. Hill, immediately after the war. Here he stressed education as the means of recovery from ruins of the South, and many of his suggestions as to what industrial education would do in her advance have been followed out through educational institutions that have made use of our great natural resources. General Hill, in 1865, urged that "education should be our highest aim and most cherished object toward rebuilding the South."

The war not only swept away the State's school fund, but left the country impoverished. The freeing of the negro added largely to the population, being three-eighths of the whole, and increased the difficulty of the educational problem. How could the five-eighths of the population, owning nothing but the impoverished lands, educate themselves and the negroes recently made citizens?

A Northern historian has said: "The development of this vast system of educational effort adapted to the economic, political, and racial conditions of the South in its heroic recovery from the ravages of the war, the marvelous growth of industries and the ability displayed in bringing order and progress out of a hopeless situation, is almost without parallel."

High praise is given today to the people of the South for their constructive ability in organizing and directing, to the ends of industrial efficiency, the various agencies in the educational field revenues from State and local government—the Peabody Fund, the Southern Board, the Russell Sage, and the Carnegie Foundations, and the General Educational Board.

In reviewing the two decades before the war, it can be seen that great material progress followed as the result of the great educational progress in North Carolina, the basis of which was our common school system (established in 1839).

The first effect felt on education during the War between the States was to close the doors of many of the Southern colleges, for professors and students enlisted in the army. As the war advanced, most schools and college buildings were occupied by one or both armies as barracks or hospitals. Movable property with books and instruments of unknown value were destroyed by the invading host. The libraries particularly suffered greatly. At the close of the war, the colleges found themselves confronted by dismantled buildings and no source of income.

After the surrender at Appomattox, the Southern soldiers returned to their homes defeated, sorrowful, ill-clad, to find the South desolate and prostrate. Factories in ashes, railroads in ruin, bonds useless, currency valueless—with literally nothing left but the ground upon which they stood. This was the time when those splendid women of the Confederacy stood side by side with their men and, with renewed courage, helped to bring order out of chaos. The heroic past is our priceless heritage, and from the shadow of war and the reconstruction we swept into a new day. Our armies were destroyed, our land smitten, our homes ravaged, and we were then plundered by the hordes of reconstruction.

The history of the world may be searched in vain for a parallel to the spirit of savagery which inflicted on a defeated people the rule of a barbarous race just liberated from bondage. Truly the South's contribution to American life is not only its wonderful recovery from the ruins of war,



but its spirit of silent strength in the hour of adversity—that spirit shown during this “Tragic Era.”

The story of the recovery of the South from the war and subsequent reconstruction era is one of grinding, continuous work, of the severest economy, of determination to advance, of self-sacrifice, and of unparalleled courage, with education as the means to this recovery.

The war had swept away the endowments and exhausted the sources of annual income, wasted our school funds, and destroyed the beginnings of public education. Everywhere was chaos.

The South was left prostrated financially and industrially after the unequaled struggle. Property values had decreased by 1870 as a result of the war and reconstruction to the extent of \$2,000,000. The cost of the war alone to the South was one-tenth of her male population and three billions of property. Reconstruction left upon the South in its impoverished condition a crushing bonded debt of over \$300,000,000.

#### THE TRAGIC ERA.

Let us remember that besides four years of demoralization during the war, there were ten years of unfortunate management following this, called “Reconstruction.”

Reconstruction meant not only political, but also economical and social destruction; the work of a generation was wrecked, and the South was compelled to begin the process of rebuilding from the bottom. Political conditions made economic recovery difficult. Industry gone, banks ruined, farmers bankrupt, it took this State of ours until 1890 to regain the level of per capita wealth which she had reached in 1860.

The invested \$250,000 educational fund of North Carolina had been rendered worthless by the conquest and overthrow of the State. This interruption of the schools had a deplorable effect on North Carolina, as it did on the other Southern States. With the loss of the State's school fund, white children found no school doors open to them. The Freedmen's Bureau and private gifts from the North furnished schools for the negroes. So for want of money, the entire system of schools of North Carolina was necessarily abandoned, although during the war the public schools had not only been maintained, but State Superintendent Calvin H. Wiley had introduced graded schools.

At the close of the war, Superintendent Wiley,

in a report to Gov. Jonathan Worth, stated that “the public schools had lived and discharged their useful mission through all the gloom and trials of the four years' conflict, and when the last gun was fired, the doors were still open and numbered their pupils by the thousands.”

The Church Colleges, despite crippled means and small attendance (due to the students being at war), nobly continued their session. All this was due to the spirit of education in North Carolina, which was seen throughout the entire South.

In his first message to the Legislature after the war, Governor Worth said: “Whatever may be our pecuniary distress, our youth must be educated. We must sustain our institutions of learning.”

In his last report to the Legislature after the war, Superintendent Wiley pleaded with this body to restore education to the State, declaring that history would not write “Statesmen” after the name of any man who failed to see in the public schools the paramount interest of the country; that education was necessary to develop the resources of the State and South. Calvin's report closed with these words: “Let us, therefore, with the spirit of men and of Christians, *rise up and build.*” Truly has his State responded today in its advance to the voice of that great advocate of education.

The smoke had hardly lifted from the field of battle when the churches began to establish new schools, reopen old ones, while fraternal organizations built academies and sometimes provided small endowments for them. The denominational colleges were also reopened. Many officers of the Confederate army became heads of the reopened schools, and at least what was lacking in equipment was supplied by the manhood and earnestness of the people. Undoubtedly much of the strength of character, determination, and endurance of that generation following the war was due to this type of education and training given by these men who had suffered the hardships of war.

The commanding General of the Confederacy, the beloved Robert E. Lee, declining many offers of remunerative positions, accepted the head of Washington College in Virginia that he might (as he expressed it) “train young men to do their duty in life.” With an educational statesmanship now was a task of reconstruction, for Lee realized that the fortunes of the South could be rebuilt *only through education* adapted to the new conditions. From the fall of 1865, Lee worked stren-

uously for five years for revival of education in his State and Southland. He planned a far-reaching scene of educational development, carrying out his expressed belief that "the thorough education of all classes of the people is the most efficacious means, in my opinion, of promoting the welfare of the South. The material interests of its citizens, as well as their moral and intellectual culture, depends upon its accomplishment."

The youth of the sixties would be citizens of the difficult years which would close the first century of American history. In five years Lee worked a miracle, and set the example to all the South in advancing higher education as the means of recovery in this land. He transformed this classical college into a twentieth century university of practical training, and through this achievement Lee, the educator, helped to rebuild his shattered South. In his first letter to the trustees of Washington College, Lee had written:

"I think it is the duty of every citizen to do all in his power to aid in restoring peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or General Government directed to that object."

The rebuilding and reorganization of the public school system was one of the many disheartening tasks which confronted the people of the South, the problem being complicated and discouraging. But the so-called Reconstruction period under military rule proved more destructive than the war to the resources of public education. Many of the richest portions of the South were wasted, industry was checked, fraud was encouraged, our people ruled by corrupt officials, and all tendencies to good government stifled. But for the plan of the United States in governing the South, the leaders of the South would have restored the schools sooner. The poverty of the South resulting from the war, and the fact that the government was in the hands of the "carpet-bagger" and the freedmen, are a sufficient explanation of the fact that rebuilding was necessarily slow, it appears to us of today. But the people of the South slowly and painfully were reaching again the place they had held in education in 1860.

Through all those hard years these people had paid out of their poverty revenue to be distributed as pensions to Federal soldiers, but no pensions came to the ex-Confederates to help pay their school taxes and advance the education of their children.

(Continued in July number)

### THE VETERAN'S CROSS.

A bit of bronze, but the wearer treasures it more than gold,  
For long, long ago he won it, and the story's oft been told,  
Of boys in the gray of the sixties, as they followed the Stars and Bars  
To conquer or die for the country they loved, the story will live for aye.  
It is cast from the throat of a cannon which belched its mission of woe,  
But it is now on the breast of a soldier who marched in the long, long ago.  
So keep it as sacred as the honor of Jackson and Davis and Lee,  
No three could have wished for more homage from a country now united and free—  
A country that still loves its heroes of the long, long ago, so it seems,  
But to the boys who are eighty and over, it is but as yesterday in their dream.  
And now as the evening shadows come at the close of day,  
May your life be as a glorious sunset, as a light that fades slowly away.  
And when at last taps is sounded, and you in your jacket of gray  
Hear the glad welcome in heaven, "Well done, faithful servant," may He say.

[This poem was written by Mrs. Cara C. Caskey, President of the Pat Cleburne Chapter, U. D. C., of Cleburne, Tex., who gave it when presenting the Cross of Honor to a veteran of Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V.]

Miss Virginia Mountcastle, of Atlanta, Ga., thus expresses her appreciation of the VETERAN: "I love it for its uniqueness, in that it publishes true Southern history and rings with sentiment, which you will find in no other magazine. I can indorse its every word. Eighty-one years of age, I remember the struggle, sacrifices, and hardships of the sixties. Had two brothers in the Confederate army, one severely wounded, and remember incidents which really occurred, and didn't get my information out of books written by Yankees. I'm a charter member of the Barton Chapter U. D. C., in Cartersville, Ga. I was a personal friend of Mr. Cunningham, and my brother was one of the first subscribers to the VETERAN."



### THE FOUNDERS OF SIGMA CHI.

[Contributed by Mrs. May Blanks Killough, Director Publicity, California Division, U. D. C.]

More and more is the true intellectual worth of our Confederate forefathers being recognized in the world of learning. The name of James Parks Caldwell, the only one of the seven founders of the Sigma Chi Fraternity who bore Confederate arms, will live throughout the existence of that great fraternity, for, in the beautiful memorial volume, the *History of the Sigma Chi Fraternity*, by Joseph Cookman Nate, is the following:

"James Parks Caldwell, son of Dr. W. W. and Isabella Parks Caldwell, was born in Hamilton, Ohio, on March 27, 1841, and graduated from Miami University, May 15, 1857 (aged, 16 years), with an A.B. degree.

"When Sigma Chi was founded at the close of 1855, Caldwell and Benjamin P. Runkle, afterward a general in the Union Army, were roommates, as well as co-founders of the now great fraternity.

"James Parks Caldwell took up residence in Mississippi in 1858, and became a tutor in the family of Col. Freeman Irby, of Panola County, and a teacher at Palmetto Academy, from where he enlisted as a Confederate soldier. His military imprisonment extended from October, 1863, following the surrender of Port Hudson, La., until the close of the war—he, with his own undying devotion to the Cause of the South, ever consistently having refused parole.

"Young Lieutenant Caldwell wrote the 'Ode to the Battle Flag of the Confederacy' in Latin verse while a prisoner."

Appearing also in the volume just printed by Sigma Chi are photos of the Caldwell home in Southern Ohio, the blockhouse prison at Johnson's Island, a fac-simile of a letter from President Jefferson Davis, a cut of the first Sigma Chi badge owned by Brother Caldwell, and a picture of the monument unveiled to his memory and to the leaders of the Fraternity.

Lieutenant Caldwell had come out of the war a semi-invalid, to resume his residence in the South. He never regained his health. He was admitted to the bar in Mississippi in 1866. He also became a regular contributor to the *Overland Monthly*. For a short time, he practiced law and literary work in Los Angeles and San Bernardino, Calif., but returned to the land of his adoption, Mississippi, where he died in Biloxi, April 5, 1912, beloved and honored.

A memorial and resolutions were adopted by the Harrison County bar, and Sigma Chi Fraternity unveiled the beautiful monument to his memory on February 15, 1930. The response for the family, at the impressive exercises, was given by his only niece, Mrs. B. A. Davis, Junior Past President of the John H. Reagan Chapter, U. D. C., of Los Angeles.

Judge Caldwell never married. Of his immediate family, four sisters (all living in Los Angeles) survive him.

Many Southern Chapters of Sigma Chi and alumni chapters were represented at the unveiling, in charge of the national Sigma Chi, whose floral wreaths were numerous and beautiful. The Mississippi bar, local U. D. C. Chapters, and others added their own tribute to those of the Fraternity for the youngest—and only Confederate—among the founders of Sigma Chi, and on the face of the granite monument in lovely Biloxi Cemetery are carved these words:

"Lieutenant of Artillery, Confederate States of America, 1861-1865; member of the Mississippi bar, 1866-1912. One who was found faithful."

### IN MEMORY OF MOTHER CRIM.

The death of Mrs. Eliza Clinedinst Crim, "Mother of the Virginia Military Institute Cadets," at New Market, Va., on November 6, caused wide regret. Born in 1838, her life covered many great events in her country's history, and during this time four wars were entwined with its martial lore. When but a child, Scott had conquered in Mexico; later she saw the armies of Lee and Jackson clash in four years of fratricidal war; when sixty, the victories at Manila, San Diego, and San Juan Hill thrilled the world; and in the twilight of her eventful life she saw the youth of America in the mighty conflict on Flanders' Fields.

It was, however, in the War between the States, when those of her immediate family, her neighbors and her friends, were wearing the gray, when passing armies of friend and foe went by her door, that Mrs. Crim received her most vivid recollections of war, and the fading years never dimmed her impressions. At New Market, on May 15, 1864, she was an eye witness of the combatting forces of Breckinridge and Sigel, and from a vantage point she witnessed the Spartan courage of the cadets from the Military Institute, mere boys who fought as seasoned veterans and won for

themselves and their school an imperishable name in the annals of war.

To Mrs. Crim came the opportunity of ministering to many of these cadets, nursing the wounded and giving solace to the dying. She had seen them charge down Shirley's Hill toward the enemy guns, had seen them fall as grape and canister cut gaps into their lines, seen them reform those lines and march on with unbroken front to a goal which meant death and victory. . . . Thomas Randolph Jefferson, a cadet from Amelia County, was among the mortally wounded, and he was carried to the Crim home in the arms of Moses Ezekiel, a cadet from Richmond, afterwards to be known to fame as Sir Moses Ezekiel, one of the world's foremost sculptors. With others, Cadet Jefferson was nursed by Mrs. Crim until he died in Ezekiel's arms that night.

Because of her solicitude for the cadets and her care for the "boys," Mrs. Crim later became known as the "Mother of the Cadets," and as evidence of the affection in which she was held, the V. M. I. gave her the only medal for valor which it ever awarded a woman, and sent a detail of cadets to her funeral, six of whom acted as pallbearers, and it is an interesting fact that two of these six were grandsons of the boys who fought at New Market; and three nephews of Cadet Jefferson attended the funeral.

Mrs. Crim was signally honored at many of the reunions of the Confederate Veterans, and was active in the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and a large number of Daughters from Woodstock and other towns were present at her funeral, which was one of the largest ever held in the Shenandoah Valley and was marked for the many and beautiful floral tributes sent by those who knew and loved her, living in Virginia and other states. Present too, were many distinguished citizens and leaders of the State.

In addition to two sons, she is survived by one daughter and a sister.

In the years which have followed the war, Mrs. Crim gathered many personal and interesting newspaper and magazine articles carrying the story of the New Market battle, and these, with her reminiscences, which have been published at times, are among the most interesting portrayals in the martial lore of the Blue and Gray. . . . She was a Christian character, loved by her fellows because of her virtues, and admired by all with whom she came in contact because of her bright disposition and never-failing courtesy and hospitality.

## GAMALIEL BRADFORD—A FRIEND.

In the death of Gamaliel Bradford, famous writer, known especially for his character delineations, and appreciated in the South for his book on "Lee, the American," there is general regret and wide sense of loss, for what he wrote had historical value as well as interest. The following tribute is from Mrs. Ella G. Hoffman for the Boston Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy:

"Boston Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was greatly honored when a gracious letter was received from Mr. Bradford acknowledging the honorary membership which the Chapter had conferred upon him. This was in October, 1926. What a name to have on our honorary membership roll! There is no name so fine and distinguished. Our Southern hearts were completely won by Mr. Bradford's 'Confederate Portraits' and his matchless life of our beloved Robert E. Lee, 'Lee, the American,' as Mr. Bradford called him. Mr. Bradford was in a great measure responsible for a changed point of view regarding so much that we venerate and love in the South.

"The Boston *Evening Transcript*, in an editorial on April 12, made it clear why Mr. Bradford has such a hold upon the people of the South. According to the *Transcript*, 'One phase of his service will, we think, be more and more recognized in the totality of American scholarship, and that is the place taken in the South by Bradford's 'Confederate Portraits' and 'Lee, the American.' The penetration of judgment, together with the broad powers of equable understanding, which these works displayed, won in the South an admiration amounting in some cases to adulation. As such, these writings helped and will ever help to bind up the unity of the American nation.

"It was a proud moment when Mr. Bradford's letter was received indorsing the South's great scientist, Matthew Fontaine Maury, for the Hall of Fame, and once more our organization was indebted to Gamaliel Bradford, for his name had magic in it and his letter was outstanding among those received. Mr. Bradford came to love Robert E. Lee, living with him, so to speak, for ten years, interpreting the life of our beloved leader. In his own words, 'I have lived with him, and I may say that his influence upon my own life, though I came late to know him, has been as deep and as inspiring as any I have ever known.' It made him a better man to know Robert E. Lee.

"The South reveres and loves Gamaliel Bradford and we have lost, in his death, a great and sincere friend, 'who sought and loved the truth.' "





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge. Extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

### REUNION.

[Dedicated to James S. Jones.]

He did not seek to be with those who sit  
Exalted from the rest;  
To give, to serve, in this his talent lay.  
Striving to do his best,  
To live as a man should live, from day to day,  
He made for the general good.

It were not fit,  
He thought, to harbor a little hurt. Contentment  
here

Was his in a loved one's peace,  
In work accomplished, in a trusted friend:  
Adventure found in these.

And, once a soldier, to the very end  
He kept a soldier's courage and his cheer.  
So may the gray-clad comrades greet him still  
From friendly camp fires on the nearest hill!

—*Emma Bateman Mack.*

### JAMES S. JONES.

James S. Jones, who died at his home in Newport, Ark., on April 17, was one of Jackson County's oldest and most highly respected citizens. He was loved by all who knew him, his gentle nature, honorable career, and friendly manner having greatly endeared him in his community and section.

Born in Haywood County, near Brownsville, Tenn., June 30, 1845, James Jones had been a resident of Jackson County for nearly eighty years, his father having removed to Arkansas when James was a boy of eight years. The trip from Tennessee was made by boat, and the family located on a farm near Elgin, Ark. His father died while he was still young.

In 1863, young Jones left Jackson County for the war with Captain Montell, joining the command at Dooley Ferry in Hempstead County, and going from there to Louisiana. He was in the hospital at Shreveport for some weeks with typhoid fever. Later, the command took part in the engagements at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La.,

the Arkansas, Louisiana, Missouri, and Texas troops being under Gen. Kirby-Smith. Captain Montell's company was a part of Gause's Regiment, Roane's Brigade, and Churchill's Division.

James Jones returned to Elgin after the close of war, and there took up the struggle for existence on the plantation and in merchandizing. In 1878, he was married to Miss Lucy Robertson Wilmans, and their union was ever a beautiful illustration of the ideal in marriage. His wife survives him, with a daughter and a granddaughter. He had faithfully served his county in several important offices—as county assessor, county clerk, and circuit clerk, each for two terms, all made most successful by his efficiency and attention to duty. Later he was associated in business with his son-in-law until failing health caused his retirement a few years ago.

### ROBERT ISAAC STRIKER.

On May 2, taps was sounded for Robert Isaac Striker, one of the last of the Confederate veterans of Winchester, Va. He had reached his eighty-eighth year, active almost to the last, although in failing health for several years.

Robert Striker was born at Capon Springs, now West Virginia, November 17, 1844, a son of Henry and Isabelle Striker, who moved to Winchester when this son was six years old. The father was engaged in the manufacture of brick there, and the sons were his assistants when the war came on. As a youth of nineteen, from his brickyard earning, Robert Striker purchased a horse, and joined the Confederate army, enlisting with Company C, 12th Virginia Cavalry, of the Laurel Brigade. He served with that command until captured at Milldale, Warren County, Va., by Sheridan's forces and sent to Fort McHenry, where he remained a prisoner of war until the surrender at Appomattox in April, 1865.

Returning home, he engaged in business in Winchester, becoming one of the substantial men in civic affairs and making for himself a large circle of friends. He was twice married, first to Miss Martha Edmonia Shaffel, of Front Royal, Va., the second wife being Miss Tille Violet, of Winchester. He is survived by a daughter of the first marriage and four grandchildren.

Comrade Striker was a loyal and faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was the last of his immediate family, and the last charter member of Turner Ashby Camp, U. C. V., of Winchester.

## JACOB OWEN MCGEHEE.

Jacob Owen McGehee died on the 14th of April at the home of his daughter, Mrs. L. L. Sutherland, Staunton, Va., in his eighty-sixth year.

Born in Prince Edward County, Va., September 21, 1846, he devoted his earlier years to extensive farming and the stock raising interest in Nottaway County. Later he moved to Richmond, residing in that city until eight years ago, when he made his home in Staunton.

He was a veteran of the War between the States, having enlisted at the age of sixteen, serving in the 53rd Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, until wounded at the battle of Five Forks.

His "hobby" was biography and history, especially that pertaining to the Confederacy. He was the author of "Causes That Led to the War Between the States," and numerous historic papers centering around that period of history.

Mr. McGehee was a member of the Grace Baptist Church, Richmond, and his body was taken back to the old city for the funeral and burial, which was in Hollywood Cemetery, by the side of his wife, who died in 1919.

He is survived by one daughter, a son, Dr. W. H. O. McGehee, professor in New York University, New York City; six grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

## GEORGIA COMRADES.

Two more members of Camp Tige Anderson No. 1455, U. C. V., Atlanta, Ga., have answered the last roll call and gone to report to their Great Commander on the eternal shore. The Camp will miss them both, for they were active and regular in attendance at meetings.

James Wesley Herring, born in Forsyth County, Ga., enlisted in May, 1863, at Kennesaw, Ga., in Company D, 8th Tennessee Infantry, was engaged in the battles of Chickamauga, Tunnel Hill, and Kingston; wounded at Chickamauga September 19, 1863, and was discharged at Atlanta, April, 1865. He entered the Confederate Home September 27, 1930, and died January 6, 1932; was buried in the Confederate Cemetery at Marietta, Ga. Survived by one son.

William McCranie, after a short illness, died at the Confederate Home in Atlanta, Ga., on April 27, 1932. He was born on February 7, 1846, in Cook County, Ga., and enlisted February 19, 1864, in Company G, 29th Georgia Infantry, his service being in Tennessee and North Carolina mainly. He was in the battle of Murfreesboro.

He lived all his life near Adel, Cook County, Ga., and was a good, true, loyal follower of Christ, being a member of the Baptist denomination since early childhood. His wife was Miss Ann Britton, of Adel, and he is survived by one daughter.

Both of these men set a wonderful example for their comrades and associates to follow, as they never complained of adversities and never were heard to speak ill of their fellow-man.

[Mrs. Ernest B. Williams, Acting Adjutant Camp Tige Anderson.]

## D. J. CATER.

Another loved veteran obeyed the summons, "Come up higher," when Douglas John Cater passed suddenly at his home in San Antonio, Tex., November 23, 1931, at the age of ninety years. He took an active part in the affairs of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 144, U. C. V., and is greatly missed.

D. J. Cater was born in Sparta, Connecuh County, Ala., on March 27, 1841, the son of William Green and Beatnah Greening Cater. His parents moved to Texas in 1846, and to De Soto Parish, La., in 1847, where his father was a planter for many years.

He enlisted in the Confederate Army at HENDERSON, Texas, in May, 1861. His regiment, Greer's 3rd Texas Cavalry, went from Dallas in July, 1861, to Missouri to aid General Price. In August, 1862, he transferred to Company I, 19th Louisiana Infantry, to be with his brother, Lieut. Rufus Cater, who, later, was killed at Chickamauga.

He took part in the battles of Wilson Creek, Chustenahlah, Pea Ridge, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Nashville, Spanish Fort, and others. He also served in several brass bands, and was brigade band captain of the last band of the Southern Confederacy.

Reconstruction days were not propitious for his chosen profession of musician, and he farmed for a number of years, later being Postmaster at Lovelady, Tex., and for four years Treasurer of Houston County. Music, however, was always a great interest in his life.

In 1866, he was married to Miss Emily Mary Reagan, of Rusk County, Tex. She and their three little sons preceded him in death by many years. In 1880, he was married to Miss Belle Barbee, of Lovelady, Tex., who survives him with a daughter and three sons, also four grandchildren.

A man of noble purposes, ever loyal to all that was good and true, was D. J. Cater. He was a Mason, and a member of the Baptist Church.



## LEROY ROBERTS.

LeRoy Roberts died at his home in the Hamilton Chapel community, near Rockdale, Tex., March 26, 1931, at the age of eighty-six years. He was born in Alabama on September 6, 1844.

He enlisted in Company I, 19th Louisiana Infantry, in 1862, at Pollard, Ala., and served the remainder of the war.

While still a young man, he was married to Miss Susan Brown. They went to Texas in 1872, and for the past fifty-two years the family home was maintained in the Hamilton Chapel Community.

On July 18, 1923, death took his companion and left him in the old home where his daughter, Mrs. Anna Joiner, and his son, Ernest, lived with him and cared for him to the last.

During all these years in Milam County, Mr. Roberts proved himself a worthy, helpful and respected citizen, and made many friends.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. L. E. Strickland, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Rockdale.

He is survived by four daughters, seven sons, several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

## JUDGE JAMES BENJAMIN BOOTHE.

Judge James Benjamin Boothe died at his home in Lexington, Miss., on February 8, 1932, in his eighty-eighth year.

In the spring of 1861, at the age of seventeen, he joined the first company organized in Tallahatchie County and tendered to the Confederate Government, which was ordered to Richmond, Va., July 1. The company known as Tallahatchie Rifles became Company F, 21st Regiment, Mississippi Volunteer Infantry. During the closing year of the war, James Boothe lost his right arm in the battle of the Wilderness.

In 1868, he was married to Miss Annie E. Hill, of Panola County, who survived him only five weeks. Both were buried in Rose Hill Cemetery at Sardis, Miss. He is survived by a son and a daughter.

Judge Boothe was a very distinguished lawyer, one of the few surviving members of the writers of the State's Constitution of 1890, and a member of the Franchise Committee. He presided as Judge over the old 3rd Circuit Court District, embracing his home county of Panola. In 1908, he moved from Sardis to Lexington, and there practiced law.

He was a lifelong member and steward of the Methodist Church, South.

[A. M. Pepper.]

## S. G. H. STRICKLER.

S. G. H. Strickler, son of Benjamin and Margaret Zirkle Strickler, was born at Timberville, Va., April 8, 1839, and died February 14, 1932.

Mr. Strickler was married to Miss Corilla Staley in January, 1869, and to them were born two sons and three daughters, four children surviving him.

Going to Missouri soon after the war, he purchased 140 acres in Cass County, near Freeman, where he remained until 1892, when he purchased a farm near Columbia, Mo. He lived in Columbia about five years before moving to his farm near that place, where he lived.

Mr. Strickler was a Confederate soldier in the War between the States, serving in Company H, 10th Virginia Cavalry. His company was organized before the war, and it was well uniformed when it went to the front. His horse was shot from under him a few days before the surrender at Appomattox. After the surrender he threw his gun in a brush pile and walked home. He went through the war and was not captured or wounded and was with Lee at Appomattox. Captains of his company were: John P. Brock, George Poage, Thomas J. Pennybacker, Joseph M. Dovel and Samuel K. Newman. He made a handsome soldier, being tall and straight, with coal black beard.

Funeral services were held at the Baptist Church in Drexel, Monday afternoon at 1 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Earl Brooks. Burial was in the family lot at Sharon cemetery.

## VIRGINIA COMRADES.

The following deaths in the membership of Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 469, U. C. V., Staunton, Va., have been reported by M. Palmer, Adjutant:

John Newton Britten died at his home in the Newport community on April 3, at the age of eighty-six years. Funeral services were held from the New Providence Presbyterian Church, with members of Stonewall Jackson Camp as honorary pallbearers.

Mr. Britten was born at Mount Solon, Augusta County, Va., and lived his whole life in Augusta and Rockbridge Counties. He enlisted in 1864, in the 39th Virginia Battalion, which was General Lee's bodyguard. His death leaves only one of the famous Lee Couriers. He is survived by five daughters, three sons, also a sister.

M. B. Smith died on March 23 at his home in West Augusta, Va., after several years' disability. His funeral was conducted at the grave in Thorn-

rose Cemetery by the pastor of St. Paul's United Brethren and the Chaplain of Stonewall Jackson Camp. He is survived by his wife, two daughters and three sons. He served in the Valley campaign under General McCausland during the latter part of the War between the States, and surrendered at Appomattox.

Mr. Smith was a faithful member of the Camp at Staunton, and attended all reunions as long as his health would permit, the last being at Orange, Va., in September, 1930.

## THOMAS H. HIGHTOWER.

Thomas Hodge Hightower, member of N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., died on May 2, at his home in North Chattanooga, following an illness of several months. He was born January 15, 1844, at New Market, Jefferson County, Tenn., and enlisted in 1862 at New Market in Lynch's Battery of Artillery and served under Gens. Albert Sidney Johnston and Beauregard. He served under General Pemberton at Vicksburg, where he was captured and paroled in July, 1863. Afterward he was exchanged and, pending the organization and equipment of his battery with horses and guns, he served a few months with Col. W. M. Bradford's Tennessee Infantry Regiment.

Returning to his artillery battery, he served in all the battles of East Tennessee and Virginia until surrender at Christiansburg, Va., after three and a half years' active service in the Confederate army. He married in Virginia and remained in that state for forty-six years, going to Chattanooga in 1911. Soon after, he became a member of Forrest Camp and had served as commander of the camp.

He had been a member of the Methodist Church since 1867. Comrade Hightower is survived by his wife, three sons, eight grandsons, ten granddaughters, and a great-granddaughter.

Members of the N. B. Forrest Camp served as honorary pallbearers. Interment was in the Confederate Cemetery.

## GEORGE LEROY SCOTT.

George LeRoy Scott died at his home in Cuba, Ill., on the morning of March 12, in his eighty-sixth year. His wife, two sons, two daughters and eleven grandchildren survive him.

Comrade Scott was born in Port Republic, Va., November 16, 1846, the son of Amos and Margaret Hanna Scott, and his boyhood days were spent in that historic section. At the age of sixteen, he enlisted in Company B, 10th Virginia

Regiment, C. S. A., and served under the famous "Stonewall."

Following the close of the war, he spent several years in Missouri, engaged in stock raising, but returned to Virginia in 1873 and began farming, then took on construction contracts, one of which was to build a mile of the Norfolk and Western Railway. In 1880, he was married to Miss Edmonia Virginia Ewan, at Lewistown, and two years later moved to Illinois, locating in Cuba in 1893, where he held various business interests throughout his active years. He had been a faithful member of the Methodist Church there for many years.

He was an entertaining companion, possessing a fund of stories and anecdotes from his own experiences as well as from reading and observation, to which was added a keen sense of humor. He studied history and kept in touch with his comrades of the war through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

## EMANUEL A. PATTERSON.

Emanuel Arthur Patterson, whose death occurred at his home at King's Mountain, N. C., on April 11, at the age of eighty-seven, was the only son of Arthur Harrison and Sarah Hambright Patterson, and he was born on the old Patterson home place four miles from the King's Mountain battle ground, on May 24, 1844. His parents died when he was an infant, and he was reared in the family of Chris Eaker, a relative. In September, 1868, he was married to Miss Barbara Nancy Ann Shuford, of Lincoln, County, N. C., and he is survived by four sons and three daughters. Burial was in the Mountain Rest Cemetery at King's Mountain.

At the age of eighteen, Emanuel Patterson enlisted in Company C, 57th North Carolina Regiment, Hoke's Brigade, C. S. A., and served throughout the war for Southern independence. He was in many battles, and was captured twice, but was never wounded. Since the war his life had been spent in or near King's Mountain, and he was perhaps better posted on that famous engagement of the Revolution than anyone else. Throughout his active life, he frequently acted as guide over the battle field, and from his relatives and other survivors of that battle, he learned early in life all the details of the positions of troops, the fighting and everything else about it, so that he was considered an authority on it.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

### *To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:*

Probably the subject of most interest to all of you at this time is the approaching Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Richmond, June 21 to 24. At the same time and place, the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will meet.

The rates on the railroads are unusually reasonable this year. The Commander-in-Chief and the Adjutant General, as well as the Reunion Committee in Richmond, have spared no pains to make this a memorable occasion.

Because of many matters of importance presented to me since the Jacksonville Convention, and not caring to assume entire responsibility in the premises, I have called a meeting of the Executive Committee at the Jefferson Hotel, on Monday, June 20.

May I again call your attention to the importance of supporting this magazine, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Miss Pope writes me, in sending out her quarterly statement, that the subscription list has been greatly depleted this year by a large number of delinquents, at least 600, bringing the edition down to 6,500 copies. This number of subscriptions cannot sustain the publication, and it will doubtless be necessary during the summer and fall to call on the Reserve Fund. The office is run as economically as possible.

What is your Chapter doing for the Reserve Fund of 15 cents per capita? Do you realize what this magazine means to us as an official organ? All that it means as a medium of communication between the officers and members? What it means in the recordation and preservation of the history of the South? What a loss to our Organization it would be if, for lack of support, its publication would have to cease! Between now and the Convention, let each Division renew its

efforts to have a large increase in subscriptions to report.

My attention has been called to the fact that recently certain Chapters have been imposed upon by irresponsible persons who have put on entertainments under the auspices of those Chapters, and absconded not only without paying the Chapter its share of the proceeds, but leaving numerous obligations to others. This should serve as a warning to all Chapters to be careful to know they are dealing with responsible people before entering upon such enterprises.

On April 28, I went to Cincinnati as the guest of the Albert Sidney Johnston and the Stonewall Jackson Chapters, of Cincinnati, and the Mrs. Basil W. Duke Chapter, of Covington, Ky., and the Mrs. Henretta Hunt Morgan Chapter, of Newport, Ky. Mrs. Marcus Wade Crocker, President of the Ohio Division, Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, President of the Kentucky Division, and Mrs. R. B. Mesmer, Registrar of the Dixie Chapter of Columbus, Ohio, were also guests of the four Chapters.

On Friday, the four Chapters entertained with a luncheon at the Queen City Club. At 3:30 in the afternoon, the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter dedicated a pink dogwood tree, which they had planted in Eden Park, in honor of George Washington. Mrs. Crocker read Joyce Kilmer's poem "Trees," and I delivered the dedicatory address. At 8:30 P.M., the Chapters had their Bicentennial Celebration, the program being in charge of Mrs. James Burton Doan, President of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of Cincinnati, who introduced Colonel Sherrill, former City Manager of Cincinnati, who delivered the address of welcome. Colonel Sherrill, a North Carolinian by birth, is the son of a Confederate soldier. The address was responded to by Mrs. Marcus Wade Crocker,

President of the Ohio Division, and Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, President of the Kentucky Division.

I had the honor to be on the program and to make an address, the subject being "George Washington, the Virginian."

Faithfully yours, AMANDA AUSTIN BYRNE.

## A CORRECTION.

The Editor of the VETERAN (Miss Pope) deeply regrets having made a mistake in the announcement of Mrs. J. J. Harris, of Georgia, for Recorder General of Crosses, in stating that such announcement had been made by the Georgia Division. A misunderstanding was the cause of the mistake, and the editor takes the whole blame. While the announcement by Mrs. Harris' Chapter shows a hundred or more Chapters pledged to her support, it was not intended that the announcement claim Division indorsement, as the Division does not meet until October. This correction is requested by Mrs. Harris and the Division President.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Alabama.*—The thirty-sixth annual convention of the Alabama Division was held at the Tutwiler Hotel in Birmingham, May 4, 5, and 6, Mrs. A. M. Grimsley, Division President, presiding. Each of the eighty-six chapters in the State was asked to send a full delegation. The program included an executive committee meeting on Tuesday, May 3; a breakfast Wednesday morning, May 4, for historians; and a breakfast for district officers and convention committees on Thursday morning, May 5.

The R. E. Rodes Chapter, Tuscaloosa, observed Memorial Day, April 26, committees from the Chapter decorating all graves of Confederate dead in the three cemeteries—Memorial Park, Evergreen, and Greenwood. Previous to this, at the monthly meeting of the chapter, Miss Lillian Finnell, prominent historian, gave a complete history of Memorial Day since its inauguration on April 19, 1866, and told of its continuous observance in Tuscaloosa and in many other Southern cities since that time.

Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, ex-President General, delivered two memorial addresses in Alabama, on Memorial Day, in Florence and in Tuscumbia. She also gave four addresses on Robert E. Lee, celebrating the anniversary of his birth, early

this year. She spoke at Alabama College, Montevallo; State Teacher's College, Troy; the Troy Chapter U. D. C., and Pike County High School.

[Kate K. Seay, Publicity.]

*California.*—Daughters of the Confederacy in California are associating themselves with the Hostesses of the 10th Olympic Games, which are to be held in Los Angeles, July 30 to August 14. Outstanding among these women who will receive the world's visitors during these games are hostesses from Southern States, who are developing hospitality groups to greet their Southern friends.

Throughout the Division, our Confederate Memorial Day has been uppermost in the minds of the Daughters, who are stressing Patriotism in its many phases, the spirit of which is so ably represented by our flags. The Gen. Thomas J. Churchill Chapter joined with many organizations of the Santa Monica Bay District who have aligned themselves in a nation-wide patriotic movement. Observing Memorial Day, the American Legion and other prominent citizens of San Bernardino joined with the E. Kirby-Smith Chapter at a banquet at which Crosses of Service were presented. Mrs. B. A. Davis, of the John H. Reagen Chapter, stirred all hearts with her talk on the "Patriotism of the Women of the South."

At its meeting celebrating its sixth anniversary, the Maj. Hugh G. Gwyn Chapter was presented with the Confederate flag used during the recent Eastern Star convention held at the Hotel del Coronado. The flag was a gift of Mrs. Willa Jane Hellwig, former O. E. S. grand deputy matron of California. Mrs. Sweeney, chapter historian, presented a flag in memory of her daughter, to be given "Dixie Manor," the Confederate Veterans' Home near Los Angeles. In line with the presentation of these flags, Miss Conway, Division Historian, gave a talk on "Confederate Flags." A Confederate flag was presented to the Thomas J. Churchill Chapter of Santa Monica by Mrs. C. Pointer Leigh, in memory of her parents, Philip Adams Pointer of Company A, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, and Sallie Pointer, who was one of the first members of the U. D. C. in Kentucky.

While honoring the President and other Division Officers, the Emma Sansom Chapter was privileged to hear its own chapter member, Mrs. Stedman, who is Custodian of Flags of the Division, give a talk on "Folk Music and Song of the South." Interspersed with this narrative dealing with primitive mountain music, Negro melodies,



and the Cajan Bayou songs of Louisiana, were illustrative songs given by Mrs. Homes Bishop.

Death has taken from this Chapter two of its Charter members, Mrs. Davidella Montgomery Hamilton, aunt of the Chapter president, and Mrs. Nannie Dougherty Price, who were members of the Chapter as it existed prior to the formation of the California Division. Members and veterans are also mourning the deaths of Mr. Heaston and of Col. T. L. Hill, 1st Arkansas Cavalry, who served throughout the war.

[May Blanks Killough, Publicity.]

*Mississippi.*—Our State Convention will be held at Jackson, May 3, 4, 5, at the new Robert E. Lee Hotel. The W. D. Holder Chapter will honor the State officers and delegates with a reception and tea at the Governor's Mansion while in the city.

Our chapter held its first meeting in the Lee Memorial Room of the Robert E. Lee Hotel, which has been given us to be used for a meeting place, and we also have started a "Library of Southern Literature." Mr. H. O. Pate, Manager of the Hotel, presented us with the first book at our recent meeting this month.

Our veterans, wives, and widows come first in our work. We sent each a check for \$5, and also fruit at Christmas and remember all on their birthdays, anniversaries, and at other times during the year.

These are just some of the things we have done.

[Mrs. Charles K. Hickey, President.]

*Missouri.*—The regular monthly meeting of the Lexington Chapter was held on Monday, February 1, at the home of Mrs. J. W. Harvey, Mrs. Henry Clay Chiles, President, presiding. After the regular routine of business, Mr. Henry C. Chiles presented in a most interesting manner the outstanding points of the battle of Lexington. Prefacing the address, he passed around copies of a map showing the strategic points of the battle. In brief, the speaker pointed out that there were three important things to be remembered about the battle of Lexington:

1. It was not a battle between the United States and the Confederacy, but between the United States and the State of Missouri, in which the forces of the latter were victorious. The Federal forces were commanded by Col. James A. Mulligan, and were opposed by Missouri state troops under Gen. Sterling Price, a hero of the Mexican War and ex-Governor of the State.

2. It was one of the three important engagements fought west of the Mississippi River. Actual fighting continued from September 12, 1861, to September 20, 1861. The hottest of the fight was September 18, 19, 20, and usually the battle is referred to as having occurred on those days.

3. What is popularly known as the Lexington battle field is that territory which was occupied by the Federal troops, and where they were very strongly fortified and entrenched. This included the grounds and buildings which were then the property of the Masonic College of Missouri, and the terrain to the north and west along the high bluff overlooking the Missouri River—all now owned by Lafayette County as a County Park and including about one hundred acres. As a matter of fact, not only the territory above referred to was the battle field, but also the city of Lexington itself, including its principal streets and thoroughfares and a large part of the then residence section.

At a recent meeting of the Moberly, Mo., chapter, an honored guest was J. F. Tippet, one of the very few ex-Confederate veterans in this county surviving.

Mr. Tippet presented to the Daughters one of his most cherished possessions, a biography of T. J. Jackson, better known as "Stonewall" Jackson. The volume was accepted with appreciation by the President.

Mr. Tippet, now eighty-six years old, enlisted at Glasgow, Mo., as a lad of nineteen. His service was with Company F, 2nd battalion of Clark's Brigade, Parson's Division, commanded by Lieut. Colonel James J. Searcy, of Columbia.

[Mrs. G. K. Warner.]

*Maryland.*—The Ridgely Brown Chapter, of Rockville, entertained the Maryland Division at its semiannual meeting on April 6. Mrs. Charles O'Donnell Mackall, President of the Division, presided.

Reports were made by the board members and chapter presidents. About a hundred members were present, each chapter being well represented. Business and problems of the Division were discussed. The afternoon session was brief but instructive. The day was a delightful one in every detail.

Baltimore Chapter Number 8 observed the birthdays of Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson at an afternoon meeting largely attended by chapter members and friends.

The President, Mrs. Henry J. Berkley, presided

and presented the speaker of the afternoon, Mr. Walter H. Buck, a distinguished attorney of Baltimore, who read a most inspiring paper on General Lee. Presentation of Crosses and delightful music concluded the program.

The activities of the Chapter under the fine leadership of Mrs. Berkley are many and varied. Mrs. J. Frank Turner, Chairman of the Junior group of the Chapter, reports enthusiasm and good work by the children under her direction.

The Chapter is not unmindful of the Confederate widows whose needs are brought to the attention of the Board. These elderly women are visited and tenderly cared for by a committee appointed by the president. A gift of one hundred dollars has been made by the chapter to the Georgia G. Bright Fund.

Much enthusiasm was aroused among the members of the Chapter when it was suggested that possibly the 1933 General Convention might be held in Baltimore.

[Mrs. Bruce Brumbaugh, Editor].

*Tennessee.*—The West Tennessee District Conference, called for Tuesday, May 17, with the Savannah Chapter as hostess, was all the more interesting through being held in the Shiloh National Park, scene of one of the most sanguinary encounters of the War between the States. The meetings were held in the school building in the Park, and the picnic lunch was also served there. The Conference was well attended, some three hundred being present. An interesting description of the battle, with location of troops, etc., was given by the Park Superintendent, and a memorial service was held at the beautiful Confederate monument.

The Musidora C. McCorry Chapter of Jackson, through a local radio station, broadcast a program of Southern Songs and an address on George Washington by Mrs. Carrie Holland Pullen, as its contribution to the Bicentennial celebration, February 22. Again, on April 5, a program was broadcast as a Memorial to the Women of the Confederacy, this program consisting of Southern songs and a beautiful tribute given by Miss Mary Evans Saunders.

## THE U. D. C.

BY CORINNE BLAKEY.

We love our Southland's glorious past,  
Her annals to us call;  
But in our hearts I think we love  
The "Daughters" best of all.

The loyal friendships deeply sprung  
That animate our band—  
The cause the U. D. C. has pledged  
Shall unforgotten stand.

We honor still the thinning ranks  
Of those that wore the gray,  
Who rose sublime above defeat  
When low their banners lay.

With laurels proud the victor comes  
To reap his brief applause;  
But God a longer record keeps,  
And there we rest our cause.

Yes, honor to the gallant few!  
We'll cheer them while they're here;  
And when their noble forms are dust,  
We'll keep their mem'ry dear.

Undimmed by time, emblazoned high,  
"Lest we forget" shall shine,  
While the U. D. C.'s from age to age  
Hand on its light divine.

And when the river we've passed o'er,  
Beneath the trees to rest,  
The Master's praise, "Well done!" shall tell  
The "Daughters" did their best.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

HISTORIAN GENERAL: Mrs. John Huske Anderson.

AIMS FOR 1932: To know your work—a fuller knowledge of the facts of our Confederate history.

## HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CONFEDERATE PERIOD.

*With Southern Songs*

JULY, 1932.

The Battle Fields Park Area around Richmond (to be opened in June, 1932).

Scene of the Seven Days' Battles (Seventieth Anniversary).

Reading: The Blue and the Gray.

Songs: "Child of the Regiment" and "Lorena" (Confederate love songs).

## CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

JULY, 1932.

Forts That Were Used as Defense in the War between the States.

Fort Fisher (the Gibraltar of the South) and Others.

Song: "Maryland, My Maryland."



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MRS. BRYAN WELLS COLLIER.....*Historian General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MISS WILLIE FORT WILLIAMS.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
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MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
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Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUINBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



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LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
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MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates  
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
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TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. T. A. Buford  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. ADA RAMP WALDEN, Editor, Box 592, Augusta, Ga.

## A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*My dear Co-workers:* Again our sacred Memorial Day has passed, and with martial tread and blare of trumpets—with ever and anon the thrilling strains of the Battle Cry of the Confederacy, our “Dixie”—the grand memorial procession measured its stately way to the patriotic altar where the thousand mounds, marking the last sleeping place of our heroes, surround the tall shaft of granite that has for more than fifty years stood sentinel over the dust of those who made the supreme sacrifice. While the procession moved past the hundred thousand spectators who lined the length of the marchers, a lesson never to be forgotten was imprinted upon the minds of the onlookers.

Is the Memorial Day observance dying out in the South? If Atlanta, Ga., can be cited as an answer, then a thousand times “No!” would be the reply.

Plans are rapidly moving forward for the Reunion in Richmond, June 21 to 24, and the hostess city is putting forth every endeavor to make of this not only one of the most enjoyable of the reunions, but to fill each day with pleasure—jaunts to the many famous and historical spots around Richmond.

Ever noted for hospitality, the spirit of Virginia—so outstanding in American history—is awakened as rarely as ever before, for she realizes that this is her last opportunity to claim as her guests the fast thinning ranks of gray. So every endeavor for the pleasure of the dear heroes of the sixties should and will be planned.

With ever abiding love and loyalty,

MARGARET A. WILSON.

## MRS. WILLIAM A. WRIGHT—IN MEMORIAM.

Resolutions by the Ladies' Memorial Association on the death of Mrs. William Ambrose Wright, President of the Atlanta Memorial Association, who died at her home in Atlanta, Ga., March 17, 1932.

Whereas, God in his infinite wisdom has called from her earthly life the soul of Mary Louise Wright into that blessed abode of higher joy and perfect peace in His presence, be it

*Resolved,* That we, the members of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Atlanta, bow in humble recognition of the loving hand of our Heavenly Father and commend her into His holy keeping, giving thanks for her beautiful life so rich in service to all about her, so sweet in loyal friendships, so devout in prayerful trust and love to Him she served.

In the passing of Mrs. William Ambrose Wright the Southland has lost a radiant personality and strong champion of the imperishable principles of liberty she has ever held in sacred trust. Her gracious leadership among the Confederate veterans has enshrined her in their hearts. Today they stand sorely bereft of her loving sympathy and comradeship.

Mrs. Wright with her distinguished husband, Gen. William Ambrose Wright, has through the forty-four years of their married life held the loyal hearts of the veterans, inspiring, aiding, and sharing their joys and sorrows. Together General and Mrs. Wright have preserved their records and memories, and by word and pen kept vividly in the minds of our people the unblemished Cause of the South. Richly compensating was the gallant devotion of the old soldiers. Since

General Wright's death, though lonely and bereft and physically frail, she has carried on with sublime loyalty.

As a little child, Mamie Louise Cox had visited, hand in hand with her mother, the hospitals, giving sweet ministrations to the wounded Confederate brave, and had placed floral offerings on their graves.

For many years Mrs. Wright has served as President of the Atlanta Memorial Association. She has kindled intense devotion among her co-workers, and we shall miss sadly her wise counsels and loving comradeship. As President she has all through the years maintained the organization, with its regular meetings and obligations, strengthening in numbers and influence, tenderly placing upon the veteran as he was laid away the memorial wreath and flag of honor, and keeping green their honor. In addition to the duties of this office, Mrs. Wright served as Corresponding Secretary of the General Memorial Association and State President of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association. To each she gave fine cooperation and wise judgment. A kindred loyalty found her active in the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Daughters of the American Revolution, with her characteristic devotion to her Southland and country.

Each year she has gathered the Association members about her to commemorate our beloved Memorial Day. With them on the day before busy fingers have twined the garlands of evergreens about the lofty Confederate monument at Oakland. Mrs. Wright put her heart and energy in every detail that this day might be a fitting tribute to our soldiers.

None who has joined in this great annual celebration and watched the countless thousands on the line of parade paying silent homage, the vast processions of organizations, our beloved veterans proudly wearing their Crosses of honor, can ever forget this sacred pilgrimage of the South.

Then we love to think of our President on this day, with her honored members, standing at the base of the monument, the Marshal of the day at her side, and near by her Chaplain and the Orator of the day, while Mrs. Wright looks on in silent reverence as she faces them; then, after taps had been sounded, the scattering of fragrant flowers over the grass-covered soldier graves at beautiful Oakland.

It was such a preparation for this fair Memorial Day of 1932 that Mrs. Wright has just

completed in every detail, the speaker chosen, one honored of all for his devotion to the Cause and the gift of eloquence to carry the message, the selection of sweet Southern songs, the parade organized. Then came the gentle summons to lay down the joys of her earthly service and enter into that rest that remaineth to the people of God.

The Master's call was not unexpected. Her service had been in his Kingdom. Deeply consecrated was her allegiance, and the foundation of her loyalty was a pure, earnest Christian faith. As a member of the First Methodist Church, it was her dearest wish to give the altar her reverent care. From it her prayers ascended. From the steps of that beloved chancel her casket was escorted by lifelong friends, carrying her to that last earthly resting place in her childhood home in LaGrange. Exquisite flowers surrounded the spot as the sun was sinking in the west.

To her loved ones we offer loving sympathy in their bereavement and pray that our Heavenly Father will give them that comfort and peace that passeth all understanding.

We ask that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and a copy filed in the Minutes of the Memorial Association.

Committee: Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, Jr., Miss Willie Forst Williams, Mrs. John L. Harper, Miss Rosa Woodberry, Chairman.

## THE DAVIS MEMORIAL BRIDGE.

BY ADA RAMP WALDEN, EDITOR C. S. M. A.

On June 3, there was formally opened to the public in Augusta, Ga., one of the most imposing memorials that has probably reared its head in tribute to the memory of Jefferson Davis. This was the bridge crossing the Savannah River at Center Street and uniting the States of Georgia and South Carolina, the exercises being under the auspices of Chapter A, No. 22, U. D. C., of Augusta, and the South Carolina Division, U. D. C.

The site is historic in more ways than one. The first bridge to span the Savannah, and at this spot, was built by Wade Hampton, father of Gen. Wade Hampton of Confederate fame, in 1790. The bridge was swept away by the Yazoo freshet of 1796; but it was crossed by General Washington and his attendants in May, 1791, on his depar-

(Continued on page 237)



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

DR. GEORGE R. TABOR, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

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 GEORGE W. SIDEBOTTOM, Huntington .... West Virginia



All communications for this department should be sent direct to Edmond R. Wiles, Editor, 1505 W. 22nd St., Little Rock, Ark.

## FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF

### SPECIAL ORDER No. 10.

1. The term of office of Henderson Hallman, Atlanta, Commander of the Georgia Division, having expired, a vacancy is deemed to exist in the position of commanding officer of the said division.

2. Upon suitable recommendations, and in obedience to and by and under the authority vested in the Commander in Chief by Article VII, Sec. 1, of the General Constitution, Gen. William L. Grayson, Savannah, is hereby appointed Commander of the Georgia Division until the next annual reunion. He will at once appoint his official staff and brigade commanders, pursuant to Article X, Sections 3 and 8 of the General Constitution, and make report thereof to General Headquarters.

3. Gen. William L. Grayson is a member of Francis S. Bartow Camp No. 93, Savannah, Ga., Past President in Chief of the Eagles, and a Past Commander in Chief of the Spanish War Veterans. The Sons of Confederate Veterans Organization is fortunate in securing the services of such an outstanding executive as Commander of the Georgia Division.

By Order of GEORGE R. TABOR,  
*Commander in Chief, S. C. V.*

Official:

Walter L. Hopkins  
 Adjutant in Chief.

## RECENT REVIEWS OF HISTORIES.

We desire to acknowledge with deep appreciation a recent review of Muzzey's "History of the American People," submitted by Hon. Edley Craighill, published in pamphlet form by Garland-Rhodes Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Lynchburg, Va. This is a most commendable piece of work by the Sons' organization of Lynchburg, and Comrade Craighill is to be especially commendable for his able and painstaking review of this history, which has been outlawed in most Southern States because of its unfairness in presenting the causes leading up to the War between the States.

Dr. Matthew Page Andrews, Chairman of the Textbook Committee of the S. C. V., also has completed a very exhaustive work entitled "A Report on the Adoption of a High School History for the Southern States." Dr. Andrews is not only an able historian, but has certainly proven himself worthy of the confidence imposed in him as Chairman of the Textbook Committee. He is always on the alert for anything that would be detrimental to the cause for which the Sons stand, and is ever ready to combat false propaganda that is being disseminated throughout the South by textbooks written by men of the North out of sympathy and misinformed of the real conditions prior to and subsequent to the War between the States. All we ask as an organization is that historians present in a fair and impartial manner the facts

giving the actual causes leading up to the war—that we are not the descendants of rebels who revolted against a constituted form of government, but rather the descendants of the bravest and noblest men who ever bore arms in defense of their homes and firesides and for principles imperishable as represented by the Constitution of the United States written by our forbears and embodied in the Constitution of our own Confederacy.

## TO DIVISION COMMANDERS.

When this is read, the Forty-Second Reunion of Confederate Veterans and the Thirty-Seventh Convention of Sons of Confederate Veterans, which will be held in the capital city of the Confederacy, June 21-24, next, will be only two weeks distant. To you, as the one responsible for the showing that your division will make at this reunion, this appeal is addressed. At no time in the history of the Sons' organization have we faced such conditions which threaten our very existence. Only through the most strenuous efforts of each loyal son, whether he be an officer in the organization or a private in the ranks, can the day be saved. The true test of our devotion and loyalty to the cause of the Confederacy for which our fathers fought, bled, and died is now at hand. Shall we win or shall we fail? It rests with you. Remember, the privilege of being a member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans organizations is an honor, and an honor of which every true descendant of a Confederate soldier should be proud. Comrades, build up your camps at once and have your treasurer remit to Walter Hopkins, our faithful Adjutant in Chief, the one dollar per capita assessment, and receive your membership card which is a badge of honor whenever and wherever you may have occasion to present it.

## JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL BRIDGE.

(Continued from page 235)

ture from Augusta after a visit of several days. Here, too, landed the illustrious Lafayette and his young son, George Washington, in 1825; and the first boat to be propelled by steam began its trial trip from this point, under the skilful pilotship of the inventor, William Longstreet. A short distance below is historic Sand Bar ferry, which for many years shared "honors" with Bladensburg, Md., as the most popular dueling grounds; and here was fought the last duel on Georgia soil in December, 1875, in which one of the combatants, Charles Tilly, met his death. From the wharf at the site marked sailed forth in

1835 the indomitable Richmond Hussars, oldest military organization in the South, to protect the Georgia and Florida borders from the invasions of the Seminoles.

Three times in the history of the city, established in 1735, has a bridge been swept away by the raging Savannah; but in 1915, through an appropriation of Congress, the building of a substantial levee has precluded such disasters as befell the inhabitants in previous years.

In 1927, when the question of creating a substantial bridge was being considered by the two States, Mrs. Herbert Gyles, President of Aiken (S. C.) Chapter, U. D. C., and a member of the highway board of that State, asked the co-operation of Chapter A., Augusta, of which Mrs. Ada Ramp Walden was then President, in interesting the powers-that-be in making the bridge a memorial to Jefferson Davis, since it is traversed by the highway bearing his name.

The Chapter voted at once to unite its efforts with those of Mrs. Gyles, and a committee was named, of which Mrs. W. I. Wilson is Chairman, whose first duty was to secure the permission desired. Thomas J. Hamilton, editor of the *Augusta Chronicle*, started the ball rolling with a brilliant editorial, and also framed the requests sent the highway commissions of the two States and to the city council of Augusta. A response was prompt, and since then the committees have worked diligently in their efforts to raise money for the bronze tablets to be placed on each side of the river, and for the entertainment expenses. Chapter A voted to raise the sum of one thousand dollars, and nearly all the amount has been secured by the sale of small Confederate flags on June 3.

Throngs of South Carolinians and Georgians attended the exercises at 4 P.M., on June 3, which were held on the center of the bridge, and at which the principal address was made by Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Chairman General of the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee. Many distinguished men and women lent their presence. Hon. Herbert Gyles served as master of ceremony, and the unveiling of the handsome bronze markers, showing the bust of the president in bas-relief, was featured simultaneously by young descendants of the committee members.

At two o'clock the same day, Chapter A was host to fifty distinguished guests at a luncheon at Hotel Richmond, followed by an informal reception to which all the visitors were invited.



This bridge, connecting the two States, is crossed daily by thousands of tourists, and long before its completion it was described by Mrs. Woodbury as being the "greatest memorial this side of Washington."

#### ON MONOCACY BATTLE FIELD.

In making inquiry for some survivors of the battle of Monocacy, Md., July 9, 1864, I. G. Bradwell, of Brantley, Ala., writes:

"This battle was fought principally by Gordon's Georgia Brigade, nobly assisted by the Virginians and Louisianians, who came up in time to drive Gen. Lew Wallace's army from its well-chosen position. The units of this command were the 13th, 26th, 31st, 38th, 60th, and 61st Regiments and the 12th Battalion, but the 38th was not with us in this fight, having been left behind to guard prisoners. The headstones placed by the U. D. C. in that cemetery will show for all time the casualties in the number of killed sustained by these regiments.

"I want the survivors of this battle, if there are any, to go with me to the place which has been made a park by the U. S. Government to attend the celebration which is planned to take place there on July 9, 1932. Those who are promoting this celebration wish to have present some old veterans who took part in the battle. Surely there are some of the old brigade besides myself still alive.

Write to me at Brantley, Ala., or to Judge Glenn H. Worthington, Frederick, Md.

#### WHY THE SOUTH FOUGHT.

BY R. DE T. LAWRENCE, MARIETTA, GA.

A few years ago, a friend from the North said to me that he could not understand why we should have fought against the Northern States when, with their greater resources of all kinds, we should have known the inevitable result. To which I replied that we did not fight the North except to defend ourselves from invasion and subjugation. My friend said that view of the war had not occurred to him, and yet, as I endeavored to point out to him, this would appear to be the correct view of the conflict on the part of the Southern States. Had Lincoln not called out troops to invade the South, there would have been no war, for no man in the South had any thought of fighting except in self-defense. Virginia had, at the time, a commission endeavoring to negotiate terms upon which the questions in dispute might be settled. But upon Mr. Lincoln's call for 75,000 men to

force the South to accede to his views, the peace commission automatically dissolved, the border States decided to aid in defending their Constitutional rights, and the war began with the Southern States on the defensive.

#### "I REMEMBER."

Delightfully written are these recollections of Marian Caroline Smith, daughter of Maj. Charles R. Smith, of Georgia, known and loved throughout the Southland as "Bill Arp," writer of humorous letters and stories for the *Atlanta Constitution* and other Southern publications in that period following the war. His daughter inherited his talent in writing, for she has made most readable the incidents and experiences of refugeeing "endurin' of the war" and of those early days of readjustment following, of life without the luxuries and comforts, but withal having much of happiness and contentment; and her recollections of that delightful character, her father, show that his living presence still abides.

In paper covers, this booklet is offered at one dollar, postpaid. Send orders to Mrs. Frank Hammond, 84 W. 10th Street, Atlanta, Ga.

U. D. C. Chapters should find this booklet useful in their programs of work and entertainment.

#### "LEE: THE PASSING OF THE OLD SOUTH."

"A soul-stirring epic in verse" it is said to be, this late contribution of Dr. S. A. Steel, of Louisiana, to our Confederate literature, which is entitled "Lee: The Passing of the Old South." As historian, poet, and orator, Dr. Steel is widely known, loved and appreciated over this whole country. In his foreword, he says that "the author writes as a Southerner, but he has tried to be fair and kind. Nothing about General Lee is more to be admired than his freedom from bitterness toward the North."

The poem is not a eulogy of Lee, but is a study of the motives and conduct of the Old South. It is given as the figure of a storm and is divided into three parts. In part one, "The storm Rises," in which are discussed the principal causes of the conflict; part two, "The Storm Rages," describing the fighting and surrender; part three, "The Storm Passes," deals briefly with the South after the war.

The book was published by the Banner Press, Emory University, Ga., and sells at \$1.50, postpaid. Special discounts to Chapters U. D. C. in quantities.

## PICTURES OF CONFEDERATE LEADERS.

The following pictures are commended as being most suitable for presentation purposes, as their good quality is fine insurance. These pictures are:

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Address the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, Nashville, Tenn.

## THE BURDEN OF THE HOUR.

God broke our years to hours and days,  
That hour by hour,  
And day by day,  
Just going on a little way,  
We might be able, all along,  
To keep quite strong.  
Should all the weights of life  
Be laid across our shoulders, and the future life,  
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face  
At just one place,  
We could not go;  
Our feet would stop, and so  
God lays a little on us every day,  
And never, I believe, on all the way  
Will burdens bear so deep,  
Or pathways lie so steep,  
But we can go—if, by God's power,  
We only bear the burden of the hour.  
—George Klinglc.

## LAW MUST RULE.

It is only citizens of small caliber that permit themselves to take advantage of the law and violate it. The story is told of Theodore Roosevelt that, when visiting John Burroughs in Yellowstone Park, a friend asked him if he hunted there. He replied, "No, it is against the law." His friend expostulated: "But you could do it, you're the President." Mr. Roosevelt replied: "On American soil, American law must rule."

"Heavens," said the young miss, as she inspected Granny's wedding ring, "what heavy, unyielding things those were fifty years ago."

"Yes, dear," said Granny, "but you must remember that in my day they were made to last a lifetime."

## A DUTCH LULLABY.

Far over the water so blue and deep  
The little Dutch babies are going to sleep;  
Bright yellow tulips are nodding their heads,  
And fluffy young ducks are safe in their beds,  
While slowly the windmills go whirling around, go whirling around, go whirling around.

Far over the waters the sails are furled,  
And the stars peep out on a sleepy world;  
The moo-cows moo softly beneath the trees,  
And the white sheep drowse in the evening breeze,  
While slowly the windmills go whirling around, go whirling around, go whirling around.

Far over the waters comes down the night,  
Fading and fading the silvery light;  
While storks on their nests stand white and tall,  
And over the tree tops the shadows fall,  
While slowly the windmills go whirling around, go whirling around, go whirling around.

—Ella Brow Van Heckum.

Sir Henry Betterton, the present British Minister of Labor, once silenced an interpreter at a meeting he was addressing.

The question that was put to him was what he considered the most important factor in industry: Labor, capital, or brains?

Sir Henry replied: "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"



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## HEROES ALL.

This remnant small, with graying locks and time-dimmed eyes,  
Is all that now remains to us of heroes of that valiant band  
Who suffered, fought through years of pain, who bled and died  
For sacred homes, for honor, freedom, and their native land.

With bodies bent, hands cupped behind the ears to hear a comrade's voice,

These one-time supple-bodied warriors gather 'round the board  
To fight their battles o'er and o'er again, in quavering tones,  
And tell how comrades fell beside the way, while cannon roared.

Ah, yes, though spent with years, they still are "Heroes"—one and all;

And as they near the portals of that well-earned goal beyond,  
Each man will bravely shoulder gun and march (in fancy keeping step)

Shoulder to shoulder, with comrade dear, in common sacred bond.

And when that last roll call shall sound, for these, our men in gray,  
We'll hold their hands and march with them along death's darkened way—

To the very gates (wh'er that be) —to the gates of eternal life,

Where immortality is supreme, and where there is no strife.

—M. C. H., *Poet-Laureate Texas U. C. V.*

Doctor: "Have you taken every precaution to prevent the spread of contagion in your family?"

Rastus Jones: "Yes, suh, Doctor. I got one of dem sanitary cups and we all drinks out of it."

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.—*Bacon.*



# THE PALATIAL STEAMSHIP ROTTERDAM



Will be used by our party to Europe this summer sailing July 2—Reduced rates have created a demand for space—It is best to enroll now while accommodations are available—We want you to join our party

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**810 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn.**

*Mention Confederate Veteran when writing*

# Confederate Veteran.

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JULY, 1932

NO. 7



THE FORT FISHER MEMORIAL.  
(See Page 287.)



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Renewing his subscription, W. W. Carder, of Bluffton, Ohio, says: "I wish the people of the South could raise a fund to place the Confederate VETERAN in every library and college in the United States, so the people of the North might learn the true history of the South. And I wish some one would begin a series of radio talks on the South, telling of slavery and the cause of the War between the States. The Southern slaves were better off than the poor whites of today under our so-called Democratic form of government."

Approaching his ninetieth anniversary, Gen. N. G. Osteen, of Sumter, S. C., sends five dollars on subscription account, and writes: "Have intended for some time to send this. Credit as far as it will pay; I may not be here at expiration."

Wanted.—A copy of "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," also the Life of Gen. Jubal A. Early. Anyone having these books for sale will please communicate with the VETERAN.

Grady Turner, 3448 Queen Lane, Philadelphia, Pa., is trying to secure the history of the 56th Virginia Regiment throughout the war. His father, Stephen W. Turner, served with his regiment as lieutenant of Company B, up to the capture of a part of it after the fighting at Fort Donelson. He was sent to Camp Chase, and then to Johnson's Island;

when exchanged at Vicksburg, he joined a Texas regiment and so served to the end of the war. Any surviving comrade of the 56th Virginia is asked to communicate with Mr. Turner at address given.

Information is wanted on the war record of James S. Martin (or Martian), who was wounded in the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo. It is not known from what State he enlisted, or in what command, and under what officers he served, all of which information is desired. Write to Roy S. Gibson, 213 Moore Street, S. E., Ardmore, Okla.

Mrs. R. L. Young, Sr., of Abilene, Tex., wishes to communicate with any survivor of the battle of Val Verde, or with any descendant of Confederate soldiers who were in the campaign into New Mexico in 1862.

Information on the service of J. D. Suter, of South Carolina, who, it is told, helped to carry General Butler from the field after being wounded; he was a member of Company C, of some cavalry command. Write to Mrs. D. J. Boyd, Hopkins, S. C.

Wanted.—For a private Southern library, books and pamphlets on Alabama. State title, author, condition of book, general contents and price. Address 10227 Aberdeen Street, Chicago, Ill.

W. A. Manger, 3038 West North Avenue, Baltimore, Md., inquires for "Memories" by Von Borck, which is in two volumes.

BOOKS WANTED.—Southern Literature, Folk Lore, and authentic history, for Book Shelf in Seattle Public Library. Limited space. Please communicate with Mrs. Stephen F. Chadwick, Committee Chairman, Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Central Building, Seattle, Washington.

WANTED.—Information concerning the service of Lucien R. Wade, supposedly a scout for Gen. N. B. Forrest; belonged to Company L, 9th Alabama Cavalry; fought at Fort Pillow, Johnsonville, Tishomingo Creek, Harrisburg, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Atlanta, Nashville, and Selma, Ala. Paroled at Pond Springs, Ala., May 31, 1865. Address Miss Robbie Wade, 1428 North Park Street, Shawnee, Okla.

## THE DIFFERENCE.

"Why," asked the school inspector "should we celebrate George Washington's birthday more than we do mine?"

"Because he never told a lie, sir, answered one of the pupils.

## THOUGHT FOR THE DAY.

Down the dull street  
Spring comes apace  
On slender feet—  
Spring has begun  
To say grace—

Oh, I know, Weaver of Light,  
Home is the loveliest place  
Under the sun.

And tell me—is the dusk there sweet?  
Has the pear tree flowered white?  
And does the crocus fill its cup  
That new-born bees may sup?  
And are the tulips up?

—Sara Henderson Hay.

## LENGTH OF LIFE.

"The length of life," says a writer, "ought to be measured by the number and importance of our ideas and not by the number of our days." When measured by this standard, some people have never been born.—*The Humorist (London).*

# Confederate Veteran

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CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1932

No. 7

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

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GEN. R. A. SNEED, Oklahoma City, Okla... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. L. W. STEPHENS, Coushatta, La... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Matthews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## NEW COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.

Gen. Homer Atkinson, of Petersburg, Va., was elected Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans, Richmond Reunion, June 23, 1932.

## TO THE CONFEDERATES.

BY EDITH GRAMES, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

The splendor of their daring,  
The heartbreak of their fall;  
The pathos of their blindness,  
The pity of it all—

The glory of their courage,  
The glamor of their song;  
The bitterness of finding  
War is long—

These qualities we venerate,  
But this we hold more dear,  
The soul behind the singing,  
And that ideal cut clear:  
"To live and love, a gentleman,  
To die, a cavalier!"

[Note: My grandfather, Adam Huntsman, was a Confederate soldier from Tennessee. I have the roll call of his regiment. He was shot in the leg; the bone was shattered, and eventually caused his death.—E. G.]

## REUNION REPORT IN AUGUST NUMBER.

As this number goes to press during the reunion in Richmond, report of the proceedings there will have to be held for the August number, when the picture of the new Commander in Chief, U. C. V., will appear on the first page. This delay is regretted, but is unavoidable on account of the reunion dates being so late in the month. The dedication of the Battlefield Parks around Richmond will make this reunion of unusual interest.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## CONFEDERATE VIOLETS.

BY MARTHA LEE DAUGHTY.

Again, as April rounds the bend,  
 Veteran shades their violets send,  
 Decked in the uniforms of gray  
 As fresh as theirs one April day.

We look on them and tears are shed  
 For our own Confederate dead,  
 And yet not dead, for still they live,  
 Pleading with us, forgive, forgive.

If they could their fine lives lay by  
 With cheerfulness at battle's cry,  
 May we who live now by their blood  
 Pass on the road through years and good.

## A MOTHER'S GIFT.

A precious package came to the VETERAN recently, containing a childish hoard of silver coins, treasured by a little boy "who died so many years ago." This memento of a beloved child the mother had kept through all these years, and now she sends it to help the VETERAN to carry on its work for Southern history. Though the amount is small, it is a gift beyond value, for it represents a mother's love.

Not so many gifts of monetary value have come to the VETERAN through its years of existence, yet it has filled such a place in the hearts of the people of the South that many have been moved to do work in its interest which was beyond valuation. As the years pass on, those devoted friends and true are also passing, and the younger generation has not the same feeling that our Confederate history should be preserved. But now and then such a letter as this is received, and, needless to say, is the cause of much gratification:

"I have been a subscriber to the VETERAN since 1925, and it has been most interesting to me because of the stories published from time to time recounting the personal experiences of some of the splendid old fellows who followed the fading fortunes of the Confederacy from 1861 to 1865. Not only is it interesting—absorbingly so—but I realize that it is extremely valuable. Twenty or thirty years hence, when some capable historian undertakes to write a history of that war from an

intelligent and unbiased standpoint, the bound volumes of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will be a series of source books whose value will be almost incalculable."

When even one of the generations since the War between the States places such an estimate on the VETERAN's value to the future historian, is it not encouragement to press on in our great endeavor to give the truth of that great struggle in the sixties? And are there not others who may be moved to help this work along by making a contribution in memory of some loved one in the spirit land?

## THE BOYS OF NINETY.

Responding to the call of Comrade J. R. Mathes, of Lascassas, Tenn., Route No. 1, which appeared in the VETERAN for June, S. T. Lane, of Poteau, Okla.: writes: "I was born September 26, 1839; have been Justice of the Peace of the city of Poteau until recently. My eyes have failed and I had to resign. I enlisted before Tennessee seceded, Company A, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, escort of Brig. Gen. W. H. (Red) Jackson, Forrest's Corps. If I regain my eyesight, there is a heap of good in me yet."

A. B. Williams, of 1531 Chapala St., Santa Barbara, Calif., is also interested in locating the oldest Confederate veteran; says he is now ninety-three, and, with the exception of poor sight and hearing, is hale and hearty.

E. P. Pearson, of Lumpkin, Ga., was ninety-two on October 20, 1931. He wants to know how many veterans in the nineties are still subscribers to the VETERAN.

J. B. Caudle, Rives, Tenn., renews for two years—and at full rate—and says: "I couldn't do without the VETERAN. I am now in my ninetieth year, and so thankful to God for his wonderful blessing of good health."

## RATHER OUT OF DATE.

DO ANY STATES PROHIBIT EX-CONFEDERATES  
 FROM VOTING?

Under the laws of Kansas and Vermont, if strictly enforced, a person who fought in the armies or naval forces of the Confederate States would be prohibited from voting. Many other States formerly had provisions in their statutes which denied the ballot to persons who participated in "the great rebellion."—*The Pathfinder*.

Might not these States be referred to as "backward"?

## CAPT. W. W. CARNES—IN MEMORIAM.

A noble spirit passed from this earthly life in the early morning of May 26 with the death of Capt. William W. Carnes, at his home in Bradenton, Fla., in his ninety-second year. A long-continued illness had checked his physical activities, but his mentality was undimmed. His contributions to the VETERAN in late months showed the same alertness to establish a truth of Confederate history or to correct a falsehood passing as history, and through all his affliction his bright and cheery spirit rose above his bodily infirmity and helped him to carry on to the end.

William W. Carnes, born in Memphis, Tenn., in 1840, was the son of General Carnes, a wealthy planter of West Tennessee, having large holdings in the Mississippi Delta. His grandfather was W. E. Carnes of Mecklenburg County, N. C., descending from the Durants, Blounts, and Johnstons recorded in history as among the early settlers in what is now North Carolina, and related to many of the distinguished families of that State. William Carnes was sent to the old Naval School at Annapolis, graduating with high rank in the class of 1857-1861—and he was the last survivor but one of those who graduated up to that time. His comrade, Capt. S. A. Ashe, of Raleigh, N. C., told of their school days at Annapolis in an interesting article in the VETERAN for January, 1930.

Soon after graduation, William Carnes responded to the call of his native State and became first drill master of the 5th Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A. He was made captain of artillery at the age of twenty—the youngest artillery captain in the Confederate army at the time—and commander of an artillery battalion. At Chickamauga, for special service in command of a battery on that field, he was promoted to chief of artillery of a division. He continued to serve in the Army of Tennessee until the absence of so many naval officers in Europe demanded his services in the Confederate navy, to which he was transferred. On leaving the army, he received letters from Generals Wright, Cheatham, and Polk of the highest appreciation. No young officer ever won higher commendation than these generals accorded him, as the following letter will testify:

“Headquarters, Wright’s Brigade,  
A. of T., December 20th, 1863.

“Capt. Wm. W. Carnes,

“My dear Sir: On the eve of your leaving the

Army of Tennessee for services in another field, I feel that I ought not to permit the opportunity to pass without expressing to you the regret with which I part with you on personal grounds, and without adding my testimony to your worth as an officer. I can say without exaggeration that no man in my command, or in the army with which we have served, has been more conspicuous for gallantry in action and general worth or as an officer. Your bearing as Commander of your Battery under my command at Chickamauga was so gallant, cool, and intelligent as to demand and receive the highest praise from both officers and men. As a disciplinarian, no one ranks higher, and I do not hesitate to say that in all that makes up the brave, intelligent, and reliable officer I know no one in the Army that surpasses you.

“Trusting that your service in the C. S. Navy will be crowned with the success it has been in the Army, and with my best wishes for you personally, I am

“Truly your friend,

MARCUS J. WRIGHT,  
Brig. General, A. C.”

Writing of a visit to the battle field of Chickamauga, James Barnett Gracey, of Brighton, Tenn., told this:

“A few weeks ago I stood on the battle field of Chickamauga on the very spot where had been heaped in a pile forty-nine dead horses with the ground all around strewn with dead and dying men. I wish I could fitly portray to all survivors the brave young captain of that battery as he stood with tears streaming down his face, his sword aloft, urging the few men that were left to stand firm. The battery was every moment in jeopardy of capture, and did become temporarily the property of the enemy; but after some of the mightiest surges of battle from two o’clock until dark it was at last the undisputed property of the original owner. The heroism of that brave and modest captain is not marked by this instance alone, but in every battle that he engaged in he wore the marks of a true patriot and Christian soldier. . . . He was then a small, black-headed captain of artillery of Cheatham’s Division—W. W. Carnes, of Memphis, Tenn. No braver man ever lived.”

That Captain Carnes’ efficiency as an artillery officer was recognized before Chickamauga is shown in Dr. Wyeth’s “Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest,” in which is given Forrest’s application to the War Department to leave Bragg’s army and



organize a new command, and naming Capt. W. W. Carnes to command his artillery. But Bragg was not willing to give up the gallant young officer, who had just been promoted to chief of artillery of a division. This was in 1863, and the next year Captain Carnes entered upon his duties connected with the naval school of the Confederacy, and so continued to the end.

After the surrender, he was paroled at Macon, Ga., and returned to Memphis, Tenn., where his first duty was as administrator of his father's estate, he having died in South Carolina in 1864. From the wreck of the estate, he surrendered what might have been his share for the benefit of the younger members of the family, and so began life again with nothing. He engaged in business, and in 1866 was married to the young girl in Macon, Ga., with whom he had fallen in love when he was recuperating in that city from a wound. The next year he located in Macon, where he took an active part in civic affairs, introduced the telephone there, brought water into the city, organized a military company, and otherwise became known and valued as the most progressive of all citizens. He was general agent for five Southern States for one of the strong insurance companies, and was active in the organization of the Southeastern Tariff Association. After twenty-one years in Macon, personal ties called him back to Memphis, where he again established himself in the insurance business. At the age of seventy-three, he decided to retire to his orange grove in Southern Florida, but before the end of the first year of retirement he had bought out an insurance company and was back in the business he loved, and in a State which he came to love as his own and to which he gave the same devoted love and loyalty, always zealous in its advancement. He was a Christian gentleman, and his life was one of service worthy of his forbears—a benediction to his fellow-men and a heritage far beyond riches in value to his descendants.

Captain Carnes is survived by an interesting family of five daughters and two sons, and a number of grandchildren. In the cemetery at Macon, Ga., he was laid away with the loved ones gone before into the spirit land.

---

He is not gone! His presence still is nigh

And lives within our hearts with holiest prayer,

And sweetens all our lives with incense rare

That floats like fragrance to the throne on high.

#### MEMORIAL TO GEN. E. M. LAW.

With appropriate ceremonies, the monument erected to the memory of Gen. E. M. Law, of Florida, on the lawn of the Woman's Club in Bartow, Fla., was unveiled on January 20, 1932, by the Father Ryan Chapter, U. D. C. The program preceding the unveiling was held inside the club house, which was decorated with flags of the Union and the Confederacy and with many flowers of the season. A framed picture of General Law hung on the wall, surrounded by Palm leaves.

Guests were welcomed at the door by Mrs. G. C. Metcalfe, State Vice-President and President of Father Ryan Chapter, U. D. C.; Mrs. C. H. Walker, State Treasurer; and Mrs. T. L. Marquis, Chapter Secretary. In a pleasing talk, Mrs. Ted Jones, President of the Woman's Club, told something of the ideals of our forefathers, and urged the necessity of upholding those ideals and of commemorating historical places and events. Mrs. S. M. Godby, Historian of the Club, gave the history of the monument, how it was hoped to have a more impressive memorial, how the money dedicated to the purpose was lost in a bank failure, and how the Woman's Club erected the present marker on the site of the former home of General Law. Capt. T. W. Gary, speaker of the occasion, gave an interesting talk on his acquaintance with General Law and of some of the General's accomplishments in the war.

General Law was born at Darlington, S. C., in 1836. At the age of twenty, he graduated from The Citadel, the military academy at Charleston, and in 1857 began teaching at King's Mountain Military Academy in York, S. C. When Florida seceded in 1861, young Law led a company of Alabama volunteers and aided materially in capturing Pensacola. Going to Virginia in 1861, Law was wounded in the first battle of Manassas. After distinguishing himself in many battles, he gained particular notice when he dislodged the Federal left wing at Malvern Hill.

While convalescing from the wound received at Manassas, General Law was married to Miss Jane Latta, of York, S. C., and at the close of the war he resumed his teaching at King's Mountain until he went to Florida in 1893. After locating at Bartow, he became a member of the county school board and was editor of the *Courier-Informant*, a weekly newspaper.

A granddaughter of General Law, Mrs. W. C. Norvell, of Lakeland, and a grandson, Latta Law, of the Florida Military Institute at Haines City, unveiled the monument.

## FIRST STATE FLAG OF ALABAMA.

BY MRS. NETTIE L. F. PUCKETT, MONTGOMERY, ALA.  
HISTORIAN SOPHIE BIBB CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The Alabama Legislature of 1860, on February 24, passed a bill looking to the building of a volunteer army and the adoption of a State flag. Governor Andrew Barry Moore at once set about building up a volunteer army, but no record in the press of that day can be found of his movements in regard to the flag.

When Alabama seceded on the 11th of January, 1861, we find this in regard to the flag, in a very valuable volume called "Smith's Debates." Mr. Smith was a member of the Legislature from Tuscaloosa, and recorded almost the entire proceedings of the Legislature at that session. These are the words which he used to describe what occurred on that memorable day:

"Simultaneously with the opening of the doors, a magnificent flag was unfurled in the center of the Hall, so large as to reach nearly across the chamber. Gentlemen mounted upon desks and tables and held up the floating ends in order to be able to display the flag and the figures painted thereon. Mr. Yancy addressed the Convention in behalf of the ladies of Montgomery, who had deputed him to present the Convention this flag—the work of the ladies of Alabama. In the course of his speech, he described the mottoes of the flag and paid a handsome tribute to the ardor of female patriotism. (Unfortunately this speech could not be reproduced.)

"The Montgomery *Advertiser* of January 12, 1861, carried an editorial headed:

### "THE RUBICON IS PASSED.

"Yesterday will form a memorable epoch in the history of Alabama. On that day our gallant little State resumed her sovereignty, and became free and independent. So soon as it was announced that ordinance of Secession had passed, the rejoicing commenced, and the people seemed frenzied with excitement. At the moment the beautiful flag, presented by the ladies to the Convention, was run up on the Capitol, the gun squad began to fire a salute, the beautiful Miss Raoul, of Mount Meigs, applying the first match and Chief Justice Walker, the second. Immediately the first report of the cannon reverberated through the city, the various church bells commenced ringing and shout after shout might have been heard all along the principal streets.

"The flag which now floats from the Capitol is

a unique affair. On one side is a representation of the Goddess of Liberty, holding in her right hand a sword unsheathed, and in the left a small flag with one star. In an arch just above this figure are the words, *Alabama Independent Now and Forever*.

"On the reverse, the prominent figure is a cotton plant with a rattlesnake coiled at its roots. Immediately above the snake are the words *Noli Me Tangere* (Touch me not). Also, on the same side, appears the coat-of-arms of Alabama.

"Speaking of flags reminds us that the moment the first gun was fired, we, by chance, looked in the direction of the palatial residence of our noble-hearted fellow-citizen, Col. Thomas H. Watts, and perceived that he had just thrown to the breezes a beautiful little flag on which a lone star stood out in bold relief. In fact, flags were displayed in nearly every portion of the city."

As time passed on, all knowledge of the first flag of Alabama, known as "The Secession Flag" was overshadowed by the subsequent events of history. It remained for new light to be shed upon it by the chance visit of Miss Frances Hails, of the Department of Archives and History of Alabama, in the year 1929, to Des Moines, Iowa. There she found as the prized possession of the State Historical Department, inclosed in a glass case and hermetically sealed (the case not being less than nine feet long) a silk flag, valued at five hundred dollars, and purported to have been captured by a soldier of that State in Montgomery, Ala. Of course, it was not captured, but taken, as Montgomery surrendered to General Wilson. The flag was folded so as to show both sides as much as possible; and she saw the very figures which have been described above. The colors of the flag were very light blue on one side and several shades darker on the other.

The writer has been trying to discover the artist who painted the figures on the flag, but so far no absolute proof can be secured. There was at that time, in Montgomery, a Mrs. Montgomery who was considered a very fine artist, and it is very probable that she painted it. It is certain that Governor Moore had the flag prepared, and for reasons of state nothing was said in the press about it until the time arrived for its use.

After the adoption of the flag by the Confederate Congress, no doubt it remained floating over the Capitol as the State flag until seized by the enemy.



*THE FORT FISHER MEMORIAL.*

BY MRS. CABELL SMITH, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"The capture of Fort Fisher, N. C., on the 15th of January, 1865, was followed so quickly by the final dissolution of the Southern Confederacy that the great victory was not fully realized by the American people. The position commanded the last gateway between the Confederate States and the outside world. Its capture, with resulting loss of all the Cape Fear River defenses, and of Wilmington, the great importing depot of the South, effectually ended all blockade running. General Lee sent word that Fort Fisher must be held, or he could not subsist his army."

The above was written by Col. William Lamb, C. S. A., and reprinted from "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" in a comprehensive and vivid description of the defense of Fort Fisher.

It is at this strategic point that the North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, elected to place a ten-thousand-dollar monument to commemorate the heroism of the Confederate soldiers engaged in this terrific fight.

Less than four years ago, a committee consisting of Mrs. L. B. Newell, Chairman; Mrs. Heyward G. Taylor, Mrs. Walter Woodard, Mrs. J. Dolph Long, and Mrs. William Peck, was appointed to memorialize this engagement in an appropriate manner. Through the indefatigable interest and energy of the chairman, this objective was accomplished in record-breaking time. An imposing monument of granite and bronze was unveiled on June 2nd, in the presence of a large audience which included many distinguished officials of the State and the Organization. The monument stands twenty-five feet high on a base eight feet square, and is constructed of Mount Airy and Barre granite. On one side a replica in bronze depicts a scene inside of Fort Fisher showing the gallant soldiers of gray manning the guns against a Federal bombardment of the fortress, which withstood the shelling. The opposite side carries the seal of the Confederate States. The following inscription is carved on the third side: "In memory of those men of the Confederate States Army who for more than four years manned the guns of Fort Fisher under the command of Colonel William Lamb, Major General W. H. C. Whiting, and Major James Reilly;" while the fourth side bears this inscription: "During the War between the States, 1861-1865, Fort Fisher was the defense of the last open port of the Confederacy. Here a combined naval and mili-

tary assault by Federal forces was repulsed on December 24 and 25, 1864. The Fort was captured on the night of the 15th of January, 1865, after three days, combined bombardment by more than fifty-five enemy warships and attacks by ten thousand land forces. The garrison of the Fort, nineteen hundred men, was composed entirely of North Carolinians, with the exception of three hundred and fifty South Carolinians."

In the historic area known as "Battle Acre," a huge sign makes this declaration: "Here occurred the world's greatest bombardment. The Fort was stormed by the Federal fleet of fifty-five war vessels on December the 24 and 25, 1864, and on January 13-15, 1865. Northeast of this was the Corner Salient where a force of 2,000 U. S. sailors and marines was repulsed on January 15. To the Northwest was the Sallyport where the Federal army entered on the night of January 15."

The remarkable activities of this section are chronicled on other markers which tell of deeds of bravery worthy of being written in letters of fire. One of these, erected in 1921, reads: "Here stood the headquarters of Fort Fisher. The construction of the Fort began in the summer of 1862, under the direction of Colonel William Lamb, Commandant, who, with Gen. W. H. C. Whiting and Major James Reilly, served until the Fort was captured on January 15, 1865. Each of the bombardments by the Federal fleet of December 24 and 25, 1864, and January 13-15, 1865, was heavier than any other naval demonstration in the history of the world. In the January attack were engaged 58 warships, which landed with attendant transports an army of about 10,000 men. Fort Fisher protected against Federal opposition a large and important foreign trade in war supplies, necessary to the existence of the Confederacy. Near this point stood a flag staff of Fort Fisher which was shattered by a Federal shell on December 24, 1864. A new staff was erected, and Private Christopher C. Bland, of the 36th North Carolina Regiment, volunteered during heavy bombardment to replace the staff. It was shot down, and Bland once more climbed the staff and attached the colors."

Some distance away another marker tells this story. "At this point January 13, 1865, the largest army that ever landed on the Atlantic Coast, 10,000 soldiers, sailors, and marines landed while 58 warships were bombarding Fort Fisher. This army landed from thirteen transports and spread their picket lines to the Cape Fear River so that

the Confederates could not escape from Fort Fisher. Generals Curtis and Terry were in command of the Federal forces." This marker was erected by the North Carolina Historical Commission and Capt. E. D. Williams.

It was to this historic ground, about twenty-one miles from Wilmington, N. C., that the vast concourse of visitors was transported to witness the unveiling ceremonies. Mrs. L. B. Newell, Chairman of the Committee, presided over these ceremonies. As a fitting opening on this momentous occasion, Mrs. Newell said:

"Confederate Veterans, Madame President, Governor and Mrs. Gardner, and Friends: We assemble today for the completion of a cherished objective. It is the glory of all men in all ages to honor heroes. North Carolina Daughters of the Confederacy ask you to join in this high privilege. A few survivors of a magnificent army dignify the gathering, descendants of the men whose immortal names adorn the monument, to witness its

dedication, prominent officials of the State and the organization speak words of congratulation, and the stainless flag of the Confederacy waves a benediction. We will ask Bishop Darst to direct our thoughts with a word of prayer."

After the invocation by Bishop Thomas C. Darst, Mrs. Newell introduced Governor O. Max Gardner, who gave a comprehensive history of the Confederate forces in this vicinity. At the conclusion of this scholarly address, a huge Confederate flag, nearly eight feet square, was hoisted on a pole forty feet high by three descendants of Confederate veterans: Junius Robert Gaither, Jr., Mary Scott Symmes, and Hector McLean.

Mrs. Glenn Long, President of the North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was then presented. Mrs. Long spoke with great power and feeling of the services rendered by Confederate heroes and the lasting effect of their sacrifice. Her address elicited vociferous applause. While the band played "The Old North



PROMINENT PARTICIPANTS IN DEDICATION AT FORT FISHER.

In the group are members of the Committee, Mrs. L. B. Newell, Chairman; Governor and Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Glenn Long, President North Carolina Division, U. D. C.; and Gen. William A. Smith (seated), Commander North Carolina Division, U. C. V.



State" and the audience stood at attention, the monument was unveiled by Ethel McDonald, Jane Emerson, Dorothy Long, and Kenneth Sprunt.

The platform pages were Louise Woodard, Louise Daniel Brown, and Beryl Brawley, and the platform marshals, Howard Mayo, George Long, and William Peck.

Gen. William A. Smith, Commander of the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., was introduced and spoke a word of congratulation and greeting. Mrs. John H. Anderson, Historian General, United Daughters of the Confederacy, represented the President General, Mrs. William E. R. Byrne, and voiced her own pride in her State's achievement, as well as the commendation of the general organization.

Mrs. I. W. Faison, Honorary President of the North Carolina Division, and the members of the executive board were also presented.

After the rendition of "Dixie" by the band, a salute was fired by the Wilmington Light Infantry, and Taps was sounded.

The cavalcade returned to Wilmington, where an elaborate luncheon was served the guests by the city. Mayor Walter C. Blair presided at the luncheon and presented many of the distinguished visitors, among whom were five Confederate veterans.

Mr. Louis Moore, Secretary of the Wilmington Chamber of Commerce, furnished the following historical statement: "The War between the States began in April, 1861. In January, 1861, four months prior to the above date, a Wilmington military company, led by two men of the city, Colonel Hedrick and Colonel Cantwell (later made Colonels in the Confederate army) marched to Southport, went to Fort Caswell, then in charge of a Federal garrison, captured the Fort, made the garrison prisoners, and officially presented the captured Fort to the Governor of North Carolina. The Governor, the next day, ordered the fort returned to the Federal government. Thus it can be rightly claimed that the War between the States started at Fort Caswell, ten miles south of Fort Fisher, and ended four years later with the fall of Fort Fisher."

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone  
In deathless song shall tell.  
When many a vanished age hath flown,  
The story how ye fell.

—Theodore O'Hara.

## FORT FISHER.

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

On June 2nd, Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina dedicated a monument on the site of Fort Fisher, the fort that during the War between the States became of such great value to the Confederacy.

About five miles from its mouth, in the remote past, the Cape Fear River had broken through its eastern bank, creating an inlet through which vessels could pass. Several days after Lincoln called for troops to invade the South, Captain Bolles built a two-gun battery to command that inlet, and Captain DeRossett's "Wilmington Light Infantry" was stationed there.

As time passed and other fortifications were erected, a casemate battery was built near by. Then, in the summer, a much larger open battery was constructed. It was under the command of Major Hendrick, of Wilmington. I was then a Lieutenant under Capt. J. C. Winder, who was of the Engineer and Artillery Corps, and I put this fortification in order—ready for battle.

In July, 1862, Col. William Lamb, a Virginia officer, was put in command, and he greatly enlarged the Fort, building heavy traverses between the guns and casements, and a high mound commanding the inlet. The Fort was deemed impregnable. It was regarded as a veritable Malakoff! Its value to the Confederacy in keeping "New Inlet" cannot be estimated. It was worth billions to us for the ammunition and stores that reached us through the shield of its guns.

At length, in December, 1864, the Federals bombarded that Fort, and landed a force, which, however, did not make a land attack.

On the occasion of this first attack under General Butler, a shipload of powder was exploded near the Fort, but without doing any damage. The fire of the Federal vessels, being directed to the land face of the fort, cleared the parapet of its defenders so that the Federal land force under General Weitzel advanced to within fifty yards of the Fort, but they then withdrew. Christmas Day was signalized by a still heavier bombardment. It was fearful, but it ended with joy. The Malakoff of America brought glory to its resolute defenders! General Butler withdrew his troops and his vessels sailed away!

Now Governor Vance and the Ladies Relief Society hastened to come to the Fort, and hurrahed with the victorious garrison in their glorious de-

fense, and they congratulated the commanders, General Whiting and Colonel William Lamb, on their success.

During the bombardment the spirit of the garrison was well displayed by a notable incident. The garrison flag on its high staff had been cut away. Private Kit Bland, of Company E, 36th North Carolina Regiment, volunteered to replace it. Rivaling Sergeant Jasper of the Revolution, amid shot and shell flying fast around him, he climbed the staff and tied the flag to its pole.

When Butler's army returned to Fortress Monroe there was great disappointment; especially did Admiral Porter complain bitterly. He declared that the Fort could be taken easily. The Federal authorities agreed with Porter, and a second expedition was at once dispatched.

On the morning of January 13, the new fleet took position in three lines along the beach, and landed an army with twelve days' provisions and much ammunition and small artillery. By 7:30 A.M., the ironclads near the fort were at their work, and the guns on the land face were silenced. The army hurried to throw up a line of field trenches from the beach to the river, which they occupied under the protection of the guns of the fleet. And now Fort Fisher was cut off from its land approaches. General Whiting, in his report, says: "On Saturday the fire upon the Fort reached a pitch of fury to which no language can do justice. Nearly every gun in the Fort was dismantled or disabled. On Sunday, the 15th, Colonel Graham, coming by water down the river, left at the Fort some four hundred men of Colquitt's South Carolina Brigade. He would have landed more, but the fire of the fleet drove his vessel away.

In addition to the Federal troops on the land side, the marines and sailors of the fleet formed a column, attacking the Fort on the ocean front. The Federal troops divided, a part holding the trenches and the river bank, while the other part approached the Fort from the north along the beach. In view of that possibility, many torpedoes had been placed in the sand to prevent such an approach, but the fire of the guns of the fleet was directed in advance of these troops, plowing up these torpedoes, and rendering them harmless.

At length the Federal force gained the parapet and established itself in two compartments. A hand to hand combat, led by General Whiting and Colonel Lamb, now followed, but without avail. These leaders themselves fell, and the command

devolved on Major Reilly. The murderous contest continued. Every inch was fought for, but the Federals outnumbered the garrison. By nine o'clock further effort was hopeless. In despair, the garrison, taking the wounded Whiting and Lamb and others along with them, withdrew amid shrieking shells to Fort Buchanan, farther to the south, and at the river's edge. On reaching there, they found that the garrison had already evacuated it, taking away all the boats. The disappointed Confederates had to bow themselves down to their fate; and, when the Federals reached that point, they surrendered.

The wounded Whiting died a prisoner, but Colonel Lamb and Captain Reilly survived.

In this second attack, the Federals used 20,271 projectiles weighing 1,652,638 pounds. They lost 1,445 men, the loss of the garrison being about 500.

## WHERE LINCOLN WABBLLED.

BY C. E. GILBERT, HOUSTON, TEX.

I read with interest Miss Mary D. Carter's article on "Where Lincoln Stood" in the May issue, and I would add another instance of his "standing." It has been difficult to catch his poses, as he usually was on the "move" from one position to another.

It is rather notable that Mr. Lincoln did not stand very long on one position. He was quoted on both sides of about every issue which agitated the public mind from 1855 to 1865. He favored secession and then opposed it. He declared the negro was unfit for the ballot or citizenship, and yet he urged Andrew Johnston as his Military Governor of Tennessee to organize 50,000 negro troops—that with these along the Mississippi River the war would be ended in thirty days, but didn't say how, when 700,000 of the best white Northern men had failed to end it in over two years.

When declaring for "equal rights to all men," he wrote to Alexander H. Stevens after his election that he need have no fear that he would "ever offer to interfere" with their institutions, and yet he signed a proclamation in September, 1863, which purported to free the negroes of the Confederate States, while especially exempting those of the Northern and border States, admitting that there was no authority for it—but negro insurrection in the South might result.

Then, along this line, in 1859 he signed a pledge



of \$100 to John Brown's fund for arming the negroes of Virginia against the whites, who were to be persuaded to "rise up against the whites" and assert their liberty. But his friends claim for him "a kindly heart."

The Republican platform upon which he was elected declared it "the gravest of crimes to send an armed force into a State to coerce a State," and yet within a few weeks after his election, and before he was inaugurated, he sent word to General Scott to "be ready to retake the forts of the South" as soon as he was inaugurated, "and to the commandants of Forts Sumter and Pickens to "hold the forts" as he would send re-enforcements. While he was talking peace, he was organizing for war.

Let all the Truth come to the front.

Future generations are entitled to it.

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### A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

BY MRS. M. H. WEEDEN, FLORENCE, ALA.

In the spring of 1863 a large force of Federals under General Wilson was encamped near Florence, Ala. Our home was two miles from this place. My father, ex-Governor Robert M. Patton, mother, two small brothers, my sister and her husband, who was crippled in the service, and I comprised the household.

We had retired to our rooms when there was a knock at father's window, and our faithful servant, Ed, called, "Master, open the door quick." He told my father that a squad of Federal soldiers was coming into the house to rob and plunder. Ed assisted father to dress and called the rest of us.

Just then the soldiers were knocking on the side door. Ed opened the door and ten soldiers stamped into the room and made straight for the stairway, at the top of which were our rooms. Ed ran ahead, and, placing himself on the stairs with arms outstretched, exclaimed: "If you have come to rob the house, you can't go upstairs. My young mistresses are up there. You must wait until they come down. I shall show you through this floor first."

They plundered through our handsome double parlors, taking many ornaments we had gathered. Then they went into mother's room, emptied everything from the bureau and wardrobe and threw mattresses and feather beds onto the floor (springs were not known then).

We were all gathered in the dining-room, and when these creatures came into the presence of ladies and gentlemen, they were embarrassed. Ed

stood behind his master's chair and would have gladly given his life if any harm had come to my father.

The day before, the soldiers had dashed over our pretty yard and flower beds shooting the turkeys and all living fowls. Two of the turkeys, overlooked by the men, were found by the cook and, after being cooked, were placed on the side-board. My father said to the men, "If you would like to have something to eat, there is a turkey my wife has had cooked. Help yourselves." Those ten men stood around the table and ate the two turkeys hurriedly.

As we sat in the dining-room, all the soldiers left except two. One of them stepped over to my brother-in-law and demanded his purse. He gave it to him, filled with Confederate money. The soldier then demanded his watch. He replied, "I am not wearing a watch." The soldier then stepped to my father and demanded his watch. He had none, as I was wearing it at the time. He then asked for his rings and father gave him one I had seen him use many times in the past.

My mother, exhausted from fright, went into her room accompanied by a servant girl, to lie down. Presently a scream was heard, and my father rushed to her room. As he entered, he found one of the soldiers on his knees searching for hidden treasures. Father exclaimed, "How dare you touch my wife!" Mother had dropped a well-filled purse from her sleeve; the money she did not think of, but the loss of the three diamond studs of my brother, lost at Shiloh, was a great grief to her.

These United States soldiers were in the house from ten P.M. until four A.M. My father said, after they had departed with the warning, "If there is a light here in ten minutes, the house will be burned," that God had been good to protect us from harm, and that we should offer thanks. We all knelt, and he prayed a prayer of thanks.

The faithful servant, Ed, found a soldier on the porch and one at the gate, keeping guard.

[Mrs. Weeden, now in her ninety-first year, is Historian of the Florence Chapter, and recently wrote these reminiscences.]

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"I sigh for the land of the cypress and pine,  
Where the jessamine blooms, and the gay woodbine;  
Where the moss droops low from the green oak-tree—  
Oh, the sun-bright land is the land for me!"

THE SOUTH AND EDUCATION.

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, HISTORIAN GENERAL,  
U. D. C.

(Continued from June number)

Although the Southern States gave to the Union vast domains, which were used to pay a common debt, yet when it freed the negroes and made them citizens, it did not give from its overflowing treasury funds to educate them for the duties of free men and citizens. Surely, this great government might have lent a helping hand to the South, whose white population bore this burden of taxation in its financial distress.

No other people has ever had to contend with such a problem as has the South. The Southern taxpayer has performed a great task, for our negro schools are all supported out of the public treasury, to which the negro race pays a small part.

No relief came till the people of the South finally rose in their might and drove the despoilers from their places of power and destruction and assumed the reins of government. Education now became the issue of the greatest importance to every Southern State (as they came under Democratic control), for it was felt that the full recovery of this land depended on the education of its people.

Capt. S. A. Ashe, in his valuable *History of North Carolina*, has this to say of that State's restoration to power in 1870:

"With the overthrow of the military and the return to civil authority, with the complete victory at the polls, the white people of the State experienced a feeling of relief that cannot be expressed. This notable Assembly was elected as if in a whirlwind, in this time that tried men's souls in 1870. Sweeping from power the corrupt conquerors, it had with prudence restored constitutional government, reversed the policies of the carpetbaggers and negroes, and had rescued the State from the dangers that threatened its civilization. The leadership and prevailing spirit were equal to the emergencies, with no question of personal ambition disturbing these former soldiers of Lee and Jackson."

This could be said of the other Southern States in their return to civil government.

Annual appropriations from every State began to rapidly increase, and education again became the important goal of the South. As appreciation of education grew, there was an advance in the life and thought of every community. All through

this hard period the press of the South was the truest "tocsin" of public education, always emphasizing the fact that this was the only means of rebuilding. Many other agencies contributed toward this accomplishment, educational campaigns being fostered by the Southern Education Board.

During these discouraging years which followed the war, to the stricken South came the Peabody Fund, given by George Peabody, a Northern man, to assist in educational work. "Free schools for the whole people" became the motto and aim of this fund. North Carolina was one of the first States to enjoy the income from this endowment, and during the first decade nearly a million dollars was distributed by it in public education. The South raised during that time for educational purposes between two and three million dollars. George Peabody will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the Southern States.

As a result of the revival movement in public education, impetus was also given to high schools, which began to be established in the rural communities and as a part of the State school system. Renewed efforts were then made to eliminate illiteracy and to provide more intelligent training in the duties of citizenship. The "moonlight schools" have been the means for stamping out illiteracy among adults, and illiteracy commissions have been formed in many States of the South. Just after the war not one of the Southern States had a normal school for either race. Now every Southern State has one or more such schools, and has State established, State controlled, State supported normal schools for both races. (It will be of interest to note that the first normal school in the South was at Charleston, S. C., 1857, though its work was interrupted by the war.)

In medical education, the South has achieved a standard to which it may point with pride, and has its full share in advancing this great science. The great advance in physical science also shows that the South is taking a worthy share among the nation's chemists.

WOMAN'S PART IN EDUCATIONAL ADVANCE.

The woman of the South has played an increasingly large part in the rapid advancement of her section, and her influence has been exerted in stimulating activities in public education and in the various organizations under her zealous leadership. Through the United Daughters of the Confederacy, scholarships are being given in edu-



educational institutions as memorials to the soldiers of the Confederacy. Other patriotic organizations, as well as the Women's Federation of Clubs, are sponsoring scholarships. The Woman's Parent-Teacher Association is a live factor today in stimulating educational activities.

The advancement in the sphere of woman's education throughout the South today has been a great factor in the progress of the country.

#### INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

After Reconstruction, the Southern people realized that they must develop the skill of their hands and train the powers of their brains in order to pull themselves out of this period of desolation. Confidence in their ability to rise superior to disaster was placed in education, and they made it their first policy to revive and strengthen their schools and colleges.

Congressional funds allotted to each State of the Union for endowing agricultural and mechanical colleges were stolen by the "carpetbaggers" and negroes during nearly ten years of Reconstruction days in the South; so when the white people came into possession of their State governments (about 1872), they met with great difficulties in restoring these funds. The South awoke to the fact that its people must be educated along mechanical, agricultural, and industrial lines.

With this educational system as the foundation, progress was seen in a wide development of industry for the South, for it had now especially well defined economic interests, farmers were being taught the best methods of scientific cultivation, and libraries were penetrating into the rural districts. Activity was seen in every direction, and the Southern man was being educated in industrial channels. The South now began to solve her own problems of the cultivation of the soil, of reducing the percentage of death by eradicating causes of disease, of making the earth yield the wealth hidden within, of harnessing to the factory wheels the water powers running to waste in the streams; all this the result of resources put forth under the control of the educated mind and hand.

The undeveloped resources of this section called for the trained worker, the civil, mining, mechanical engineer. Textile schools went hand in hand with the cotton mills, and it was said truly that "over all had become the symbol of intellectual training as well as the cap and gown."

War developed scientific skill and ingenuity in

the South; so when technical training began in our institutions of learning, the South's youth made rapid strides along these lines.

The movement to combine public education with the industrial life of the people has done much for vocational education. The corn clubs for rural boys and girls serve important educational and economic purposes, and manual training has found a ready response in the high schools of town and country.

The educational training for our youth along all these lines has helped place the South high in the economic life of the Nation. The year 1880 marked the beginning of the South's renaissance. Figures show that the South made a far better showing than the rest of the country during that time.

Material progress is built on educational progress, and all the educational progress of the South since the war has been accompanied by a material advance equally as great. The building of our railroads, the continued development of our agricultural interests, the employment of our unused water power and the working of our inexhaustible mines of gold, copper, coal, iron, mica, and many other minerals, and our splendid system of highways—all these developments have followed our great educational revival. The result of this is seen today in the accession of northern capitalists and skilled laborers, as the tide of immigration has hastened southward.

Industrial advancement has furnished and will continue to furnish an ever increasing opportunity for the youth of the south to find profitable employment in their own section.

It is because the men and women of a generation ago struggled so valiantly for education as the means of the South's recovery that we today have been able to cope so valiantly with the difficulties of the present era of financial depression.

The South did well when she dedicated herself to a policy of constructive education. At the 1931 annual session of Educators of North Carolina, the following facts were brought out in the very illuminating talks made by leading educators on what education has and is accomplishing as a means of advancement for the South. We quote these to show to what our advancement has been due.

Education has been an investment which has increased productivity and wealth. It has provided a market for the output of industry. Education has lifted the standard of living, and has

given a trained and informed people the basis of prosperity. Education has been a powerful ally of business. It is our most productive and basic industry. Education has made an environment for health, safety, thrift, good citizenship, and good business. Education has made our natural resources valuable. It has paid the best dividends in good citizenship. It has increased the skill and effectiveness of the worker. Agricultural education has more than paid its cost.

And the sum of all these facts: The surest road for civilized states to travel for economic prosperity and to moral and physical advancement is the road that leads through the schoolhouse.

Most masterfully did Dr. Frank Graham, newly elected President of the University of North Carolina, in addressing the Legislature in January, 1931, paint the picture of the effects of the policy on this State of educational retrenchment. "This," he said, "is the greatest crisis since the carpet-baggers closed the doors of the University in the sixties." A few high lights from President Graham's statement have served to emphasize what education in North Carolina has accomplished in the place which this Southern State now holds in the nation.

"The efficiency and productive value of public education is the chief business of the commonwealth. We should remember that the schools and colleges are the chief resources in the long run by which a State's debt may be paid off. To tear down is a wasteful way to pay up. Youth is eternally resurgent with the resources of recovery and advance.

"We must build on the solid ground of public health, public welfare, and *public education* as the foundations of an intellectually effective, economically productive, and a spiritually beautiful civilization. Rising from the ruins of Reconstruction, this institution of learning has for fifty years been gradually building and is a great scientific and economic asset to North Carolina.

"More powerful for economic recovery than any turbogenerator in the South is the library, with all its powers and possibilities for playing an organic part in the building of a creative State.

"The people of the South in the midst of war and desolation, maintained their educational institutions against great depressive odds. In the midst of the post-war ruins, they turned to the schools and colleges as the way of recovery and advance. They caught the profound significance of the philosophy of Lee when, above the wreck-

age of 1867, he called to the depressed spirit of a broken people with the plea for education as the best way to bring prosperity back to the South. An example truly to his and our generation. Under God, North Carolina will not turn back."

It was the former President, Harry W. Chase, who said that "education is the insurance which a generation takes out on the future of its community and of its State. It is an investment, and the most solid and enduring investment which a State can make in the future competence of its own citizenship.

"The South in her advanced position today realizes that the problems of government have yielded to the operations of the intellect. So Southern youths are now trained in ways to fit them to be masters of their own heritage, this through education, the State's largest life insurance policy on its own prosperity, and most important instrument of securing its own place in the Nation."

#### RECOVERY.

In going over the current *Blue Book of Southern Progress*, 1930, we find that the advancement of the South since the war is unlike that of any other section of the world.

When we consider that education was the foundation on which the South's industrial development has been based, we are impressed by the greatness and rapidity of its material progress.

When we consider the adverse conditions under which the South has fought for advancement since the war, the results are simply remarkable.

Will it not take Belgium one hundred years to recover her former prestige?

Compare our conditions in 1867, and read of our accomplishments to the present time.

Governor Aycock prophesied in 1900 that "if North Carolina adopted his program for public education, the people would see the State blossom like a rose in increased prosperity during the next decade." His prediction was as literally fulfilled as were any of the prophecies of biblical times.

That conservative journal, the *Manufacturers Record*, gives the statement that from 1900 to 1927 this State's material wealth has been multiplied eight times, with \$200,000,000 during this time invested in education.

The only thing that has changed in this State during those twenty-seven years was educating its youth. A very fine investment, in an increase of property amounting to four and a half billion dollars. We also had at the end of that period \$349,000,000 more in cash in the banks than we



had at the beginning of 1900. The examples of our economic, industrial, and material growth could be multiplied many times over.

The tremendous influence which education has had toward advancing the South since the war has gone far beyond mere statistics. It has influenced every phase of our existence and activity. Not only in the schools themselves, but in every industrial enterprise, for more jobs have been created, payrolls enlarged, and huge additions to tax values made.

So we find that the advance of the South since the war has been through the guiding hand of education in every field, intellectually and materially.

In his *American Epoch*, Dr. Horace Odum gives us a portraiture of the South of today, in its advance since the war through education: "This is a South set to the task of conserving and developing its boundless resources in materials and men; a South measuring its efforts only by the highest standards of excellence; a South capable and willing to work out its problems by means of scientific methods and persistent efforts; an American South of new achievements, representative of the best America can produce."

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We have endeavored to state some of the facts showing that educationally, industrially, and economically the South has made a complete recovery and has advanced to a greater place than before its "tragic era." In spite of the ruins of war, the South has now entered upon an era of power inconceivable, never before attained by any defeated people in so short a time.

We feel the force of our new Educational South in the immortal address of Henry Grady, delivered in 1886, in New England:

"The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. She stands upright, full statured, and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking upon the expanded horizon."

"Yes, give me the land of the wreck and tomb,  
There's grandeur in graves, there's glory in gloom.

For out of the night future brightness is born,  
As, after the night, looms the sunrise of morn."

## UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA COMPANIES.

BY CAPT. JOHN M. PAYNE, AMHERST, VA.

Now in my ninety-second year, I am probably the last survivor of the Alumni of the University of Virginia.

The Presidential campaign of 1860 was indeed a hot one. The South was controlled by the Fire-Eaters. Virginia was more conservative and voted for Bell and Everett, candidates of the "Constitutional Union Party," whose platform was "The Union, the Constitution and the Enforcements of the Laws." This showed that Virginia had not then any desire to secede. But after the election of Lincoln things moved rapidly. South Carolina seceded on December 20, 1860, and was followed by Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas, in the order named.

The Virginia Legislature, which had met in regular session on the first Monday in December, called a Convention to consider the question of secession. This Convention met February 13, 1861, and was composed of a majority of Union men, especially those who came from the section now called West Virginia.

The beginning of the War, so far as Virginia is concerned, may date from Monday, April 15, 1861, for on that date appeared Lincoln's proclamation for 75,000 men "to crush the Rebellion," which hurried up the Virginia Convention and compelled it to secede on Wednesday, April 17. At that time the Union Party was led by ex-President Tyler, A. H. H. Stuart, John B. Baldwin, Jubal A. Early, and other prominent men. When a Northern friend wrote to Mr. Baldwin to know what the Union men of Virginia would do, he replied, "There are no Union men in Virginia now," which was true except in that part of the State now called West Virginia.

At the University of Virginia, in the fall of 1860, two companies of students were organized—The Southern Guard, E. S. Hutter, Captain, and The Sons of Liberty, J. T. Toch, Captain. We drilled a good deal before the winter set in and after the cold weather, began again. The Southern Guard wore black pants and a light blue shirt, while The Sons of Liberty had red shirts. The Governor let us have muskets, and we soon made a handsome appearance on the lawn of the University as accurately drilled companies.

On Wednesday, April 17, Capt. R. T. W. Duke returned from Richmond with authority from the Governor to take the two volunteer companies of

Charlottesville—the “Albemarle Rifles,” Captain Duke, and the Monticello Guard, Captain Mallory—to Harper’s Ferry, where the United States Armory was located, with the view of capturing arms, machinery, etc.

Our two companies of students were invited to join in this expedition. This invitation was received with so much enthusiasm by us that the Chairman of the University, the Faculty concurring, deemed it inexpedient to oppose an official interdict to its acceptance.

We got ready immediately and left at nine P.M., in box cars, for Strasburg. With us went the West Augusta Guard, the Mountain Guard, and Imboden’s Battery from Augusta County, and we took up several volunteer companies along the railroad until we reached Strasburg at twelve o’clock on Thursday. There was no railroad between Strasburg and Winchester, and we marched the eighteen miles between one and eight o’clock, P.M.—pretty good marching considering it was our first effort. Wagons were along to carry the little baggage we had and to relieve us, but most of the men marched the whole way.

We stopped in Winchester only long enough to take supper given us at different private homes. The citizens welcomed us with lavish hospitality, though some, not knowing that this movement was authorized by Governor Letcher, and it was not known publicly that Virginia had seceded, thought it was a move of the self-constituted secession convention which had met in Richmond on Tuesday, April 16, and the fact of which meeting probably helped to hurry up the regular Convention.

About nine o’clock P.M. we started on the train for Harper’s Ferry, only thirty-two miles distant, but such was the slowness of the train and the uncertainty of the commanding officers as to what force we should find at Harper’s Ferry that we did not reach there until four o’clock the next morning, about seven hours after Lieutenant Jones, of the United States Army, with a handful of men, had set fire to the Armory buildings and retreated toward Carlisle, Pa. We learned that some of the Clark and Jefferson County companies had gotten in the neighborhood the evening before in time to have prevented this fire and saved the buildings, arms, etc., but they were ignorant of the force at the Ferry and delayed the attack. The fire was put out, and a great deal of valuable machinery was saved and afterwards removed to Richmond, where it did good work during the entire war.

It is quite amusing to think of the way military affairs were conducted at Harper’s Ferry when we first went there. Militia officers, with plumes in their hats and epaulets on their shoulders, were strutting around, and private soldiers with waving plumes. One company dressed like the Continental soldiers of the Revolution. Gen. W. H. Harman—Brigadier General of the Virginia Militia—was in command until Gen. Kenton Harper, Major General of Virginia Militia, arrived. Gen. Gilbert S. Meem, Brigadier Virginia Militia, was also there. Afterwards, General Harper became Colonel of the 5th Virginia Regiment, and General Harman became Lieutenant Colonel. General Meem commanded a brigade of Virginia militia under Stonewall Jackson on his Bath and Romney Expedition. This brigade was afterwards disbanded and the men volunteered or were conscripted.

On Friday, April 19, the day we reached Harper’s Ferry, the Baltimore outbreak took place, and when we received the news we were greatly elated, thinking that Maryland would join with us; but this idea soon died out.

We had alarms continually. Saturday morning, April 20, the Southern Guard was turned out to attack the train which was said to be coming loaded with Federal troops. And about eleven o’clock that night, we were aroused and ordered to go up on London Heights and support Imboden’s Battery. We stayed up there all night; and the next morning, Sunday, we scrambled down the mountain and returned to our barracks.

The next day, Sunday, we learned that the Governor had ordered the Charlottesville Battalion, as our four companies under Capt. George Carr (formerly of the U. S. Army) were called, to return home. And that evening we left for Winchester, where we remained all night, and went to Strasburg the next morning in wagons provided for our accommodation. We took cars and reached the University about supper time.

We were all very tired and sought our beds as soon as possible. On the whole, we were much pleased with this expedition, and considered it was fine fun in those days.

Soon after reaching the University our company requested the Governor, through our Captain, Ned Hutter, to accept our services, but he and General Lee, then commanding in Virginia, refused, saying it was “too much good material to be put in one company.” So our Company was disbanded and gave up its arms, and its members



were directed to return to their homes and start from there.

I was a Lieutenant in the Southern Guard, and, when the company was disbanded, I went to Richmond and was introduced to the Governor by the Hon. Ballard Preston, of Montgomery County, and asked for a Commission in the army of ten thousand men which Virginia then proposed to raise. The Governor said that he would give me one. I went back to the University and expected every day to hear from this commission, and several weeks went by; no commission came. Then I concluded to go to Richmond and see about it. I got to the Exchange Hotel, and can now remember what a crowd of prominent people I saw there that evening.

The next morning, I was hailed by a fellow student, who said: "Payne, there is a commission for you at the Adjutant General's office." So I put out for this place with quick steps, I entered the building and knocked on a door, and as I opened the door there was General Lee at a table. I saluted and said: "I hear that there is a commission for me." "The next door," said the General. In the next room, I saw Colonel Garnett sitting at the upper end of a long table. He was soon afterwards killed at Carrick's Ford, in West Virginia. Saluted the Colonel, I asked, "What is it?" "I hear that there is a Commission for me." Col. W. H. Taylor, afterwards on General Lee's staff, arose and got a bundle of papers and handed me my commission as Lieutenant.

I was wonderfully well pleased, and when I went back to the hotel, I could not help showing the commission to the Clerk. He asked, "Are you a relative of Colonel Matthew Payne?" "Oh, yes," said I. "Go and call on him; the old gentleman is very lonesome." A servant showed me the room. The Colonel, now an aged man, had been wounded in Mexico, and he was still in the United States Army. He most kindly welcomed me and we talked for some time about mutual relatives. When I showed him my commission, he read it carefully, then he said, "My boy, you must formally accept this commission," and told me how to do so. This information was of great value to me afterwards.

I went back to the University, packed up my books and went home, and the next day received orders to report to Col. J. A. Early, then commanding in Lynchburg. I became a drill master at the camp of instruction for the 24th, 28th, and 42nd Virginia Regiments. When the 42nd regiment moved, I was detailed to command one of the

companies, which I did until we reached Pocahontas County, when I was assigned to the Irish Battalion.

This Battalion, consisting of five companies of enlisted men, was all that Virginia enlisted when she tried to raise ten thousand men. It was generally called the Irish Battalion. I was able to hold my commission when many other commissions were vacated.

I served in this Battalion under General Lee and General Loring on Valley Mountain, where we had a very rough time. At the end of December, General Loring's command marched to Winchester and joined Stonewall Jackson, whom I served under from his Bath and Romney campaign to the battle of Fredericksburg. After that I was transferred to the Confederate Ordnance Corps, stationed in Wilmington, N. C., and put in charge of the ordnance stores brought through the blockade at that port. More than a hundred thousand muskets and many tons of lead and saltpeter passed through my hands.

When Wilmington was lost in January, 1865, I was ordered to establish an Ordnance Depot at Greensboro, N. C., and this found me in charge of Ordnance at General Johnston's surrender on the 26th of April, when it became my duty to turn over to General Sherman's officer the arms of the last Confederate army.

In conclusion I will mention that during the war, on December 2, 1863, I married Miss Elizabeth Allen Langhorne, daughter of John Archer and Margaret Kent Langhorne, and since the war we have lived a long, harmonious life, devoted to our children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, until now we are the oldest members of our respective families in both sides.

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#### COLONEL HUGH M. KING.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

Sometime during 1859 or '60, to the town of Bainbridge, Ga., where the author of this little story lived and was spending his youthful days as a student in the schools of the town, a handsome gentleman from Columbus, Ga., or somewhere in that part of the State, came to make his home. Colonel King was an elegant-looking man, tall, and always well dressed. He allowed his full beard to grow and this, I thought, added very much to his personal appearance. He was a lawyer and newspaper man, connected in some way with a paper published there at the time by Rev. Willis M. Russel, a Methodist preacher.

He had recently married a wife who was, like himself, evidently of a noble family, but for some reason they appeared somewhat exclusive and did not mix much with other citizens. This caused some people to talk and say their aloofness was caused by his reduced financial circumstances, that he had married his wife in spite of bitter opposition on the part of her people, and they had been disinherited. I don't know how true or false that was, but they rented a house in the suburbs of the city back of the schoolhouse in a rather lonesome place, and few people ever visited them.

In the old days it was a great pleasure for the schoolboys, with the permission of the teacher, to take the bucket and hie away to some house and bring water for the school, and, as Colonel King's house was most convenient, we usually went there. Boys were sometimes very rude when they got from under the eye of the teacher, but we always went in and got the water and out as quietly as possible so as not to disturb in any way the beautiful Mrs. King, who was always at home by herself, and, when seen, appeared to be sad and lonesome. We had the highest regard for her and Colonel King, and refrained from doing anything to give them offense. We thought it required a great bridge to span the chasm between us and Colonel King, and we respected him and his wife accordingly.

At that time people went on in their old way, following their usual avocations apparently indifferent to the future, so pregnant with great events. The muttering thunder and clouds of war that had been assembling for so many decades were now about to break and deluge our country in blood. It did not require an inspired prophet to see this. Even a schoolboy like myself could do that if he had a mind to. Our wisest statesmen were already engaged in this strife, and had been for a long time in Washington, D. C., and in Kansas a state of actual war was in progress. Every visitor to the North came back and told our citizens of the hostile feeling of that section for our Southland.

A long time before the election in the fall of 1860, it was evident that Lincoln would be elected; that neither Mr. Douglas nor Mr. Breckenridge, nor Mr. Bell had the slightest chance, yet the supporters of each of these candidates appeared confident to the last that their man would be elected; and when the result was known, all seemed to be surprised and disappointed.

Everybody in the South, even schoolboys who were not expected to be students of the signs of

the times, knew that this turn of events meant war. Those at the North, except those who had worked so long to bring about this very thing, alone seemed to be ignorant and surprised.

Saddened and disappointed by an event that meant so much to them, our people were sobered and soon lost sight of the minor issue that had heretofore divided them; many declared that they would rather die than to live under a government presided over by a man who was looked upon as an avowed enemy of the South, and everybody was for war. Even the schoolboys were ready to take up arms and fight. Could they, the sons of Revolutionary fathers who had fought under Washington, Marion, and Greene for our independence, submit to live under the government of an enemy more hated than England? No, no! They would rather die.

In our town we already had a well organized military company composed of the finest fellows in the city and surrounding country. They were well armed, drilled, and fitted out in a showy uniform. These offered their services to the Governor of the State, and, leaving home on March 17, 1861, became a part of the 1st Georgia Regiment, Confederate States Army.

As soon as these were gone, Col. Hugh M. King, Col. Richard H. Whitely, and other prominent citizens went to work and organized a very fine company. This company went to Pensacola, Fla., and became a part of the 5th Georgia Regiment. General Bragg was assembling an army at that place, and after he had reviewed this regiment, he declared that it was the finest body of men he had ever seen. This regiment remained in the Western Army under Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston, and other Commanders during the entire war, but Colonel King was too competent to remain in the ranks of the regiment. His talents were well known, and he was promoted and transferred several times in the Army of the West, and, in 1864, he was sent to Virginia and placed in command of all the artillery in the old Stonewall Corps, then operating under General Early in the Valley of Virginia. The artillery under him in all that strenuous campaign performed its duties faithfully and well, but again he was transferred to the West as chief of staff for Gen. Joe Wheeler, where his services ended with the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Years after this, he came to Alabama from New Orleans and was, when I met him here, president of a college in this state. He was the same handsome man I had seen so often when I



was a schoolboy but, of course, looking much older. He was a strict disciplinarian, and very dignified, but, strange to say, he recognized immediately the schoolboy who had held him in such reverence. Afterwards I visited him at his college home, where he talked freely with me about the past and much about his service in the army. One of these stories I must relate:

When the terms of surrender between Johnston and Sherman were concluded in North Carolina, General Wheeler sent Colonel King to inform his outpost pickets and to tell them to come in, as the war was over. He found the men some distance down the road, lying about in their temporary camp, and informed them what had been done. The men said: "Colonel, if General Johnston has surrendered, we have not. We are going to make one more raid on the Yankees before we do, and then we are willing to come in and surrender."

With this every man mounted his horse and, putting spurs to them, struck out in a cloud of dust, fell on the enemy pickets, who, unsuspecting any such movement at the time, were entirely routed, leaving every thing behind. After pursuing them some distance, the Confederates returned and helped themselves to everything left by their old enemies, then rode back slowly to where Colonel King was sitting on his horse at the side of the road, and said: "Now, Colonel, we are ready to surrender."

Colonel King went back to New Orleans, where he died several years ago, leaving behind him few of that great army of heroes that, single-handed, without a friendly nation to render help, held in check the whole world for four years.

With the sons of such men multiplied now by thousands, and those of our former enemies, we can easily defy the whole world in any contest in peace or war.

#### CAPITAL AND SECESSION.

BY WOLFE A. LEDERER, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

New England money interests and manufacturers trembled with rage and gnashed their teeth in impotent passion. Thomas Jefferson, a Southerner, had been elected President of the United States. John Adams's notorious term of terror and utter disregard of the rights of man was to end, and, in New England's conception, a new reign of even worse crimes and terrors was to supplant what even numerous New Englanders had opposed. Jefferson's "Common Man"—i.e.,

the agrarian, the tiller of the soil—would undoubtedly usurp the place properly belonging to the Federalists—the banker and business man of the North. Thus reasoned crafty New England, ascribing their own intentions to their Southern neighbors.

And in that belief they were strengthened and confirmed by the frequent expressions of their ministers of the gospel and other "pious and God-loving men," who spread the warning through the papers and from the pulpit against the "Godless freethinker," Thomas Jefferson. True, Jefferson was not a "professing Christian," but a more religious and devout man was seldom seen in the White House.

Among the numerous clergymen of the North, one of the most prominent was Rev. Timothy Dwight, the Congregational "Pope" of Connecticut, and President of the Yale College. He predicted, with his apparently usual foresightedness, that upon Jefferson's election ". . . we may see our wives and daughters the victims of legal prostitution, socially polluted, the outcasts of delicacy and virtue, the loathing of God and man. . . ."

Such stories were believed, and particularly so since this poisonous propaganda was gladly spread from the pulpit, devoted usually and customarily to the Word of God, by the pious New England clergy, bought and otherwise influenced by the wealthier members of their "God-fearing and God-loving," but money-worshiping, wealthy flock. With the passing of time and the realization that their fears were ridiculous and totally unfounded, New England's smoldering hate subsided, and almost quieted down. But not fully!

This silence and acquiescence did not permeate their minds for a lengthy time, for her slumbering hatred of Southern ideas and Southern leaders once more was awakened, and again the roar rose into the clear blue sky. Thomas Jefferson had passed the Embargo Act! To accept the dictates of the President seemed ridiculous, and the shipping interests promptly nullified it. They acted fully within their rights in nullifying a law which was detrimental to their own particular interests; thus politicians cleverly reasoned. May I be allowed to digress one moment and call to attention a rather interesting fact? When, a comparatively few years later, South Carolina acted in self-defense and passed her Nullification Act, this was not accepted as demurely by New Eng-

land! On the contrary, it was called treasonable and destructive. "*Tempora mutantur et nos in illis!*" Of course, this may be explained by the fact that whatever the moneyed interests do is justified, but if the agrarian interests do it, it is totally wrong, it is unjustifiable, to say the very least.

In the intervening years, the Union gradually shifted westward, which new trend was looked upon with greatest disfavor by the North. West and South would thus be strengthened, and their interests were still in common. Both belonged to Jefferson's class of "Common Men," that is, agriculturalists. Northern creditors resented it. They trembled lest their ever increasing profits might cease to continue in their growth. Did they fear that the debtors might protest and possibly follow the precedent given only a few years previously? If the Embargo Act could be nullified, could not the debts also be nullified? This fear harassed the money-mad souls, and may be considered as an additional reason of opposing the admission of Louisiana into the Union. For this would automatically increase the strength of the South.

In January, 1811, one year before Louisiana was admitted as a State, Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, solemnly proclaimed in Congress that this act would cause the dissolution of the Union" . . . as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some to prepare, definitely, for a separation; amicably if they can, violently if they must." First Nullification, and now threat of Secession. Truly history repeats itself. But the Sections of the country exchanged places in the later strife, and what in 1811 was considered the most practical and best solution, some years later was entitled "Rebellion and Treason."

The outbreak of the inglorious War of 1812 found New England a disloyal section of the country in the very face of the enemy! The great historian, James Truslow Adams (a Northerner by birth and upbringing!), in his latest work, *The Epic of America*, thus expresses the conditions in New England (page 114):

"New England, rapidly being altered by force of circumstances from a maritime to a manufacturing section, was disloyal almost to the point of treason. She discouraged enlistment, refused the services of militia, declined to subscribe to government loans, and threatened secession. So strong, indeed, was the odor of secession and disloyalty around the meeting of Federalist delegates at the

so-called Hartford Convention in 1814 that the members never outlived it. . . ."

In the succeeding eighteen years, the Union spread westward. Pioneers advanced steadily, increased by dissatisfied elements from North and South, seeking new lands to conquer. Steadily the North exploited the South, and was met with increasing resistance. Another break seemed imminent in a Union "where the North demands to be our master, and we are required to be their tributaries. . . ."

Endless speeches in the Senate followed each other with lightning-like rapidity during a period of real oratorical abilities, during a time when statesmanship was at its prime. And then, January 26, 1830, Webster arose and made the bombastic reply to his great Southern opponent, Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, in which, among other oratorical phrases we find the following: "The people of the United States have declared that this Constitution shall be Supreme Law—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable. . . ."

At this point, let us recall that only eighteen years previously this had been fully and emphatically denied by Webster's home State. But times again had changed, and the "home interests" suddenly developed a deep love for the Constitution which did last quite awhile, indeed it did last quite a few *months!*

Hardly had the Compromise Bill become effective when the pious Massachusetts Abolitionists suddenly discovered that the Constitution was ". . . a covenant with death and an agreement with hell—involving both parties in atrocious criminalities, and should be immediately annulled." This was soon followed by a resolution of 250 to 24 that "it is the duty of every Abolitionist to agitate for the immediate dissolution of the Union. . . ." (From *The Epic of America*.)

Secession finally became a reality. For years New England had attempted to coerce the South to this final drastic step. Lincoln's war finally started, and again throughout this period we find the perpetual Northern inconsistency whenever the "pocket-book" was touched. That this inconsistency was not the prerogative of the lower classes, but extended so far as the White House, has been often referred to. A few quotations from Lincoln's speeches and letters will enlighten us as to his actual feelings, if such the thoughts of a mere politician may be called. Here are some of Lincoln's "sublime" thoughts:



"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their own constitutional right of amending it, or the revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. . . ."

". . . The cause of civil liberty must not be surrendered. A majority held in restraint by constitutional check and limitations, and always changing easily with the deliberate changes of the popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. If by mere force of numbers a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution—certainly would, if such right were a vital one. . . ."

". . . To give the victory to the right, not bloody bullets but peaceful ballots only are necessary. Thanks to our good old Constitution and organization under it, these alone are necessary. It only needs that every right-thinking man shall go to the polls and without fear or prejudice vote as he thinks. . . ."

As we gaze at these three quotations from the war President, we realize the tremendous inconsistency which pervades his whole expression. He openly espouses and acknowledges the right to protest, but refuses any such rights to a whole section of the country, because "the pocket-book" is affected! We can then easily realize what the Reconstruction period would have been under Lincoln!

And thus, while the South was suffering and bleeding and starving, the Jeffersonian "common man" was gradually losing his rightful place, and Hamiltonianism soon superseded what was once called a "Government of the People, for the People, and by the People." The power of the Northern oligarchy assumed ever increasing proportions. Fortunes were made not merely by army contractors, but investors in stocks, bonds, and securities. Fortunes were made in oil, discovered in Pennsylvania in 1859, and they increased to almost unbelievable proportions during the war. The famous "Comstock Lode" of Nevada poured her riches into Northern pockets, strengthening her credit tremendously. Immigration rapidly increased the population of the North, while war, waged pitilessly and inhumanly, decimated the South. Labor in the North, blinded by false propaganda, added its force in aiding the Northern unscrupulous capitalist to increase his wealth on the blood and suffering of all.

Among the most vindictive men, we find one Thaddeus Stevens, of whom James Truslow Adams (a Northern historian) expresses himself in these words: ". . . Unfortunately, on Lee's dash into Pennsylvania, the ironworks of a man whose one idea had been to get rich as quickly as possible were destroyed. They belonged to Thaddeus Stevens, perhaps the most despicable, malevolent, and morally deformed character who has ever risen to high power in America. . . ."

This vindictiveness was shown throughout the whole Reconstruction period, and well characterizes the whole manner of warfare, of destruction, and elevation of the Northern capital. Jefferson's "common man," North and South, Middle West and West, was sacrificed on the altar of rapacious greed and money-lust of the capitalist.

### THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.

BY THOMAS C. CRAWFORD, PERRYVILLE, KY., IN  
LOUISVILLE COURIER JOURNAL

Two and one-half miles northwest of Perryville, Ky., is located a territory which in the early sixties was shaken, torn, scarred by powder and cannon balls, and deeply stained with human blood in fratricidal strife. Today it marks a hallowed spot of the "bivouac of the dead." Today it is a State park beautified by rolling hills of bluegrass, a crystal lake, made possible by a fill over which passes a roadway leading to a Confederate monument. A portion of the park has been recently taken over by the Government of the United States to be made a national park. It is beautiful scenery in the central part of Kentucky, which is visited almost every day in the year by tourists.

The battle of Perryville is scarcely mentioned in history because it was not a turning point of the war. The battle is written of as having taken place on October 8, 1862, in which a great number of men fell in a bitter struggle, and in the evening General Bragg retreated.

The purpose of this article is to present a few interesting facts of the battle which are unmentioned in history.

On the afternoon of October 7, 1862, Generals Bragg and Kirby-Smith had concentrated their forces at Perryville and the surrounding vicinity. Generals Buell, Thomas, and McCook, of the Union forces, coming up by way of Springfield and Mackville, assembled their armies about five miles west of Perryville. General Bragg staged the battle to give his train of provisions, which Buell was trying to capture, time to move farther

into the south. At daybreak on the morning of October 8, Luminous' battery, of the Federal army, opposed Washington's Battery of New Orleans and Parson's battery of the Federals opposed Ledbetter's of the Confederates. The first shot was fired by the Federals at sunrise from Warner's Hill.

On the 7th, General Bragg encamped one-half mile north of the town at a spring known as Crawford's Cave. The huge cave was in a cliff towering approximately seventy-five feet and forming a crescent. Two powerful springs flowed constantly from the cave into Chaplin Creek, which ran near the cave. Just inside the cave was a crevice which contained a deep pool of water from which the soldiers filled their canteens. The springs, surrounded by a few oak, sugar, and hickory trees with the cave as a background, made an inviting place to rest. Above the cliff stood a brick house facing the Harrodsburg Pike, and it was used as a hospital after the battle. As the weather was oppressive with heat like unto mid-summer, the Confederates held the spot for water supply.

The day before the battle, General Bragg notified the citizens to vacate the town. As moonlight brooded over the place the Confederates moved their battery and a regiment which had been located on the Danville Pike to the Tadlock Hill, the highest point of the vicinity. A few people would frequently arouse from their slumbers to stroll out into the suffused splendor of the moonlight to view the situation. When the roar of a cannon from Warner's Hill, about three miles west of Perryville, sounded and echoed over the valleys at sunrise, the people of the town resembled a swarm of bees in action. The battery on Tadlock Hill was never fired from that location. It was moved west of the village soon after daybreak.

The battle lines faced each other on the morning of the 8th, running north and south. Cannonading continued until about three o'clock in the afternoon. At that time, Cheatham moved his division, stationed at the cave, down Chaplin Creek to a dug road in the bluff at Walker's Bend. There they ascended by the roadway to an open woodland, which they crossed through to a rail fence overgrown with bushes and grapevines; behind that they formed their line for battle. On the hill above them was located Parson's Battery, firing at Ledbetter's Battery, supposed to be nearly a mile and a half across Chaplin.

Cheatham's Division charged over the fence,

waving their hats and yelling. This unexpected attack so excited Parson's men they forgot to lower their guns and were routed. From then until dark the battle raged furiously. The Confederates gradually pushed back the left flank of the Union forces until the lines were east and west when the fighting ceased at dark. During the night General Bragg withdrew his army from the field, and moved southward by way of Danville.

During the course of three hours the battle was one of the fiercest of the war. "In the battle the Union army lost thirty-nine officers killed, ninety-four officers wounded, and thirteen officers captured or missing, 806 men killed, 2,757 wounded, and 502 captured or missing, with a total casualty of 4,241 men. The Confederates lost 304 killed, 1,374 wounded, 144 captured or missing, or a total casualty of 1,822 men, or less than half of the casualties of the Union army."

Mr. George Hughes, a stern old supporter of the "lost cause," from whom I gathered much of the material for this story, went over the battleground the next day after the fight. He said: "I saw enough dead men upon the field that if they had been placed side by side would have fully covered the distance of a half mile. The sights of the field were indescribable; nobody can convey in words a true picture of a battlefield."

Mr. Hughes spent the year 1900 in Mobile, Ala.; during his stay there, he met a Confederate soldier by the name of William Johnson, who fought in the battle of Perryville. Just a short distance west of where the present Confederate monument now stands, two regiments engaged at twilight, in which battle Mr. Johnson participated. In speaking of the fight, he said: "When orders were given to fire, it looked as if it were a solid sheet of flames. I never knew what became of the opposing regiment except thirty men who crawled to us." He also added: "I joined the Southern army at Harper's Ferry at the beginning of the war. I was in all of the principal battles during the four years and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox. The hottest fight I was in during the war was at Perryville."

The monument which stands on the grounds was unveiled on October 8, 1902, to the Confederate dead who were buried there. The United States Government is planning to erect within the coming year a monument to the Union dead. However, no Union men were buried at Perryville. The park is in charge of seven commissioners. Many tourists visit the place during the months



of warm weather. The old cave, which is located on the Harrodsburg Pike just outside of town, remains in its suffused splendor of beauty, but sunken considerably. One of the springs still bubbles refreshing water, and the unknown depth of the pool in the crevice can be seen. The house is still a suitable dwelling. If any of my readers have never visited this historic spot, it would pay you to do so.

#### *A SOUTHERN GIRL'S DIARY.*

(In the literary contests of the General Organization, U. D. C., a loving cup is offered in the name of Mrs. John A. Perdue for the best copy of an original diary of the days of war in the sixties. This trophy was awarded to Mrs. Elizabeth B. McMichael, of Orangeburg, S. C., at the General Convention in Jacksonville, Fla., 1931.

Miss Mary Rowe, writer of the diary, often assisted her mother, Mrs. Sarah Rowe, in relief work among the sick and wounded soldiers who passed through Orangeburg, on the old South Carolina Railroad, almost daily. During the war, the young ladies of Orangeburg organized a "Rebel Troop," with Miss Rowe as their captain, a fact easy to believe after one has read this diary. After the war, Miss Rowe married Eugene R. Walter. Two of her sons have been awarded the "Cross of Military Service.")

Friday, February 10, 1865. The Yankees reported in five miles of Orangeburg. (The Yanks desecrated, with their hated presence, Orangeburg, February 12, 1865.) Amid bustle, confusion, and excitement, we concluded not to remain at home (which proved a sad move for us), when Mother chartered a coach to send us to Columbia for safety.

The scene at home during her absence was one of confusion and hurry. Everything of any value was tumbled into bundles and trunks. With the parlor furniture and piano, Friday, two o'clock, found us comfortably fixed in the car. At seven o'clock, the car moved off from the depot (beloved spot where I have spent so many happy days. The young ladies often spent the day at the depot when the cars were delayed till evening. Our dinners were sent for, and we enjoyed the luscious dishes arranged on a bench. After our sociable meal was served, we then formed our plans for a picnic, a musical meeting, or a sociable dance), and halted at Jamison's P. O., to remain there for the night. Saturday, midday, we arrived at our destination all safe and having enjoyed the novelty of the trip wonderfully. That eve we had a large

fire just by our car door where supper was cooked. I attempted to cook the hominy, Captain A—— to fry the sausage and eggs, while Venus (the servant girl) made the tea and, with all the dignity imaginable, superintended the two new cooks. Our kind friend, Mr. K——, had been at the depot several times with his carriage to meet us and concluded we would telegraph him when to expect us. Captain A—— walked down street and met him. He came directly to us and insisted that we should allow him to get his carriage and take us to his home until he could get our room in the Female College furnished. But the car door could not lock, so we concluded to remain there until Monday, when the contents of the car could be removed. As for myself, poor child of misfortune, I must needs get sick, so Sunday morning, another kind friend, Mr. M——, heard that we were in a car at the South Carolina Depot, and, as I was sick, we were prevailed upon to go immediately to his home. Off we started; I was as sick as could be.

We were met by his family and welcomed as one of the household. Their kindness will ever be in my memory as one of the brightest spots in the desert of life, and, indeed, when sad thoughts overshadow my spirit shy, then will I recall and picture in imagination that loved and happy family party—each face bearing the sweetest smile, occasionally overshadowed by painful thoughts of loved ones exposed to the deadly missiles of our hated foe, but soon chased away by strains of sweetest music, as a fairy form glides to the piano and warbles, "It is better to laugh than be sighing" and "Let us live in the hope of a better day coming." Our friends would not part with us, so we had the contents of our car safely stowed away in Mr. M——'s storehouse.

The Yankees during the time were shelling the city. Our brave and noble Gen. Hampton fought them two days, when at last he had to retreat and surrender the capital of our State because he did not get reinforcements. Friday, the 19th of February, Sherman's demons came into Columbia, ten o'clock A.M. While they were coming in the city, our brave army was retreating the other side. But we were very soon greeted by an insolent, impudent devil in the shape of a Yankee soldier, who demanded all of the flour in the house. Ere we had time to answer his questions, he uttered an oath and chopped the doors to pieces, and took what a wagon held off with him.

Soon after we procured a guard who pretended to protect us. Friday night, between twilight and

dark, those wretches fired the city in a circle. Many said they had orders to fire the town and others said it was against the orders of Sherman. I had not undressed for four nights before their entrance and felt sick, unfastened my dress, covered up in the bed and drank a hot toddy, and was in a profuse perspiration when I was roused up with the pleasant information that the house was on fire. I got up quickly and tied Mother's blankets together, told I—— or Venus they must try and carry the bundle out of the house, but they could not lift it and took up something else. I dragged it downstairs and out on the street, got it on my head and carried it two blocks, when I met a dry, slim Yankee who brought me to my senses by saying, "Little Miss, let me carry that bundle; it will break your neck." I was so amused by the situation, I threw it down, sat on it and burst out in a hysterical roar of laughter, while the soldier looked at me in wonder. I suppose he thought I had escaped from the Asylum.

Nevertheless, he took it up and carried it safe into the Asylum yard. When I thanked him and offered a friend a seat beside me on my bundle, she started off and called me. I turned my back to listen and behold, a few minutes after, I saw three of the devils carrying my bundle out of the gate. I called to a Captain (who had been pretending, with hypocrisy to sympathize with the sufferers), and begged that he would make them return it. He started in a hurry and walked back leisurely and asked, "Which direction did they take, Madam?" I could have knocked him down. Of course, I lost my bundle.

What we experienced that night is indescribable. At one time the air was so hot I felt like I would suffocate. We walked under an arch of fire, meeting terrified children and distracted mothers, turn where you would, without a change of clothing for themselves or little ones, no water to satisfy their thirst. The demons cut all of the waterpipes. It was indeed a fearful night, one of horror, every house being sacked and plundered by those inhuman, lawless wretches. I have not yet found words to express half of the suffering we witnessed and my feeling during the reign of Satan Sherman and his imps.

They have left our beautiful city a mass of ruins. Nothing remains of the elegant and costly residences except chimneys, tall and majestic, towering high to Heaven, calling for vengeance. The houseless women and children were forced to accept Dr. Parker's kind invitation to seek shelter in the asylum. We were called on, Saturday,

by a gentleman who knew my mother, and he insisted on our going home with him, and, after due consideration, I accepted his invitation. But while hurrying along the street with him, my sister touched me and said, "For Heaven's sake, do you know where we are going?" For the first time I thought of whom we were with. I knew his name and that was all. But I told her that we would have to try it. We were very soon ushered into a neat parlor and affectionately welcomed by Mrs. W——, and received much kindness from the household.

Monday morning the Yanks left. Tuesday and Wednesday were spent by my sister and myself in making the necessary preparations for our journey home. Wednesday night I sat up all night with a friend's dead baby. Thursday morning, after saying "goodbye" to our kind friends who had given us shelter under their hospitable roof when we were in trouble, eight o'clock found Emma P——, Mr. O——, my sister and myself at the Congaree, where we waited until one o'clock before we could reach the opposite shore. Three o'clock we formed our line of march. Eight o'clock we had to halt, for sovereign night had already overshadowed the whole earth with her dark, somber curtain. With a pouring rain on us all the way, we spread one of our soaked blankets on the soiled floor of an old dilapidated, half-covered barn to rest for the night.

Sweet sleep soon relieved us of all unpleasant and uncomfortable feelings of our soaked clothes. Morning came and with it rain, rain. Gloomy indeed was the morn. We walked until midday when, meeting with some of our scouts, who asked if we were refugees (indeed we were rough-refugees), and insisted on our riding their horses, which we did, not needing a second or more pressing invitation. Rode eight miles and stopped for the night at Mrs. Reed's (a kind widow) cottage. There we had to say farewell to our kind soldier friends (Kentuckians), who returned to their camp, which was twelve miles distant. Saturday, still raining, again we commenced our homeward march. Two o'clock we reached Mrs. F——'s, where we dined, and ere the sun had hid his majestic brightness behind the trees, we had reached "Home, Sweet Home." My mother was not at home when we arrived, but we were affectionately greeted by the servants. Eight o'clock brought my mother's loved face, who was overjoyed to see us. Thus ends our journey of difficulties.

(Continued in August number)





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge. Extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

### OLD CONFEDERATE GRAYS.

Far down in the valley they are marching  
In the lowlands that lead to the sea;  
Behind lie their warfare privations,  
Beyond lies the gold-tinted lea.  
They are crossing in squads with the boatman,  
They are pressing, feebly pressing on the bays;  
Steer them safely, O Pilot, o'er the waters,  
This remnant of old Confederate grays.

Long since have their bivouac camp fires  
On fields wreathed in glory grown cold;  
But their story with its whiteness and grandeur,  
In its pathos can never be told.  
How they fell in the flames of the battle!  
How swiftly they are falling today!  
But the valley in which they are marching  
Breathes a halo on the old Confederate gray.

—F. M. Longley.

### COL. N. B. DEATHERAGE.

Colonel Nathan B. Deatherage, a native and for sixty years a leading citizen of Madison County, Ky., and the county's last Confederate survivor, died May 23, 1932, at his home in Richmond, aged eighty-nine years. He was a member of Company B, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, part of Gen. John H. Morgan's command. Following the raid into Ohio, he was imprisoned at Camp Chase for a month, then for eighteen months at Camp Douglas. He walked from Richmond, Va., to his Kentucky home after the war was over. He had been many times honored by his county, and was for many years a member of the Confederate Home Board. The veterans had honored him in many ways, and three days before his death he was one of nine who attended a meeting of "Morgan's Men" held at Lexington. He was keenly interested in the affairs of his community and in the progress and development of the State.

Affectionately known as "Uncle Nath" to his neighbors and friends, his funeral was attended by the greatest outpouring of people ever seen in the county, and all heard many stories, hitherto

unknown, of kind and thoughtful deeds done for friends and acquaintances. Hundreds from all over central Kentucky were there to join in a tribute to a man of the highest honor and integrity, one who was an honor in every way to the Cause he represented by fine citizenship for so many years.

Colonel Deatherage is survived by his wife and by many kinspeople. He was married three times, and though he had no children, he aided in educating scores of worthy boys and girls.

[Mrs. W. T. Fowler.]

### DR. EDWARD B. PERRIN.

Dr. Edward B. Perrin, a large landowner in the early days of Fresno County, Calif., and a pioneer irrigationist, died in Los Angeles on March 23, at the age of eighty-four years. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and three daughters.

Dr. Perrin was born in Greene County, Ala., and was a graduate of the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. During the war between the States he was Field Surgeon on General Pendleton's Staff in the Army of Northern Virginia, and during the siege and fall of Vicksburg, where he was taken prisoner, exchanged, and given hospital duty in Demopolis, Ala., until the close of war. He went to California soon after the war, and located in San Francisco, but gave up his practice and became interested in Fresno County property, in which he was associated with his brother, Robert Perrin, who died in 1918. The brothers had large holdings of land, and Dr. Perrin worked between California and Arizona in his land and irrigation projects. He founded the several Perrin Colonies, and in his irrigation work overcame many difficulties connected with the distribution of the water.

### GEN. WILLIAM N. PORTER.

At his home in Aransas Pass, Tex., Gen. William Newton Porter died suddenly on the morning of May 5, in his eighty-ninth year. Thus was a career of rich experiences brought to a close—a life enriched by the joy of giving happiness to others, for his presence radiated cheer, and his passing brings sadness to all who knew him.

William Newton Porter was born in Gibson County, Tenn., August 1, 1844, and while still in his teens, he enlisted for the Southern cause, joining Forrest's Cavalry as a member of Company D, 20th Tennessee Cavalry, under Colonel Russell. He was one of the few remaining veterans of that famous cavalry command, and was

Commander of the Western Department of Forrest's Cavalry Corps Association. He had hoped to attend the Richmond Reunion.

General Porter located in Aransas Pass in 1912, but moved away and returned a few years ago to spend his remaining years there. That he was recognized for his fine citizenship was shown by the closing of business houses during his funeral, and his fellow-citizens and members of the civic associations spoke of him in terms of highest praise and affection. In his Confederate uniform, which represented the beloved cause for which he had fought in his young manhood, he was laid to rest until reveille shall sound again for the hosts in gray.

General Porter was twice married, and is survived by his wife and relatives in different States.

## LIEUT. JOHN S. RUSSELL.

In the death of Lieut. John Singleton Russell, on February 21, 1932, at the age of ninety-one, there passed away a true and honored citizen of Clarke County, Va., and a devoted husband and father, but, most of all, a Confederate soldier of the most intrepid courage.

Lieutenant Russell belonged to Mosby's Rangers, a body of men famous for their dauntless daring, and he was so closely associated with Colonel Mosby in his most outstanding exploits that he was known far and wide as "John Mosby Russell." He was with Mosby at the capture of General Stoughton at Fairfax C. H., Va. He carried a message from Mosby to Sheridan at Winchester, Va., in regard to the hanging of prisoners of war—a risky mission, if there ever was one! Alone, in the streets of Berryville, when the town was filled with Yankees, he captured a courier with important dispatches simply by cool, clear-headed resource. His was not the recklessness of the

foolhardy, ignorant of the situation, he knew the danger always, and faced it unfalteringly, not only in the cases mentioned, but in innumerable instances.

In the group picture in the National Gallery at Washington, Lieutenant Russell is one of the men chosen by Mosby to be painted with him.

Truly, he leaves a rich heritage to his children and grandchildren, not, it may be, in this world's goods, but in the things that endure, in treasures that cannot be touched by the "tooth of time."

[Mary Washington Gold, Historian Stonewall Chapter, U. D. C., Berryville, Va.]

## ROBERT WILEY.

The death of Robert Wiley, of Fairfax, Va., on February 13, 1932, terminated the fine career of a very unusual man. Born in that county in 1840, and educated in the schools of Washington City, he had just attained his majority when he promptly responded to the call that rang throughout the South. He was on duty as a scout in 1861 and 1862, and in March of the latter year enlisted as a private in Company K, of the 19th Georgia Regiment. That was a fighting regiment in whose record was written a long list of bloody battles. In all of them the young Virginian participated, except when incapacitated by wounds. He was wounded three times in the Seven Days struggle; again at Olustee, Fla., and again so severely at Drury's Bluff as to be laid aside for several months. Weakened by his wounds, he felt he should not accept, and, therefore, he declined, promotion when it was offered. In after years he was never entirely free from suffering due to the injuries he had received on the battle field.

Possessing a keen intellect, attractive manners, unfaltering courage and high moral standards, and, in addition, possessing a rare gift of making friends, he won the respect and admiration of the officers whom he followed and the men with whom he served. There was no soldier more devoted to the Confederate cause and no veteran more devoted to its memories. He retained in a marked degree the warm and vivid recollections of the events and comrades with whom he had been associated, and was always happy when he could turn from the affairs of the present to recall and discuss the experiences of what was to him the never-forgotten past.

In the midst of the troubles incident to rebuilding the social and economic structure which the war had shattered, he found time to assist in creating a veteran organization in his county,



COL. JOHN S. MOSBY AND LIEUT. JOHN S. RUSSELL



which was called Marr Camp in honor of Capt. John Quincy Marr, who was killed at Fairfax Court House, June 1, 1861, in the opening conflict of the war. Soon Mr. Wiley was chosen Commander of the Camp, and several years before his death he had the distinction of being chosen Commander for life. He survived nearly all of the more than one hundred and fifty members who had been carried on its roll.

As a citizen, he was held in the same high esteem he had enjoyed as a soldier. His neighbors looked to him for dependable leadership and service. They placed him in various offices which he filled with notable fidelity and success. Finally he was elected to the important position of County Treasurer, and re-elected for six successive terms, and in his seventy-fifth year he voluntarily retired from that position which he had held for nearly a quarter of a century.

Equal to his strong faith in the righteousness of the cause for which he fought was his unwavering religious faith. As a member and steward of the Methodist Church, he was a shining example of devout and active Christian life.

Such in bare outline, stretching over ten decades, was the stainless and conspicuously useful career of a splendid soldier and citizen. No trace of fear or misgiving as to the future marred its peaceful close. To him death was like

"The shepherd serenely leading home his flock  
Under the planet at the evening's end."

[By Former Representative R. Walton Moore.]

#### A. A. NATES.

A. A. Nates, outstanding citizen of Prosperity, S. C., died there at the home of his daughter, Mrs. B. T. Young, on May 27, aged ninety years.

Comrade Nates enlisted in the Confederate Army in Company A, 13th South Carolina Regiment, in August, 1861, and served during the remainder of the war. His boast was that he had never missed a roll call, fought in every battle in which his company was engaged, and was never wounded. He was with General Lee at Appomattox.

Comrade Nates was a member of James D. Nance Camp, U. C. V., of Newberry County, and at its meeting on Memorial Day, May 10, he was elected Adjutant, dying seventeen days later.

He was a member of Grace Lutheran church. His wife and four children preceded him to the grave. Surviving are two daughters, four grandchildren, and one great-grandson.

[R. Y. Leavell, Newberry, S. C.]

#### JAMES E. KERN.

James E. Kern, one of "Morgan's Men," died at the Confederate Home, Pewee Valley, Ky., on May 20, after a long illness. He was a native of Bourbon County, where for more than half a century he was successfully engaged in breeding and developing fine stock, especially saddle horses. After the death of his wife, who was Miss Carrie L. Rogers, he engaged in the same occupation at St. Louis, Mo., for a time, then decided to spend his remaining days in the Home. Here, until his last illness, he was remarkably active both in mind and body. He retained his executive ability, intellectual capacity and fine courtesy until the end of his eighty-six years of allotted time.

He was the son of the late Strother and Charlotte Letton Kern, a brother of the late C. L. Kern, and is survived by two nephews and three nieces. Burial was in the Paris Cemetery, Rev. W. E. Ellis, of the Christian church, officiating.

[Mrs. W. T. Fowler.]

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#### ASLEEP IN GOD.

##### JAMES BARRON HOPE.

With folded hands and quiet eyes,  
Hushed in supreme repose, he lies,  
And one beholding him might deem  
He rested in a pleasant dream  
Where visions beautiful and bright  
Appeared to his enraptured sight,  
While rustling winds and waters clear,  
Made soothing music to his ear  
And naught of weariness, nor sin,  
Nor woe, nor want could enter in;  
No dread disease, no dull decay  
Consumed his mortal fame away.  
Like Israel's Seer, his summons came  
A message of celestial flame,  
And found him in his armor tried,  
With lance in rest and sword at side,  
Guarding the treasures of his home;  
And when the message was come,  
The Archangel's wing across him swept  
And, in a second's space, he stepped  
Through life and death and time and space  
And met his maker face to face!  
Oh! blessed close to blameless life,  
Hero and victor in the strife  
Unceasing waged with manhood's might  
For truth and honor and the right.  
Forever freed from care and pain,  
No heavy heart, no weary brain;  
After the worry and the fret,  
Heaven's signet on his forehead set;

Of every earthly ill surcease,  
 Enwrapped in God's eternal peace!  
 With him 'tis vastly well, but oh!  
 What weight of wretchedness and woe  
 Is ours who mourn his loss and feel,  
 What time more clearly will reveal,  
 That, if his earthly course we scan,  
 As poet, soldier, Christian, man,  
 By every standard, every test,  
 He was the truest and the best,  
 And, quickest pulse of keenest pain,  
 We will not see his like again!  
 Let laurel wreaths his brow enfold,  
 And deeply grave in lines of gold  
 His honored and historic name  
 High on Virginia's shield of fame.  
 She guards his memory in her heart  
 And holds him evermore a part  
 Of her immortals, he will stand  
 Her grand exponent in the land,  
 And keep through time in vibrate  
 The honor of his mother state.

—*Fanny Downing.*

Portsmouth, Va., September 16, 1887.

### LEST WE FORGET.

Lest we forget the sorrow  
 That our boys in gray went through,  
 Lest we forget the anguish  
 And the heartaches too;  
 Lest we forget the longings,  
 As lifeblood ebbed and flowed—  
 The torn and ragged clothing  
 And the bravery that they showed—

Lest we forget the hunger  
 And shivering bodies cold,  
 Lest we forget the loving hearts  
 That were of purest gold;  
 Lest we forget that loving deeds  
 And loving words were theirs  
 Up to the very throne of God,  
 With hopeful, tender prayers—

Lest we forget just what  
 The boys stood for to gain,  
 As they fought so valiantly  
 Through snow and sleet and rain—  
 It was for truth and justice,  
 It was for love and right  
 They struggled through those long four years  
 In that hard and bloody fight.

Lest we forget in memory  
 When they have passed the bourne of time  
 To place upon their graves  
 A flower or an ivy vine;  
 And as the last taps sounding  
 And the last drumbeat is o'er,  
 They lay down gun and canteen  
 And go to fight no more—

Then goodbye to the honored dead  
 And greeting for the living;  
 May many years of usefulness  
 And many joys be given;  
 May happiness and laughter  
 The path of life that's tread  
 Be strewn with sweetest flowers  
 And sunbeams overhead.

—*Josie Brown North, Ghent, Ky.*

### A LOYAL FAMILY.

In reporting the death of her Aunt, Miss Eva Brown, a loyal and faithful subscriber to the VETERAN, Mrs. W. W. Worley, of Vaughtsville, Tenn., writes:

"Her brother, Julian M. Brown, was a charter subscriber to the VETERAN, receiving copies from the very first issue and continuing until his death, about thirty-five years ago, when his sister took up where he left off and continued till her death, more than a year ago. Two other brothers, Barton Roby and Stephen Justice Brown, were subscribers until their deaths, both having been soldiers during the full time of the conflict. Of this family, a sister still takes the VETERAN, together with four nieces and one great-niece.

"This family of Maj. James Brown was one of the few in Johnson County, Tenn., that was loyal to the Southern Cause and bore the brunt of the conflict for the entire four years, and had to refugee to North Carolina for several years after it was over. Our U. D. C. Chapter at Mountain City, Tenn., was named the Capt. Roby Brown Chapter in honor of a member of this family."

### THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

Forget not, Earth, thy disappointed dead;  
 Forget not, Earth, thy disinherited;  
 Forget not the forgotten.  
 Keep a strain of sorrow in sweet undertone  
 For all the dead who lived and died in vain.  
 Imperial Future, when the countless train  
 Of coming generations lead thee to thy throne,  
 Forget not the forgotten and unknown!



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. WILLIAM E. R. BYRNE, *President General*  
Charleston, W. Va.

MRS. AMOS H. NORRIS ..... *First Vice President General*  
City Hall, Tampa, Fla.  
MRS. CHAS. B. FARIS ..... *Second Vice President General*  
4469 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo.  
MRS. R. B. BROYLES ..... *Third Vice President General*  
5721 Fifth Court, South, Birmingham, Ala.  
MRS. W. E. MASSEY ..... *Recording Secretary General*  
738 Quapaw Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark.  
MRS. L. U. BABIN ..... *Corresponding Secretary General*  
903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

MRS. GEORGE DISMUKES ..... *Treasurer General*  
1409 Chickasha Avenue, Chickasha, Okla.  
MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON ..... *Historian General*  
707 West Morgan Street, Raleigh, N. C.  
MRS. A. S. PORTER, Hotel Monroe, Portsmouth, Va. .... *Registrar General*  
MRS. J. W. GOODWIN, Allendale, N. J. .... *Custodian of Crosses*  
MRS. J. L. MEDLIN ..... *Custodian of Flags and Pennant*  
1541 Riverside Avenue, Jacksonville, Fla.

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:*  
I have just returned from Ohio, where I was privileged to be present at the memorial services held in Columbus at Camp Chase and on Johnson's Island.

On Saturday, the Robert E. Lee Chapter held its annual Memorial Service at the cemetery at Camp Chase. I paid a tribute to those brave men in gray who had suffered imprisonment there and who rest in this cemetery. The principal address was made by Mr. Will D. Upshaw, of Atlanta, Ga. In the evening the annual banquet of the Chapter was held. I gave an address on "Washington, the Virginian," and Dr. Rufus Wicker, pastor of the First Community Church, paid a beautiful tribute to President Davis, whose birthday the Chapter was honoring. Mrs. Marcus Wade Crocker, President of the Ohio Division, was also a guest of honor at the banquet.

On Sunday morning, Mrs. Crocker and I drove to Sandusky, where we were the guests for lunch of the Johnson Island Chapter. After lunch, we crossed Sandusky Bay to the island, where the memorial service was held. Two hundred and six prisoners are buried here.

This was an especially interesting occasion for two reasons:

First, the title to the Cemetery was transferred from the Fanny Patton Chapter, of Cincinnati, to the Johnson Island Chapter, who, in turn, transferred it to the United States Government. Capt. T. J. McGarth accepted the deed for the United States.

Second, the ceremony was broadcast over short wave by Radio Station W T A M, of Cleveland. Judge Edmund H. Savard, of Erie County, and I were the speakers.

Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke represented the

United Daughters of the Confederacy at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis on June 1 and presented a pair of marine binoculars, known as the Maury Prize, which is given by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the Third Classman who excels in physics. Recipient, Midshipman James Edward Halligan, Jr., Third Class.

On June 8, at 5:30 P.M., Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, representing the United Daughters of the Confederacy, presented the Robert E. Lee Memorial Sword, which is given by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the Cadet of the First Class standing the highest in mathematics. Recipient, Rush Blodgett Lincoln, Jr.

The outstanding event of the summer in the South will be Robert E. Lee Week at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. Five days, beginning August twenty-second, have been set aside to be devoted to the memory of General Lee, with especial emphasis on his visits to the White in the summers of '67, '68 and '69. A picturesque schedule has been laid out to make the week a notable one for all lovers of the great Southern leader. One of the most important of the events will be the unveiling of a plaque, which will mark the cottage in which he and his family stayed.

Monday of this Memorial Week has been designated as U. D. C. Day, when the famous President's Cottage, entirely restored, will be formally opened. This house will doubtless be a center of interest in the future for all those who have any association with the Springs, for it is to contain a museum of the old days at the White, with pictures and memorabilia of the belles and other famous figures who made this place their summer capital. One of the two main rooms will be devoted entirely to General Lee and will be known as the Lee Room. The walls are to be filled with colorful murals picturing many of the great

events of Lee's life. A number of these murals will depict battle scenes, full list of which will be given out at the time of the Veterans, Reunion in Richmond in June. Assisted by a number of young ladies in costume, the President-General of the U. D. C. will act as hostess at the opening of the President's Cottage in the Lee Room.

The days to follow have been scheduled as Veterans' Day, Lexington Day, Stratford Day, and Lee Monument Day, with appropriate but not lengthy ceremonies to feature each of these days. It is expected that the most brilliant occasion of all will be the Lee Monument Ball on Friday evening in commemoration of the Fifty-fifth Anniversary of the great ball in 1877, at which representatives from the whole country assembled at The White to raise money for the equestrian statue of General Lee, which was later erected in Richmond. For this Anniversary Ball, old dances and cotillions will be revived in costume.

Faithfully yours, AMANDA AUSTIN BYRNE.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Arkansas.*—We are grieved to report the sudden passing of Mrs. Thomas Neal, mother of our Division President, Mrs. Brown Rogers, of Russellville. Mrs. Neal was the widow of a Confederate veteran, who was at one time Commander of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V. The sympathy of each Daughter of the Division goes out to Mrs. Rogers in her sorrow.

The Chapters of Little Rock—the Memorial, Gen. T. J. Churchill, Keller, and Ramsey—united on Sunday, May 8, in holding memorial services and decorating the hundreds of graves in Oakland Confederate Cemetery. This service is held annually.

Large delegations of U. C. V.'s, U. D. C.'s, and Sons of Veterans are arranging to attend the great reunion in Richmond, where every foot of soil is sacred to Southern hearts and memories.

The following was received regarding the Centennial Celebration of Hot Springs the week of April 25:

"Mrs. W. J. Little, oldest citizen of Hot Springs and a charter member of the Hot Springs Chapter, U. D. C., was the belle of the Pioneer Ball, received a bouquet, and was further honored by riding in the parade in an old landau, with coachman and footman dressed in period style, with powdered wigs and sideburns. She was dressed in a costume of the sixties, and was the center of attraction.

Mrs. W. E. Massey, Recording Secretary General and past President of the Arkansas Division, was Chairman of the History Committee of the Centennial. She and Mrs. S. E. Dillon presented a beautiful portrait of Augustus Garland to the Garland County Courthouse as a feature of the Centennial. Garland was a member of the Confederate Congress of Arkansas, Attorney General of the United States, and a friend of Jefferson Davis.

The Hot Springs Chapter entered a float in the Centennial parade, which took first prize. It was designed by Mrs. J. O. King, President of the Chapter, and a committee composed of Mrs. Elsie Sigman, Mrs. B. F. Prichard, and Mrs. W. E. Massey.

[Josie Frazee Cappleman, Editor.]

*Florida.*—Florida Division has enjoyed splendid district meetings during the months of April and May, with the Division President, Mrs. Marion Dickson, of Tampa, attending all of the meetings and giving an inspiring address at each time. The Vice-Presidents of the six districts, with the hostess chapter presidents, presided over the gatherings. District No. 1, Mrs. Marvin McIntosh, Tallahassee, Vice-President; District No. 2, Mrs. J. G. Cary, Jacksonville, Vice-President; District No. 3, Mrs. H. C. Mickler, Brooksville, Vice-President; District No. 4, Mrs. David Sholtz, Daytona Beach, Vice-President; District No. 5, Mrs. G. C. Metcalf, Vice-President; District No. 6, Mrs. W. E. Van Landingham, West Palm Beach, Vice-President.

The chapters entertaining were: Broward County Chapter, Hollywood, Mrs. L. H. Cleveland, President; Pensacola Chapter, Pensacola, Miss Josephine Cottrell, President; Betty Lykes Stringer Chapter, Brooksville; Mrs. A. Keathly, President; Confederate Gray Chapter, Leesburg, Mrs. Roberta Baker, President; Tampa Chapter, Mrs. John Thorpe, President; the five Chapters of Jacksonville, hostess to district No. 2, Presidents, Mrs. C. W. Denton, Mrs. H. O. Richard, Mrs. P. L. Thomas, Mrs. F. L. Brown, and Mrs. A. P. Hoagland.

All of these gatherings were most entertaining and instructive; some were luncheon gatherings, some dinner at seven o'clock, and some were morning and afternoon meetings. At the time of the meeting in Tampa, a Division Board meeting was held, with the majority of the officers present, at which time Mrs. Marion Dickson, Division President, presided.



At these meetings the Division president and the speakers gave splendid talks on the various phases of the activities of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the special work of the Florida Division. One of the special endeavors in Florida is the furnishing and making attractive the Judah P. Benjamin Memorial at Bradenton. This will be the Confederate Shrine in Florida, or Museum. It is surprising the number of people who visit this Memorial and are surprised at the interesting old plantation and the old mansion built before the War between the States. It is fast becoming an attraction in Florida to home people and visitors from other states alike. Mrs. R. P. Sponenbarger is the Custodian for the Florida Division of this Memorial. A caretaker lives there all of the time on a salary by the State of Florida. At several of these district meetings, Mrs. F. L. Ezell made an address in the interest of Lee-Stratford Memorial, and the response was most encouraging.

*Kentucky.*—Only nine of the Confederate veterans answered roll call at the third annual spring meeting of "Morgan's Men" in Lexington on May 17, and six days later one of these, Col. N. B. Deatherage, answered the last roll call.

The first district meeting was at Morganfield on the 17th of May; the second at Guthrie on the 19th. The fourth was held at Danville, third at Louisville, and fifth at Maysville. The two Northern Kentucky Chapters, Mrs. Basil Duke and Henrietta Hunt Morgan, joined the two Cincinnati chapters, Albert Sidney Johnston and Stonewall Jackson, in a Washington Bicentennial Celebration at which time they had for guest speaker the President General, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, and Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, of Louisville, Division President.

An event of interest was the dedication early in May of the marker at the birthplace of Albert Sidney Johnston at Washington, Mason County. Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Chairman, was in charge. Hon. Gordon Sulzer, of Maysville, delivered the address, while music was furnished by the High School Band of Maysville. Mrs. L. G. Maltby entertained for the occasion with luncheon for Mrs. Ruby Laffoon, wife of the Governor, and Mrs. Augustus Thomas, wife of the Chief Justice of Kentucky. She had also a number of guests at tea, among them Mrs. George R. Mastin and Mrs. Preston Johnston and other Johnston descendants. The nine graves of the Johnston family in the pioneer Cemetery of the Baptist churchyard

had been put in order for visitors through the generosity of Mrs. Silas Mason, a lineal descendant of the "Bayard of the South."

[Mrs. William T. Fowler, Chairman Press.]

*Mississippi.*—The Mississippi Division holds its thirty-sixth annual Convention in Jackson, May 3, 4, with the Robert E. Lee as hotel headquarters. Here one was constantly reminded of the great Southern hero by the magnificent portrait hanging in a prominent place on the mezzanine floor, and the bronze plaque of the great leader on all elevator entrances; the many beautiful Confederate flags used in decoration; the Confederate gray uniforms of the white bell-hops; the courtesy of the entire management, all breathed the spirit of traditional Southern hospitality.

Opening evening was featured by an address from Bishop-Coadjutor William Mercer Green and splendid music furnished by the music department of Millsaps College. Historical evening was unusually interesting, bestowal of prizes and medals in historical work and the acceptance by the State Department of Archives and History of the flag of the 14th Mississippi Regiment.

Splendid attendance and Chapter reports indicated unusually good local work. An invitation was accepted to meet in Hattiesburg for 1933. In the annual election of officers, the same staff was practically retained, as they had served only one year, Mrs. Simon E. Turner, North Carrollton, Division President. Two beautiful social affairs were enjoyed, a reception at the historic Mansion by Governor and Mrs. Connor, and a luncheon honoring present officers and Past President.

The Winnie Davis Chapter, Meridian, sponsored a dedication service on Sunday, May 2, when more than 1,200 markers were placed on the graves of Confederate and Union soldiers buried in the Lauderdale and Marion cemeteries. Addresses were made by the leaders of the Confederate Veterans, the Spanish War Veterans and the American Legion.

The Mississippi Division recently lost one of its most valued members, Mrs. Susie Southworth Yerger, who, through many years as Chairman of the Maintenance Committee, administered this fund to help the veterans and their wives who did not wish to go to the Beauvoir Confederate Home. Mrs. Yerger was a sister of Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, who passed away in 1930, both loved and honored members of the Division.

[Mrs. Virginia R. Price, Director.]

*South Carolina.*—The Charleston Chapter, co-operating with the National Bicentennial celebration, entertained at a historic tea on May 4th at Market Hall, honoring the memory of George Washington. This date was appropriately selected because of the fact that on May 4, 1791, the citizens of Charleston tendered Washington a welcoming reception when he visited the city during his famous Southern tour. Reminiscent of that period were the decorations in the hall and on the beautifully appointed table; and Colonial costumes were worn by the young ladies who assisted in serving and by the Mother Singers of Bennett School, who rendered several delightful musical numbers during the afternoon.

In the receiving line were the two South Carolina Past Presidents General, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim and Mrs. St. John Allison Lawton; Mrs. J. Sumter Rhame, Chapter President; Miss Martha B. Washington and Mrs. William H. Johnson, Chapter Past Presidents; and Mrs. William Howard Taft, widow of the late President Taft, who was an honored guest of the chapter and represented the United States government.

A throng of guests attended the function, including, besides a number of beloved Confederate veterans, representatives from the Army and the Navy and from the city's various patriotic and historic organizations as well as members from nearby U. D. C. Chapters.

*Texas.*—Julia Jackson Chapter, Fort Worth, of which Mrs. E. W. Bounds, a former State President, is President, has been active in many of the avenues of service which are used to minister to the Confederate veterans in a material way as well as in entertainment.

Through the efforts of our educational committee, of which Mrs. Rosa Pulliam is chairman, with Mrs. Tom W. Simmons, assistant, a bronze tablet is to be placed in the new post-office building now being erected in Fort Worth at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars. This tablet which is to be placed in the lobby of the building, will bear in large bright gold-colored lettering the insignia of the U. D. C., with the memorial words: "Dedicated to the Confederate Veterans by the U. D. C. and the S. C. V. of Fort Worth, Texas." This was paid for by donations from both.

The design for the tablet was drawn by a granddaughter of Mrs. Pulliam, and executed by an artist in bronze work.

We believe this is the first instance in the history of the Confederacy that such a privilege has been granted by the Federal Government, and we feel deeply grateful for the honor bestowed on the heroes of the Confederacy.

In appreciation of the Chapter, the R. E. Lee Camp of this city has presented all of its properties to the Julia Jackson Chapter. These consist of historical books, pictures, and many relics of history which will be preserved in the archives of the chapter when the camp has ceased to exist.

Some splendid strides have been made in historical and patriotic activities, too. Our President has arranged and the chapter has taken part in Bicentennial exercises in observance of the birth of George Washington, in one of which a tree was planted on the campus of the city's largest high school campus, and in another a tree

(Continued on page 278)

## FOR GENERAL OFFICE.

The Atlanta Chapter announces Mrs. Forrest Kibler for the office of Custodian General of Crosses, calling attention to her record as Recorder of Crosses for the Georgia Division, winning the prize for the greatest number of military crosses bestowed by any state. Mrs. Kibler has an outstanding record as an officer of her Chapter and the State Division.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

HISTORIAN GENERAL: Mrs. John Huske Anderson.

AIMS FOR 1932: To know your work—a fuller knowledge of the facts of our Confederate history.

## HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CONFEDERATE PERIOD.

*With Southern Songs*

AUGUST, 1932.

Inventive Genius of Confederates.

The Making of Arms and Ammunition.

Arsenals and Armories.

Science of Warfare Shown in the Confederacy.

Reading: "The Stars and Bars" (Virginia Frazier Boyle).

Song: "Wait for the Wagon."

## CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

AUGUST, 1932.

Hospitals and Nurses.

Capt. Sally Tompkins, Mrs. Ella Trader. (From "Women of the South in War Times.")

Song: "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
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MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
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MRS. L. T. D. QUINBY.....*National Organizer*  
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LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
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OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
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WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. ADA RAMP WALDEN, Editor Box 592, Augusta, Ga.

## A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*My dear Co-workers:* With the slogan, "On to Richmond!" and the thought of another reunion and our C. S. M. A. convention, the pulse-beat quickens, the eyes grow brighter, as fancy pictures the lighter step of happiness of the dear heroes of the sixties, as they meet once again in congenial comradeship.

Our C. S. M. A. convention meets on Tuesday, June 21st, at three P.M., in the auditorium of the Jefferson Hotel. You are urged to be present at the opening, or welcome meeting, for a wonderful program has been prepared. Go direct to the Jefferson Hotel and register. A committee will be there to serve you.

Beautiful Richmond! Queen City of the Southland! How quickens the pulse, the heart throb more vibrant, as the heart of the South turns again in joyous anticipation of once again beholding the many shrines made sacred by the sacrificial altars of her noble sons and daughters. Linked by ties of blood with every section of our Southland, Virginia has not only been the Mother of Presidents, but her sons and daughters have graced the nation and happy are we to claim her children as our sires.

To the remnant of that gallant army scattered far and wide, age does not wither nor time dim the precious memories that cluster about her splendid towns and her fair daughters.

## THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAG.

From many sources comes a decided note of protest against the proposed change in the Battle Flag from the oblong style to the perfect square

and all bound around in white. From the veterans, from members of the U. D. C., and from many Memorial Associations comes the query, "Why change the form of the Battle Flag carried by the Confederate soldiers to a square white-bordered flag unlike any seen by our armies of the sixties. You will be asked to vote on this question at the convention, June 23. Be sure to be present.

Your President General is eagerly anticipating the happy privilege of meeting with you, and, Providence permitting, will be at the Jefferson on June 20. Until then, we pray that the providence of a loving heavenly Father may watch over and protect each one.

Splendid reports of interest and growth in the work come from Mrs. D. D. Geiger, of Huntington, W. Va., and Mrs. N. P. Webster, of Washington, D. C., also from Mrs. Oswald Eve, Augusta, Ga.

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, Jr., has been elected President of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Atlanta, to succeed the late Mrs. William A. Wright.

Looking eagerly forward to meeting you in Richmond,

Faithfully,

MARGARET A. WILSON.

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

BY ADA RAMP WALDEN, EDITOR.

By the time this appears in the pages of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the reunion and the convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will have passed into history. Its passing virtually begins a new year in the work.

There will be, as always, a stimulus to better work, to genuine achievement, and an inspiration to go forward and reach out. And, while enjoying the pleasure such inspiration creates, the editor begs every association to pledge herself to send news of its activities. If the story of every meeting were sent promptly, the high lights could be extracted, and a readable page created.

\* \* \*

June 3rd was Memorial Day in several Southern States, one of these being Louisiana. All over the State were memorial exercises, and the decoration of graves of gray-clad soldiers; but particularly in New Orleans, city of glamour, were the exercises notable.

Twenty years ago, two hundred veterans marched in the procession; this year there were sixteen—seven residents of New Orleans and nine residing in the Confederate Home. An interesting feature was the presence of Capt. James Dinkins, eighty-eight-year-old veteran, who served as master of ceremonies at the exercises at the monument in Greenwood Cemetery; and Mr. Paul Villavaso, ninety, who left the automobile in which he rode, at each monument decorated, and stood at attention as "Taps" was sounded by John Lewis, descendant of Confederate grandparents. A "Sword of Lee," made entirely of flowers, was presented to Captain Dinkins by pupils of Robert E. Lee School, an annual ceremony.

Rev. Dunbar Ogden delivered the inspiring address, which will be preserved in the archives of the Ladies' Memorial Association. As the day is a legal holiday in Louisiana, hundreds of children were able to take part in the ceremonies. All flags were at half-mast until twelve o'clock.

Flowers were never more abundant, and there were just sufficient clouds to temper the sun rays. Mocking birds sang requiems in every tree, and the day was altogether an ideal one.

\* \* \*

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, Sr., President General of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, was an honored guest of Chapter A, U. D. C., Augusta, June 3rd, when the formal opening of the Jefferson Davis Memorial bridge was featured at exercises that attracted several thousand people from Georgia and South Carolina. Mrs. Wilson, who received the sobriquet, "Beloved Lady of the Veterans," from the late Rev. Sam Small, of evangelistic, but later, journalistic fame, when presented at the ceremonies by Editor Thomas J. Hamilton, of the *Augusta Chronicle*, master of

ceremonies, contrasted her visit to Augusta with that made when she was a wee girl. Her father was in the Confederate ranks; the mother, with her small children, refugee from Atlanta when Sherman gave the orders to vacate. With the few valuables they could conveniently carry, they, as did many others, found their way to Augusta in a box-car. Having reached this haven, they found the city threatened by a freshet from the turbulent waters of the Savannah. Although there was not a home in which there was not sorrow, and all were poverty-stricken, homes were opened in the Hill section to the sufferers until they could return to Atlanta and rebuild their destroyed homes. Mrs. Wilson recalls, too, the journey back "home." Only ashes and chimneys remained of the once beautiful city—with the exception of a few churches and the buildings that had served as headquarters for Sherman's officers. She recalls that her mother assembled the little ones about her and knelt in the ashes of the once happy home and prayed for a speedy reunion of the family and that peace would soon fling her mantle over the severed nation.

\* \* \*

A sentinel of stone guarded old Fort Fisher, N. C., on the night of June 3rd, birthday of the immortal President of the Confederacy, for, the day before, a shaft, surmounted by a sphere and an eagle volant, was unveiled at Battle Acre, where was fought one of the most spectacular battles of the War between the States—a land and naval battle that has been described as an "inferno." For the first time since it was hauled down in 1865, the Confederate flag flaunted its folds in the breezes; but it was combined with a group that (borrowing from an Associated Press story) "sent eulogies instead of whistling shells into the air." Exercises were held in honor of the men who fought behind the parapets of the fort, termed by the principal speaker, Governor Max Gardner, as the "Gibraltar of America."

*The Veteran a Necessity.*—A good friend in Texas renews her subscription well in advance, and writes: "Money is as 'scarce as hen's teeth,' but I suppose the VETERAN comes under the head of *necessities*. You will be interested in knowing that J. W. Leatherwood, who was with Forrest, celebrated his ninetieth birthday at his home in Itasca, on March 25. He and W. S. Williams, also a Mississippi Confederate, are the only old Confederates left here."—*Mrs. C. I. Coffin, Itasca, Tex.*



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

DR. GEORGE R. TABOR, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to Edmond R. Wiles, Editor, 1505 W. 22nd St., Little Rock, Ark.

## GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

### THE CONVENTION IN RICHMOND.

When these lines are read, the 37th annual convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans will be a thing of the past. Unfortunately, due to the necessity of getting the material for the VETERAN in the hands of the editor well in advance of the date of publication, it will not be possible to give a detailed account of the happy events occurring in the Capital City of the Confederacy on the occasion of holding the 42nd reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, but the editor of this department promises to fill these columns with reunion material to the limit in the August number.

### JUNE 3—WHAT IT MEANS TO SOUTHERNERS.

The 124th anniversary of the birth of our beloved President, Jefferson Davis, the first and only Chief Executive of the Southern Confederacy, has just passed into history. How gratifying it is to note the increased respect and reverence for his memory as indicated by the numerous commemorative ceremonies held throughout the South honoring his name! A most interesting and elaborate program was held at Beauvoir, the old Davis home fronting the beautiful waters of the Gulf of Mexico, now a Confederate Home, used by the State of Mississippi for this most fitting and worthy purpose by permission of the Mississippi Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, who own

this beautiful and historical estate, valued at one time at a million dollars.

An event of unusual interest to the citizens of Little Rock, Ark., was the dedication and unveiling of the \$4,700 boulder quarried from the "Little Rock" jutting into the Arkansas River at the foot of Rock Street, from which the City of Little Rock derives its name—on June 3 last.

This rock was first seen by a white man, so far as history records, when Bernard de la Harpe, under commission of Louis XV, voyaged up the Mississippi River, then up the Arkansas to this point, in 1722—this being the first rock visible on either river. This boulder, bearing a large bronze tablet, carrying the historical data regarding the naming of the city for it, the fact that it is the northwest corner of the Quapaw Survey fixing the treaty lines between the Quapaw Tribes and the United States, June 24, 1818—was erected by the Civitan Club, under the direction of E. R. Wiles, President, with the aid of the Mayor and officials of Little Rock, on June 3, 1932, the birthday of Jefferson Davis, though not held as an event especially honoring this great American and Southerner.

## CONFEDERATE PENSIONS.

The Pension situation continues to be the greatest matter confronting the Confederate veterans and widows of our Southland, many of whom are in dire need, particularly in Arkansas, of immediate aid to prevent suffering from the lack of

necessary food, shelter, and comforts of life so essential to those who have reached the advanced age of our veterans and many widows at this time. It is regrettable to note that Mississippi has cut the pensions nearly in half. Arkansas has made only one monthly payment since January 1st. It is high time that the Sons, Daughters, and friends of the Southern soldier and his widow interest themselves in this matter of immediate relief in some manner for these noble heroes, who are bearing their misery and discomfort as they bore their hardships month after month on the battle fronts of our Southland, defending their homes, families, and principles held sacred.

News comes from Texas that C. E. Gilbert, Commander of the Texas Division, has organized five fine camps of the Southern Confederate Veterans in Northeast Texas. Old General Depression is still lurking round in the dark places, but there are still descendants of the men who wore the gray willing to co-operate and invest a few dollars in the cause to honor the heroes of the 60's, and preserve the truths of history. Commander Gilbert says we ought to have a hundred thousand active, zealous members, and it is a shame that we have not.

## SOLDIERS OF THE SOUTHLAND.

(Poem dedicated to Southern Cross Chapter, U. D. C., Miami, Fla.)

Soldiers of Southland, whose bright fame,  
Blown by the trumpet blast of war,  
Is heard where'er that sacred name  
Of Dixie throbs, like some great star—  
Heroes and men who fought and died  
Beneath that overwhelming tide.

Men of the South, to whom the Sun  
Of '76 appeared again,  
When your gigantic task was done,  
By shattering showers of rifle rain,  
Glorious, like some fierce sunset ray,  
You shone on your unconquered way.

Sons of Dixie, beneath Lee's spell,  
You, like an onward-swelling flood,  
Rush through the flames of martial hell  
Through scenes of death and seas of blood.  
With silenced arms you had to pay—  
Your gallant deeds shall immortal stay.

—Ethel Brooks Koger.

## THE BATTLE OF VAL VERDE.

The battle of Val Verde was fought February 21, 1862, by Sibley's Texas Brigade, with Teel's, Pyron's, Fulcord's, and Reiley's batteries of artillery, at the Val Verde crossing on the Rio Grande River in what is now Socorro County, New Mexico.

This small band of Texas Confederate soldiers, armed only with shotguns, pistols, lances, and Bowie knives, and having only light artillery, completely routed a superior force of the Federal army under Gen. E. R. S. Canby, who had fifteen hundred regular army troops, well equipped and trained and re-enforced with Colorado volunteers, New Mexico volunteers, and Kit Carson's Scouts. They had also in reserve a large body of regular troops in Fort Craig, seven miles away. The Confederates captured a complete battery of artillery and many prisoners, and drove the Federals back across the river into Fort Craig. The Texas units in this battle were the 4th, 5th, and 7th Regiments of Texas Mounted Volunteers and the batteries above mentioned.

Many names prominent in Texas history since the War between the States graced the roll of this small army, and there must be descendants of these brave men scattered far and near in the South, if not all over the United States.

The Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, have in hand the project of erecting a monument on the battle field of Val Verde to honor the thirty-eight soldiers and a number of officers, who, at the conclusion of the battle, were rolled in their blankets and buried in trench graves to await the final summons.

I have a list of six survivors of this battle who live in Texas. If there are others, will they and the descendants of any who took part in this battle please write me?

MRS. R. L. YOUNG, SR., *Chairman*,  
Box 962, Abilene, Texas.

*Write for Booklet.*—E. H. Sanger, Minco, Okla., is sending out a pamphlet giving the story of the National Military Park and the battles commemorated on the Rappahannock, which he will be glad to send to any Confederate veteran, and especially to any survivor of the Army of Northern Virginia who served under General Lee in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania. There is no charge.



## U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 273)

was planted on our Confederate burial plot. We also presented a large Confederate flag to the manager of the cemetery where our Confederate burial plot is located, to be used on all Confederate days observed by the South. This was done at the request of the manager of the cemetery, who takes a pride in floating the flag at all times designated.

Fort Worth boasts a park named for the immortal Jefferson Davis, which is a source of great satisfaction to the Daughters of Confederacy, and they expect to take part in its improvement.

On June 3, the annual picnic was given for the veterans by the Chapter, assisted by the Sons of Confederacy, and it was an event of pleasure to all veterans, wives and widows.

[Mrs. Claudia Hightower, Publicity.]

## THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAGS.

The response to our announcement of the sale of small Confederate Battle Flags sponsored by the U. D. C. has been most gratifying, and the Flag Committee has high hopes of securing sufficient orders to meet the guarantee by January, 1933.

On Memorial Day, May 30th, the little new flag was in evidence in many places throughout the South and was greatly admired.

Some adverse comment has arisen, and the question asked is, "Why was the design of our Confederate battle flag changed?" the answer to which is that there has been no change except to have the small flags correctly made in the square design with white border on all four sides. The Sons of Confederate Veterans have for a number of years sponsored the use of the correctly made flag in larger sizes, and hundreds of them have been sold through their efforts. Now the United Daughters of the Confederacy have secured the manufacture of the smaller size suitable for use on Memorial Day and other occasions, and if the members of our organization determine to use only this flag we may soon be assured of a sale sufficient to meet the required guarantee.

To those who may feel an uncertainty as to correctness of the square design with white border, we would refer to the fact that all of the captured battle flags returned by the United States Government to the Confederate Museum are of this exact design.

During the absence of the Chairman of Flag Committee until September 15th, letters of inquiry may be sent to Mrs. J. Sumter Rhame, 65 South Battery, Charleston, S. C. Orders for flags may be sent direct to the manufacturers, Annin & Co., 85 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., accompanied by check or money order. If orders are not written on slip attached to circulars sent out to Chapters early in the year, please mention that Confederate Battle Flags, 12 3-4 inches square, sponsored by Flag Committee, U. D. C. are desired, and be sure to give full name of Officer, name of Chapter, and correct address.

Chapters are urged to use these flags for their State Conventions and thus enlarge the sales. Prices are as follows: \$12 per gross, plus postage or express; \$1.50 per dozen, or 15 cents each, postage included.

MRS. CHARLES E. BOLLING, *Chairman*;  
MRS. J. SUMTER RHAME, *Assistant*.

## STATE SONG.

## FLORIDA, MY FLORIDA.

O perfect land of bright sunshine,  
Florida, my Florida!  
The hand that formed thee is divine,  
Florida, my Florida!  
The ocean deep with skies so blue,  
The evening breezes filtering through,  
The pendulum curtain swaying true,  
Florida, my Florida!

O Southland home so fair and bright,  
Florida, my Florida!  
Of matchless days and perfect nights,  
Florida, my Florida!  
Here nature soothes to quiet rest  
All unkind feelings in our breast  
In this fair country God has blest,  
Florida, my Florida!

The rivers, lakes, and splendid bays,  
Florida, my Florida!  
Thy mocking birds and flowers gay,  
Florida, my Florida!  
A perfect vision greets the eye  
Where rolling waves meet bending sky,  
And where old Time flies swiftly by,  
Florida, my Florida!

—Sarah Banks Weaver.

(State song sung to air of "Maryland, My Maryland").

## PICTURES OF CONFEDERATE LEADERS.

The following pictures are commended as being most suitable for presentation purposes, as their good quality is fine insurance. These pictures are:

**THE THREE GENERALS.**—Group showing Generals Lee, Jackson, and Joseph E. Johnston. A fine steel engraving some 19 by 22 inches, price \$10. With an order for this picture, a year's subscription to the VETERAN is allowed.

**PICTURE OF GEN. R. E. LEE.**—A fine steel engraving printed in soft brown tones; in good size. Picture highly commended by General Lee's daughter as a good likeness. Price, \$5.

**PICTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.**—A handsome print, showing him in the flush of maturity, just before the war. Can be had in different sizes, as follows: 16 x 20 inches, double weight paper, \$4; mounted on cardboard, \$4.50; 20x30 inches, \$7; mounted, \$7.50; 30x40 inches, \$10; mounted, \$10.50.

Address the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

### THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

Not—"How did he die?"  
But—"How did he live?"  
Not—"What did he gain?"  
But—"What did he give?"  
These are the units  
To measure the worth  
Of a man, as a man,  
Regardless of birth.  
Not—"What was his station?"  
But—"Had he a heart?"  
And—"How did he play  
His God-given part,  
Was he ever ready  
With a word of good cheer,  
To bring back a smile,  
To banish a tear?  
Not—"What did the sketch  
In the newspapers say?"  
But—how many were sorry  
When he passed away?

—Kansas City Times.

### WHAT'S LIFE.

What's life? To love the things we see:

The hills that touch the skies;  
The smiling sea; the laughing lea;  
The light in woman's eyes;  
To work and love the work we do;  
To play the game that's square;  
To grin a bit when feeling blue;  
With friends our joys to share;  
To smile, through games be lost or won;

To earn our daily bread—  
And when at last the day is done  
To tumble into bed.

—Griffite Alexander.

"I understood the text, all right," remarked Aunt Ann Peebles, after the sermon was over; "but the preacher's explanation of it puzzled me a good deal."



**J. A. Joel & Co.**

SILK AND BUNTING  
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U. S., CONFEDERATE,  
AND STATE FLAGS  
SPECIAL FLAGS AND  
BANNERS MADE TO  
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NOTICE

147 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.

An accident to her eyes prevents a good friend from reading the VETERAN, and she writes that she gives it up reluctantly and sends "Goodbye and God bless the dear old CONFEDERATE VETERAN and all connected with it." She has been a subscriber since 1906.

An old South Carolina ducky was sent to the hospital in Charleston. One of the gentle, black-robed sisters put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature. Presently, when the doctor made his rounds, he said: "Well, Mose, have you had any nourishment?"

"A lady done gimme a piece of glass to suck, boss, but Ise still powerful hongry."

In 1931.—Lord Cornwallis chuckled at the celebration at Yorktown where his ancestor was captured 150 years ago. Maybe he was just seeing the joke.—St. Paul News.

Hubby: "You didn't have a rag on your back when I married you."

Wife: "Anyway, I've plenty of them now."

An old farmer after paying his bill for a new reaper and binder, was asked by the cashier how it went.

"Well, ye see, this time last year I sat on the fence with a cigar in my mouth and watched thirty men reaping my field. This year I reaped it myself, and thirty men sat on the fence and watched me."

A little fellow took up his grandmother's spectacles and put them on. Then peering through the glasses he frowned and said: "But I can't see, grandma; there must be something between my eyes and the glasses. What is it?"

"Seventy years, my child," the old lady answered.



"Lest  
We  
Forget"



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

PRICE, \$1.50 EACH

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## SPECIAL BOOK OFFERS

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. R. E. LEE. Compiled and edited by his son, Capt. Robert E. Lee. \$3.25, postpaid. With a year's subscription to the VETERAN, \$4.25.

This is the last of the \$5 edition of this book.

Of the many books written on the life of Gen. R. E. Lee, this compilation by his son and namesake of letters written by the great general, combined with recollections of the intimate association of family life, gives a light on this great character which reveals the tenderness under the stern exterior and the deep love for home and family which his military life had separated him from through many years. There is much else that brings out the fine and lovable traits of character as man and officer—a character in which could be found no flaw.

The last of this five-dollar edition was bought by the VETERAN some years ago to offer to its readers, and the last of the stock is being offered again at the reduced price of \$3.25, postpaid. It is a book to be cherished and passed down as a loved possession. Send for a copy now and place it where the young people can read it, for they should get this view of General Lee first. Orders will have attention as received.

\* \* \*

THE LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE.—In this splendid work is made acquaintance with the writers produced by this Southern section, with interesting selections from their works—and it is a revelation of great worth in literature. Nowhere else could this information be gotten in convenient form.

It is seldom that a set of this work, 16 volumes, can be offered by the VETERAN, for it is sold through agents exclusively. The set here offered is the DeLuxe edition of red leather and cloth, which originally sold for more than three times at what it is now offered, \$42.50. First order received will get this bargain.

————— *Send Your Orders Promptly To* —————

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN  
NASHVILLE, TENN.



# Confederate Veteran



VOL. XL

AUGUST, 1932

No. 8



GEN. HOMER ATKINSON, PETERSBURG, VA.  
Elected Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans,  
Richmond Reunion, June, 1932



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Mrs. Harriet J. Hines, 116 S. E. Grand Blvd., Oklahoma City, Okla., is trying to find some one who knew her husband, Milburn Hines, who was known to have served with Company D, 19th Texas Infantry. He enlisted first at Bright Star, Ark., in the cavalry, and was transferred some months later to the 19th Texas Infantry, at Jefferson, Tex., December 26, 1864, and laid down arms at Tamostead, Tex., in May, 1865. His widow needs this testimony in order to secure a pension.

Inquiry comes for some one who served with William Franklin, 1st Corporal in 1st Lieut. C. Herring's Company, Col. J. D. McAdoo's Regiment, Texas State Troops, who enlisted April 4, 1864, at the age of twenty-seven years. This is in the interest of his widow, who is trying to get a pension. Address Mrs. Amanda J. Franklin, care W. S. Hawkins, Yuba, Okla.

Miss Cora Duffey, 203 South Fairfax Street, Alexandria, Va., wishes to communicate with any one who worked at the Tredegar Iron Works, Richmond, Va., in 1863, afterwards transferred to Brown's Island, in the James River.

**A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.**—At the Democratic convention in Chicago recently, a woman approached ex-Governor Byrd, of Virginia, and inquired breathlessly, "Are you the flyer?" "No," replied the genial Virginian, "he's my brother." "Oh," was the comment, "you're not flying; you're just running."

Mrs. Ellen Johnson, of Guymon, Okla., is seeking information on the service of her father as a Confederate soldier, and asks that any one who knew him in the Confederate army will please communicate with her. His name was W. H. (William Henry) Tuttle, and thinks he was from Mt. Airy, N. C., or that section. His regiment and company are especially wanted.

Miss Lorine Letcher Butler, 337 West 22nd St., New York City, is writing a biography of Gen. John H. Morgan, and would appreciate hearing from any one who knew him and could give any information on his career in the army or of him personally; especially anything on his activities about Murfreesboro, Tenn., and his marriage there during the war.

Miss Annie P. Welch, of Coy, Ala., renews for two years at full rate, and writes: "Cannot tell you how much I enjoy and value the VETERAN."

**STARTLING FACTS.**—The National Association of Credit Men points out that the country's fraud loss is four times greater than the net incomes of fifteen hundred of the largest industrial, utility and railroad companies of the nation, amounting in 1931 to the staggering sum of \$7,500,000,000. —*The Kablegram.*

**MAGNIFICENT LEGION WORK.**—With more than 800,000 persons already returned to jobs, the American Legion closed its campaign for a million new jobs, July 1.—*The Kablegram.*

## CIGARETTE FIRE TOLL.

The property loss from fire in the United States attributable to cigarette smoking amounts to \$45,000,000 a year.

At least, that is what the United States Bureau of Standards reported. And this does not include the fire damage where the cause was only suspected to be cigarette smoking, which, in one year, amounted to more than \$6,000,000—nor does it include the losses from grain fires started in the harvest fields by cigarette smoking, for which there are no accurate figures available.

But in the same year more than 30,000 fires are estimated to have been caused by smokers in the forests of the country.

## I HAVE FOUND SUCH JOY.

I have found such joy in simple things:

A plain, clean room, a nut-brown loaf of bread,

A cup of milk, a kettle as it sings,

The shelter of a roof above my head;

And in a leaf-faced square upon a floor

Where yellow sunlight glimmers through a door.

I have found such joy in things that fill

My quiet days: a curtain's blowing grace,

A growing plant upon a window sill,

A rose, fresh-cut and placed within a vase;

A table cleared, a lamp beside a chair,  
And books I long have loved beside me there.

Oh, I have found such joy! I wish I might

Tell every woman who goes seeking far

For some elusive, feverish delight,  
That very close to home the great joys are:

These fundamental things—old as the race,

Yet never, through the ages, commonplace.

—Grace Noll Crowell, *Good House-keeping.*

Patient: How would you like a Woman's Home Companion?

Nurse: I have been dying for one. Are you single?—*Sanatorium Sun.*

He was but a young boy when the war came on in 1861, but he was serving the Confederate government when less than sixteen years old, on steamers carrying Confederate stores to Richmond up to May, 1864, when he joined the "old men and boys" of Petersburg who had been called into service, under command of Col. Fletcher A. Archer, who had been in the Mexican War. With this small band, he helped to save the city from destruction in the onslaught of June 9, 1864—and



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

### TO RICHMOND, OUR THANKS.

In complimenting the Richmond Committees for the interesting and successful occasion they made of the 42nd Annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, it would be a pleasure to give the name of every Chairman and individual member as contributing to that success and interest. Failing that, mention must be made of Maj. Robert T. Barton as the General Chairman, who was untiring in his efforts to provide a celebration that would reflect credit upon Richmond and Virginia. Selected by the late Gen. Jo Lane Stern as the young leader of the reunion forces, on him fell the mantle of the veteran organizer, and most worthily he wore it, receiving the praises of his associates in this work as well as by the recipients of Richmond's hospitality. Special mention is also made of Mr. T. M. Carrington, President of the Richmond Battlefield Park Corporation, who arranged all details in connection with the formal dedication of that area and was largely responsible for the success in transporting visitors during the four days of the reunion.

It is appropriate also to mention the splendid reports of the newspapers of Richmond and the special reunion edition of the *Richmond Magazine*, which carried the official program in addition to many interesting articles and illustrations which made it a most desirable souvenir of the city, State, and reunion. Its editor, J. Malcolm Bridges, another young official, was Chairman of the Publicity Committee for the Reunion.

### THE BATTLE FLAG OF THE CONFEDERACY.

As there seems to be some question that the Battle Flag of the Confederacy as officially adopted was square, the following is given as testimony from the two generals who were instrumental in having it designed and adopted.

Owing to the similarity of the Stars and Bars and the Stars and Stripes, these colors became confused in battle, and, shortly after the first battle of Manassas, a flag for service in the field was created for the army around Manassas, then known as the Army of the Potomac. It became within a year the battle flag of all the Confederate armies and was borne by the troops throughout the war. The design for this flag as submitted to

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was oblong, but he preferred a square flag, as the following taken from his "Narrative of Military Operations," page 602, shows:

"Many designs were offered, and one of several presented by General Beauregard was selected. I modified it only by making the shape square instead of oblong, and prescribed the different sizes for infantry, artillery, and cavalry."

Of this flag, General Beauregard says: "We finally adopted, in September, 1861, the well-known battle flag of the Army of the Potomac (as it was first called), to which our soldiers became so devoted. Its field was red or crimson; its bars were blue, and, running diagonally across from one corner to the other, formed the Greek Cross; the stars on the bars were white or gold, their number being equal to the number of States in the Confederacy; the blue bars were separated from the red field by a small white fillet. The size of the flag for infantry was fixed at 4x4 feet; for artillery, 3x3 feet; and for cavalry, 2 1-2x2 1-2 feet."

As further assurance that the official flag was square—although there were some oblong battle flags in use, many of which were made by "loving fingers" and presented to companies and regiments—the illustrations in a booklet showing the "Returned Battle Flags"—flags returned by the United States Government—give the large majority in the square form, with the white fillet, as described by General Beauregard, and also with a white border on the edge (this also has been questioned). These flags were carried by troops of different States, as is stated with these illustrations, and many of them are "battle scarred" and torn, attesting their authenticity.

The first flags from this design were made by Misses Hettie and Constance Cary, Virginia belles, who presented them to Generals Johnston, Beauregard, and VanDorn. General Beauregard sent his flag to New Orleans and, upon the fall of that city, to Havana, for safe-keeping; then it was returned to New Orleans and placed in custody of the Washington Artillery. An illustration of that flag shows that it was square and had the white border, also fringe.

Hanging in a glass case in the center of the Museum of the Confederate Soldiers Home at Richmond, Va., is the Flag of the Crenshaw Battery—the square Battle Flag with a white border. The Crenshaw Battery, Pegram's Battalion, A. N. V., of Richmond, Va., organized March 14, 1862, participated in 43 engagements.

THE MEN IN GRAY.

With crashing bands, and fife and drum,  
Once more the old Confederates come  
To Richmond!

Thousands are massed along the way  
To see the men who wore the gray;  
Heroes—to whom we homage pay  
In Richmond!

O, how it stirs the heart to see  
The soldiers of immortal Lee  
In Richmond!

And when they raise their flags on high,  
Tattered and old, against the sky,  
Once more we hear the rebel cry  
In Richmond!

Thinner the line grows year by year;  
They may not come again, I fear,  
To Richmond!  
But Time will keep their memory bright;  
They kept the faith and fought the fight—  
And died for liberty and right  
In Richmond!

—Nellie Parker Henson, in *Richmond News-Leader*.

THE REUNION IN RICHMOND.

June 22, 1932—and the Confederate Flag flying from the Capitol in Richmond!

For the first time in sixty-seven years, the Stars and Bars floated in the breeze which blew over Virginia's Capitol on this June day, wafting a message of greeting and of tender memories to the incoming men in gray—some of whom had once trod the streets of the old city as young soldiers of the Confederacy and gazed upon a floating flag which represented for them a government founded upon hope. Now, as old men, broken in strength and vision, though they could look upon it only as a symbol of "hopes that passed," still to them it was their flag, and what it stood for would ever make it sacred in their sight.

\* \* \*

There were many features of this Reunion in Richmond to make it distinctive, and the raising of the Confederate flag upon the State Capitol was a beginning most appropriate for reunion activities. The Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans and his staff had been welcomed by a salute from the four-gun battery manned by representatives of the Richmond Howitzers, who, with the Richmond Light Infan-

try Blues, formed an escort of honor to the Capitol. There in the old hall of the House of Delegates, restored as it was in the days of the Confederacy, and with the bronze statue of General Lee hallowing the scene, the official welcome was given by Governor Pollard for the great Commonwealth of Virginia, while the music of "Dixie" resounded on the air. From the Stonewall Jackson statue on Capitol Square, the party then viewed the flag ceremony. To the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner," the American flag was raised over the main building, changing to the melody of "Dixie" as the Stars and Bars sprang high over one wing of the capitol, raised by Miss Jessica Randolph Smith, daughter of the designer of the flag and official color bearer for the Commander in Chief; over the other wing the battle flag was raised by Miss Norman Randolph Turpin, granddaughter of the late Mrs. Norman Randolph. Each was attended by a guard of one from the Richmond Blues. These flags were the gift of Miss Smith (known as "Dad's Daughter"), and after the reunion they were presented to the Confederate Museum in loving tribute to Gen. Jo Lane Stern and to Mrs. Randolph, two distinctive figures in the life of Richmond for the past fifty years and now of beloved memory.

Among those who watched the Stars and Bars again rise over the Capitol was one who, as a boy, and from the same place on Capitol Square, had watched the hoisting of the flag of the Confederacy over Virginia's State House in 1861. This was Gen. William McKay Evans, who later entered the army and gave his best in service, and during this reunion was elected Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department.

\* \* \*

On Monday afternoon the scene shifted to Petersburg, where was enacted a pageant depicting the last days of the long siege and fighting there on the battle field area, several hundred acres of which have been secured for a National Military Park, and it was formally dedicated at this time with special exercises. In his address, the Assistant secretary of War, Frederick H. Payne, spoke of the park as "a monument to the past and a pledge to the future, when generations yet unborn will marvel at the tenacity and fortitude which sustained that struggle."

The acreage already secured for the park includes the Crater and the famous tunnels made by both armies. Both gray and blue are represented on the Commission appointed by Congress to carry out the development of this park on the



scene of the death struggle of the Confederacy, and both sides will have the privilege of erecting monuments and markers, with no inscriptions that reflect upon either side. An editorial in the *Richmond News-Leader* of June 20 makes this reference to the heroic struggle which went on there for ten months in the slow strangulation of the Confederate forces:

**"PETERSBURG REMEMBERS.**

"Well it is that Petersburg has created from the red meadows that encircle her a battle field park that will be a memorial of her ten months' siege, and especially of those days from June 9 to June 18, 1864. For in all the heroic annals of the war there is no story more thrilling than that of Petersburg's defense while the Army of Northern Virginia watched Grant on the north side of the James. The action of June 9—when the boys and the old men went out to the water works, and old Colonel Archer dragged the cannon from the public square, and Phil Slaughter took his little band of negro musicians and played while the white men fought—will always stir the blood. From June 15 to June 18, Wise's Brigade and Dearing's Artillery fought foot by foot to hold the redans. It is said that Dearing had to be hurried forward at such speed to keep the Federals from entering Petersburg that the dust kicked up by his flying horses had not settled on Petersburg streets before the people heard his guns open on the lines. No finer instance of resistance to odds was recorded during the war; nowhere will the memorial spirit be more beautifully exemplified than in Petersburg.

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The Sons of Confederate Veterans were in charge of the exercises at the Mosque on Tuesday evening, when welcome greetings were extended, attended by members of the different organizations. The stage presented a scene of color, the light costumes of the ladies with gay ribbons, the red and white of flags and bunting, in sharp contrast with the gray of veterans. This was the opening of the Sons' convention, and there were introductions of the leaders of the Confederate associations and the official ladies of the S. C. V. The speaker of the evening was Senator Tom Connally, of Texas, who extolled the cause of the South in the sixties as a defense of homes and honor, and paid tribute to the women of the South for their devotion and sacrifice. Dr. George R. Tabor, Commander in Chief, S. C. V., presided. Welcome messages were brought from

the Governor, the Mayor, and Col. Robert Barton spoke for the Reunion Committee, of which he was Chairman.

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The formal opening of the U. C. V. Convention followed the usual procedure in the exercises on Wednesday morning, June 22, which were presided over by Gen. W. B. Freeman, former Commander in Chief, U. C. V., until the meeting was turned over to Gen. C. A. DeSaussure, Commander in Chief. Welcome addresses were the feature of this meeting, with greetings from the Governor of Virginia, the Mayor of Richmond, from the Reunion Committee, and patriotic organizations of the state and city, response to which was made by Mr. George A. Armistead, editor of the *Nashville (Tenn.) Banner*, who credited the forward movement of the South today as the result of the fortitude and devotion of the veteran of the Southern army, "whose valor in war was no less conspicuous than his courage in peace," saying also that the economic growth of the South was due to its own people—that the North neither supplied the creative genius, the kindling vision, the reserve power, nor the initial capital.

The leading thought in the address by the Commander in Chief was the preservation of the Camps as the only means of keeping the organization alive, and his suggestion was that the faithful women in communities where these Camps were might be made constitutional members of the Camps and perform the active work which was being laid down by officers too feeble to carry on. This suggestion later came before the convention in the form of a resolution.

The afternoon of Wednesday was devoted to the dedicatory exercises of the Battle Field Parks area around Richmond, comprising those fields known in the famous "seven days fighting" about Richmond. These exercises were carried out on in a grove on the field of Frayser's farm, some sixteen miles from Richmond, where a speaker's stand had been erected and seats provided for several thousand, and a record crowd gave close attention to these exercises, which were presided over by Dr. George A. Tabor, Commander in Chief, S. C. V. The introduction of the grandsons of Generals Lee and Grant—Dr. George Bolling Lee, and Col. U. S. Grant, III, was received with cheers, and many veterans had the pleasure of shaking hands with them. The address by Dr. Douglas Freeman, Editor of the *News-Leader*, became a heart-to-heart talk with the veterans as he recalled to fading memories the glories of

past deeds and asked for survivors of famous commands in the audience, and the responses here and there showed that there were yet some left to represent those fighting units of the sixties. Gen. Lytle Brown (of Tennessee), Chief of Engineers, U. S. A., made the leading address, and he too referred to there being present "the last remaining few of that host in gray that made these and other fields immortal. Representatives they are of one of the staunchest armies that ever marched to battle; indestructible in its prime, dangerous in its last extremity, manful to the last gasp, unmoved and undaunted by fire or flood, by blood or the terror of death, led by one so valiant as to meet defeat, the direst fate of all, with valor. . . . We salute them reverently and affectionately, predict for them the happiest of all reunions with their gallant comrades gone before them when, at last, they too must leave us to 'cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees.'"

Paying tribute to those who have been the means of preserving these battle fields as shrines for pilgrimages of the coming generations, he said: "They have sought the maintenance of a heritage that we do value far above riches in fine gold and precious stones, or broad lands and state-ly mansions, namely, valor, the basic virtue which stands guard over all that is worth preserving under the sun. For it we remember, and to it we dedicate our battle fields here, yonder, and across the seas."

Most fittingly may be mentioned here that the preservation of these battle fields in the form of parks was consummated through some public-spirited citizens of Richmond, who formed an association with T. M. Carrington as President, who is credited with arranging all details in connection with the formal dedication of the battle field area. That area includes the battle fields of Mechanicsville, the beginning of Lee's offensive against McClellan, June 26, 1862; Cold Harbor, Frayser's Farm, Malvern Hill, Gaines' Mill, Fort Harrison—miles of fortifications there—and others will be linked eventually with the park area as is found possible. It was men of vision who have done this for their State, and in years to come their farsightedness will have given to the Old Dominion a feature of attraction far beyond computation in value.

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Resuming their business sessions on the morning of Thursday, the veterans of the Confederacy considered a number of things of interest to the

organization, some of which came in the form of resolutions. Of greatest importance doubtless was the movement to perpetuate the organization through the appointment of active adjutants from the other organizations who could represent it at the reunions. As passed, this provides that an adjutant could be appointed in this way from the ranks of the Daughters of the Confederacy or the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Another resolution of much interest was in the form of a protest against the use of textbooks on history which fail to present the Southern side in a fair light. This agitation has been carried on for many years, and the Sons of Veterans have done much to secure satisfactory histories in different States. The special warfare now is against Muzzey's History, which, despite protests of the Confederate organizations, was adopted by the school board of Virginia, although it had been rejected in a number of other States. All the Confederate organizations are called upon to wage warfare upon such textbooks.

The perennial subject of a joint reunion with the veterans of the Federal army came up again, though not properly brought through the resolutions committee, but the convention insisted that it be put to the vote, and unanimously rejected it.

The reinstatement of the District of Columbia Division, which had been suspended by the Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department "for cause," was left to the Commander in Chief's decision, who directed that it again become a part of the organization, "for," said he, "in a few years all our differences will make no difference anyway."

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The election of a Commander in Chief and Department Commanders came in the afternoon session, with the following selection:

Commander in Chief, Gen. Homer Atkinson, Petersburg, Va.

Departments:

Army of Northern Virginia, Gen. W. McKay Evans, Richmond, Va.

Army of Tennessee, Gen. Sims Latta, Columbia, Tenn.

Trans-Mississippi, Gen. R. D. Chapman, Houston, Tex.

The selection of the next place of reunion will be made by the Adjutant General later on, as no invitation was given before the convention.

THE PARADE.

Richmond has watched many military parades



wind through its streets from the days when the participants were a part of the huge machinery of war, through the days of peace when there were Confederate leaders in person to receive the adulation of an exulting throng on the line of march, and though the representatives of the once great army in gray were but "a feeble few" in the pageant of color which wound its way through Richmond streets on Friday, the 24th of June, there was an outpouring of cheering citizenry to make them realize that they were still the objects of love and pride to those who gazed upon the moving scene. And there were still beloved leaders to salute in the bronze effigies which adorn Monument Avenue—Mars Robert, and Stuart, the gay cavalier; grand old Stonewall; the Confederacy's President, and Maury, great representative of its Navy—these were there to review the remnant of Confederate gray from their stone pedestals and to give the benediction of approval that "the boys" had been faithful and loyal through all the long years to those principles which had animated their sacrifice and devotion in the sixties.

A day to be remembered in Richmond, for—

"Today the city had its last review. The armies of the South will march our streets no more. It is the rearguard engaged with death that passes now. Who that remembers other days can face that truth and withhold his tears? The dreams of youth have faded in the twilight of the years. The deeds that shook a continent belong to history. Farewell! Sound Taps! And then a generation new must face its battles in its turn, forever heartened by that heritage."

#### SNAPSHOTS FROM THE REUNION.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Confederate veterans who attended the recent reunion in Richmond will remember with pride and satisfaction the cordial greetings and hospitable entertainment they received.

Every train was met by lovely ladies in their cars, who conducted the veterans to any place desired. There was not a great crowd in Richmond, but there was a spirit of friendship and hospitality never surpassed at any reunion. Everybody was happy, and the spirit of happiness and love spread over the entire city. There was not a sorrowful-looking old man any place.

Five general reunions have been held in Richmond. This writer attended four of them.

There was no Rebel Yell, no wild outbursts of enthusiasm, and yet, there was a great deal of

the spirit of brotherhood—the brotherhood of man. The old men were in a happy mood, and they wanted the world to know it.

The ladies—God bless them!—were delightful hostesses. They were at every place, and they were the love and admiration of the visitors.

The veterans at the headquarters hotel, "The Jefferson," were generals. This writer was one of them. It was interesting to witness the nice attentions they received. The old men were unable to stand very long at a time; they sat on the lounges and in big armchairs, and the ladies stood in groups about them. They said nice little speeches to the old men. Sometimes a lady would say to a veteran: "You do not look old enough to have been in the army." See the old man throw back his shoulders—it made him feel good—made him happy.

This writer was standing amidst a group of ladies and gentlemen in front of the big marble stairway; a lady said to him, "You look nice in uniform." I thanked her. "Is it the same uniform you wore during the war?" she asked. "Yes," I answered. She seemed pleased to have guessed it. As a matter of fact, I had but recently ordered it from the best military tailor in Cincinnati. It was spanking new. The lady told me she was from West Virginia.

The Memorial Association held the first meeting Monday evening in the Auditorium of the hotel. It was a fine gathering.

The veterans' first meeting was on Wednesday, in a theater called "The Mosque."

The veterans who were guests of the city were quartered near the Battle Abbey, in a nice little park, a part of the Lee Camp Confederate Home grounds. I think there may have been seventy-five in the tents. They sat on benches under the big trees. They did not move about very much. They seemed to be happy. They were happy to be in the midst of the splendid people of the Confederate Capital.

I think there were not more than fifty veterans besides the "generals" at any meeting. The old men enjoyed the comradeship of each other more on the outside.

There were a great many generals. I doubt if Cæsar had as many generals in his big army when he crossed the Rubicon as there were in Richmond.

There was no outburst, no great enthusiasm at the veterans' meetings—no Rebel Yell; we are too old now. Governor Pollard of Virginia welcomed the veterans in a graceful speech. He told us that the people of Richmond and of the entire

State were glad to have us meeting in the old Capital.

There was an old army negro in the audience who was invited to come on the stage. He said he was a member of the 10th Georgia. He wanted to speak. His hat and his pockets were full of chicken feathers—but he made a good speech. One gentleman said he made the best speech of the meeting. There were no stirring speakers. The old 10th Georgia negro stated: "I am one hundred and seven years old. I have always been a white folks nigger, and the Yankees can't change me, Suh."

There was no difficulty in going to any place; the people generously gave their cars to the visitors. There were a number of delightful dinner-parties, receptions, and teas, and we attended several of them.

I have long understood that Virginia was the hub of the universe—that the great men, soldiers, and statesmen, of the nation were Virginians, and that the finest womanhood came from Virginia. I make no denial of the claim that Virginia women are superb. They are Southern women who have left their impress in every country.

Wherever a high-bred Southern girl is seen, whether in her own land or in other countries, she creates for herself an atmosphere of admiration which no other girl can imitate. Fresh and dainty and beautiful, she carries her head as the lily stem supports the flower, breathing the warmth of a day in June when nature has fulfilled her highest promise. She is more inspiring than a thousand songs. She has the indefinable something that makes her supreme.

The Reunion recalled some famous battles, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Savage Station, Frayser's Farm, and Malvern Hill. It recalled exciting days. All these things were brought to the minds of the survivors of the disbanded Legion of Honor, whose every conflict was a battle for conscience' sake, whose every victory was a triumph of an honest cause and whose final surrender developed a heroism and fortitude never surpassed in the annals of any people.

The Confederate soldier is proud of the past, satisfied with the present, and hopeful for the future. He awaits the end with courage—he is not afraid. He will leave to posterity the record of the greatest achievement at arms in the annals of war. These men must not be forgotten, for they cast a mellow glow over the South, just as the sun, after its departure, leaves behind those splendors which illumine and make beautiful the evening

sky. And if our men were heroes in battle, every home in the South had its heroine. Every true lover of greatness in womanhood will find in their lives the highest incentive for emulation. They left a record of loyalty and devotion that will forever remain a bright page in the annals of time.

The dreams of youth have faded in the twilight of the years, but the deeds of daring and fortitude that shook a continent will forever remain a bright page in history.

We visited the "White House of the Confederacy," where our great Chieftain spent his years of constant watch over the new government, where a nation was born and died in battle.

The years have gone. We echo in deed and words that full acceptance of the great arbitrament which our great Chieftain urged at the close of the story of his life, but we treasure in pride the tales of the splendid years of ill-fated, tragic effort, the futile sacrifices perhaps, the pathetically avoidable and needless sacrifice, and will so long as our social memory lasts.

We visited Williamsburg, the first capital of the Nation—a place that has become hallowed by its history and association. It is the Nation's shrine. We sat in Washington's pew in the old Bruton Parish Church. We read the epitaphs on the marble slabs in the churchyard, as far back as 1620. There are but a few tombs. The slabs lay flat on the graves. Many inscriptions have been destroyed by the elements of time.

We visited the home where Washington first met Martha Custis. All these things filled us with emotions that were aroused by contemplation of so holy a place, for they are inspirational. They refresh and restore our loyalty and enthusiasm. Along the fifty miles between Richmond and Williamsburg there are bronze plates telling where the lines of battle were.

The writer was a member of the 18th Mississippi Regiment the first two years of the war, and participated in the battles of Savage Station and Malvern Hill. Gen. R. A. Sneed, of Oklahoma, was a member of the same company, and we are the only survivors of Company C, of that regiment.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has bought a number of the old landmarks in Williamsburg and had them restored. He allows the former occupants to remain in the places without rent.

The veterans' ball was held in a large armory. There was a great crowd of young and middle-aged people, but few veterans were present.

(Continued on page 315)



*THE FIELD OF APPOMATTOX.*

BY CLAUDIA M. HAGY, WYTHEVILLE, VA.

The very name of Appomattox must forever bring a stab of pain to the heart of a Southerner. The memory will forever remain of that sickening pall of destitution and utter sadness which hung over those brave ones who for four years had suffered and struggled in sublime patience and fortitude through tortuous hardships to the humiliation of defeat on the surrender ground of the Confederacy, where, on April 9, they laid down their battered arms and furled their war-scarred flags.

Motoring east through Virginia on Route No. 60, one turns left at the village of Appomattox on the broad highway No. 306, leading to Richmond through Appomattox, Buckingham, Cumberland, Powhatan—battle-ridden counties.

The road lies straight for three miles, fringed by the soft pines and shimmering oaks. White daisies nodded in the rank growth of greenery, and the warm air was saturated with the fragrance of trailing honeysuckle. Fluttering butterflies, song of birds, blue and gold of a rare June day, a land drenched in sunshine that had known gray rain, red blood, asphalt where weary, swollen, bared feet had trailed in mud, where crushed hearts and aching limbs had struggled after the power had gone, save that supreme devotion to duty can carry on so long as flickering life would last!

On such a day it was difficult to visualize the gray ranks of 1865 moving over that very ground to the final act in the South's greatest tragedy. I had just entered the surrender grounds when, flying aloft, I saw "Old Glory" ripple in the breeze. Fitting indeed, but unexpected. I felt startled. Drawing up at a neat filling station, a man appeared, volatile and quite anxious to tell me of the various points of interest on and about the surrender field. He was from New York State, I soon discovered. I drove on and entered the section where North Carolina's State monument was erected to her brave dead. It stood neglected at the end of a narrow, muddy lane. From there to a small beauty spot of flowers and shrubs surrounding a few graves, among which gleamed a low white shaft. Stretching beyond lay the wide expanse of the surrender field surrounding the tiny, quaint village of old Appomattox. To the right by the side of the road stands the post-office, a ragged beggar sunning, its paneless windows guarded still by hand-wrought bars of iron. I understood that the highway commission desired to tear away the dilapidated antiq-

uity, but so far it had been saved from such ruthless modernism. The building is possibly over a hundred and fifty years of age. The old courthouse had fallen to decay and the débris removed, but the brick jail is still in fair condition. The most historic of all the buildings, the McLean House, is a pile of rotting timbers. It was torn down to be rebuilt at the Chicago Exposition, and for some reason left on its own grounds from that time to this.

My next stop was at a charming spot where a sign stated "Post Cards and Free Information." From the wide veranda of the old home, a cordial Virginian welcomed me. I entered the home to meet the ladies of the house. The paneled doors, many-paned windows, and antique furnishings were reminiscent of other days. I enjoyed a half hour filled with entertaining bits of information. Near this residence was a building of extreme interest and unusual charm, "The Tavern." The soft tones of the red brick had mellowed with the years. The narrow windows held the usual eighteen panes of glass. A wide fan arched over the doorway, from which the portico had been removed, leaving the trance on the walls. The side porches, too, had fallen down, and the hand-hewn shingles had been replaced by a covering of tin. Four stories tall and graceful in proportion, it seemed to express humiliation at its degradation or age and poverty. One must enter the once hospitable door, where men of rank and wealth had been greeted, over stone steps worn by countless feet. The date of the old tavern goes back one hundred and thirty-five years.

Before leaving this spot of sad memories, there was one gratifying bit of information gleaned. The State Conservation Commission of Virginia has voted to take over the surrender field in the State Park Area, and to acquire the land by purchase or gift as is possible. Virginia and the entire South, through its U. D. C. organizations, should put forth every energy possible to assist in preserving this field of Appomattox. The old buildings should be restored and refurnished. Each State should honor those who suffered there. Where tears washed off the stains of powder, the fields should smile with living flowers. The conquered banner should droop above the sod, for Appomattox is ours. It is a part of Virginia and the South. It holds for us a memory that is the saddest in our history, but we love the brave who gathered there for the last sad episode in our struggle for a great cause. It is fitting that we should hold it and preserve it for Southern fu-

ture. If the State and Confederate organizations do not preserve it, the vandal mercenaries of other sections or private interests may claim it, and it will forever pass beyond our right to acquire.

## ANDREW JACKSON AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

Please let me express my gratification at the review by Mr. Andrews of Dr. Brooks' *Life of Lee*. In the first place, I rejoice that we have lived to see the day when a Northerner chooses to write and speak respectfully of General Lee and other Southerners in our *War Independence*. Indeed, there is much in that review attributed to Dr. Brooks to applaud, but that the good Doctor is in error here and there may be expected.

As Mr. Andrews points out, one of the errors is "that Lincoln's heart and soul was stirred up by the plight of the negro." Lincoln himself said in his inaugural he had nothing to do about slavery and, after more than a year of war, his action in regard to it was, he said, only a war measure. He is now canonized as the Emancipator, but it was only the negroes in the Confederacy that he declared free—with the expectation that they would rise in insurrection and begin killing the women and children at home, so that the Confederate soldiers would return from the war and kill the negroes. And his purpose was not to free the negroes in the border States, and only those of the Confederacy.

Then Mr. Andrews mentions: "If the war had started in 1831, Andrew Jackson, it seems, would have played the Union rôle of Abraham Lincoln." I presume that is an echo of Dr. Brooks' statement. The conditions were different. There is a difference between Nullification and Secession. The right of a State to withdraw from the Union had not been denied, and nullifying an Act of Congress while remaining in the Union and subject to the Constitution is just the opposite of Secession.

While Jackson would not assent to Nullification, he might not have disagreed with the people of Virginia, of New York, Rhode Island, indeed, of the whole country, as to the right of a State to withdraw from the Union. It is an ill use of Jackson's name to associate him with the conqueror of the free, independent, sovereign States of the South—making them tributary to the Northern States.

There is no similarity between Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln. In November, 1832, South Carolina called a convention which adopted an ordinance nullifying an act of Congress. The President thereupon took certain steps to carry out the law. There was no conflict of arms. On page 612, volume 2, Richardson's *Messages of the Presidents*: "On January 15, 1833, Jackson sent a message to Congress quoting the South Carolina Ordinance. In it he said to Congress: 'It, therefore, becomes my duty, to bring the subject to the serious consideration of Congress in order that such measures as they in their wisdom may deem fit shall be seasonably provided, and it may be thereby understood that . . . it is nevertheless determined that the supremacy of the laws shall be maintained.'"

South Carolina claimed to be a State in the Union, but annulled an act of Congress, so the President communicated the subject to Congress for congressional action. On page 641, he says: "That a State or people may have a natural right . . . to absolve themselves from their obligations to the government and appeal to the last resort needs not on the present occasion be denied. The existence of this right must depend upon the causes which may justify its existence."

But the right of secession was not involved in the claim for "Nullification." In his message, he called attention to former acts of Congress, and in conclusion—page 631—he says: "For myself I have determined to spare no efforts to discharge the duty which in this conjunction is devolved upon me. That a similar spirit will actuate the representatives of the American people is not to be questioned, and I fervently pray that the Great Ruler of Nations may so guide *your deliberations and our joint measures* that they may prove salutary examples."

Now, what did Mr. Lincoln do? He started a war; called for 75,000 men in April, 1865, and then called Congress to meet in July. No joint measures, no action by Congress; but, after his war was in progress about three months, he had Congress to meet. And he starts to work to conquer the Cotton States, and his actions led to the four years of war between the North and the South.

Jackson's name should not be used to support the actions of the conqueror of the Southern States. Of Jackson, I may say with some pride that he was admitted to the bar of North Carolina by one Sam Ashe!



*FLAG OF THE Nighthawk Rangers.*

BY MISS DAISY C. NEPTUNE, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

After reading the article "On Monocacy Battle Field," I thought the following would be of interest to readers of the *VETERAN*.

The 17th Virginia Cavalry, known as the Nighthawk Rangers, took part in this battle. This regiment was composed of men from Roane, Jackson, Wirt, and Wood Counties, Va. (now W. Va.). Company F, of this regiment, owned a beautiful silk flag presented by some young ladies of Parkersburg, namely, Misses Fannie Hopkins, Margaret Cofer, Mary Cook, and Mrs. Sallie Stephenson Jackson.

Miss Margaret Cofer, who was an adept at fine needlework, made the flag. On one side she embroidered the words, "Liberty or Death," and on the other side, "Nighthawk Rangers." The flag was on a mahogany staff with a spearlike piece at the top. It was the pride of every member of Company F, and was borne bravely by different ones through many a battle. It was given up only at the cost of life and blood on July 9, 1864, in the battle of Monocacy River, Md., between the forces of Lieut. Gen. Jubal A. Early, commanding the Confederates, and Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace, directing the movements of the Federals, who were posted mostly behind railroad embankments.

The Confederates advanced through open fields, and a desperate conflict ensued, in which brave men lost their lives. Lieut. Col. W. Cabell Tavenner, Maj. F. F. Smith, and Cor. Jarod Williams (eighteen years of age) were slain. James Pennypacker lost an eye.

Some of the Federals began to fall back, and Company F, led by their Captain, James A. Crawford, began to pursue them. They were met by a galling fire from a force that had formed across the road. Several were severely wounded; their horses were shot from under them; but onward dashed the company amid the crash and clatter in their eagerness to win the battle.

James Mills, of Pond Creed, Wood County, was the color bearer that day. He was mounted on a spirited horse which dashed rapidly forward and soon carried him through the dense smoke and dust beyond our lines. Mills was shot through the right shoulder, and, unable to control his horse, it was with difficulty that he maintained his seat in the saddle and held on to the flag. He was faint and bleeding, and in this critical condition he was surrounded, his horse seized by the bridle, and, just as the horse fell, the flag was torn from

his grasp; it was not yielded, however, until he had fatally wounded one of its captors by a thrust from the spear on its staff. James Mills was left on the field of battle. A desperate effort was made to regain the flag, but it was taken rapidly to the rear, and that night, stained with the blood of James Mills, it was carried by the Federal troops into the city of Washington.

I have often wondered where this flag is; it really belongs to us. One of our veterans, Cummins Jackson Anderson, who died April 4, 1932, was a member of Company F, 17th Virginia Cavalry.

*BATTLE OF HANGING ROCK.*

BY MRS. MARY C. F. COATES, HISTORIAN SOUTHERN CROSS CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The Daughters of the Confederacy of Salem, Va., recently unveiled a marker at Hanging Rock, near the town, to commemorate the only battle fought in Roanoke County during the War between the States. The President of the Southern Cross Chapter, U. D. C., introduced the speaker of the occasion, Hon. St. Clair Brown. Another speaker was Mr. Joseph Turner, of Hollins College, near Salem, who, in closing his oration, used these words: "To know one's own community is appropriate and fitting; it is a pleasure, it is a patriotic duty, and it brings a rich return in citizenship. Roanoke County, our own beautiful valley, has its history and its places of interest and its amazingly beautiful landmarks. It is on us who live in this beautiful valley of the Roanoke that a responsibility rests. It is for us to know and to appreciate, to properly record and to appropriately mark the historic places and events of our community. As we stand here today, on the very roads over which came and passed the troopers, the artillery, and the wagon trains, and in this very valley which echoed the sound of arms, we can but say, 'We, too, will carry on.'"

A description of the engagement was given by Miss Garst, who donated the land on which the marker is placed. Gathering her information from eye-witnesses of the battle, she told of the retreat of the Union forces following General Early's arrival in Lynchburg, closely followed by Confederates in hot pursuit. There were skirmishes all along the line from Lynchburg to Salem. Woolen mills and depot at Bonsack were burned. The railroad property at Big Lick, now Roanoke, was destroyed. Hunter's army camped overnight east of Salem, reaching that point early

in the morning of June 21, 1864. After burning the depot and railroad bridges at Salem, the march was resumed to West Virginia by Hanging Rock, Mason's Cove, Catawba, and Newcastle. A brigade and battery were sent forward to hold Catawba Gap, and when they arrived at Hanging Rock, they were surprised to meet Gen. John McCausland, who attacked them with about a thousand men who had arrived near the Roanoke road and were stationed on the bluff on the opposite side of the creek known as "Lover's Leap." The battle of Hanging Rock lasted several hours, the Confederates capturing the Union artillery with the loss of only two men and several wounded, while the Union men killed were eight or ten, and about forty or fifty wounded. Many horses were killed, and it is said the creek ran red with blood.

The commemorating shaft is constructed of beautiful native granite containing shades of cream and brown and white, and is topped with a cannon ball picked up on the Garst farm some years after the battle. A bronze tablet bears the date of the battle, and the Southern Cross Chapter as erectors of the monument.

Virginia Smith, daughter of Dr. Smith, President of Roanoke College, and Alice West, whose family dates back to Colonial Virginia, both children of the Confederacy, drew aside the veil, and the tableau was completed by five "grandchildren of the Confederacy," each carrying a flag. The girls, both handsome, wore costumes of the sixties. Large Confederate, United States, and State of Virginia flags were carried by Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the salute was fired by three members of the American Legion.

## A WOMAN OF THE SIXTIES.

BY FLOY HOPKINS BOULDIN, DICKSON, TENN.

An outstanding character and a woman who helped to make history was Mrs. Sara Nesbitt Sizemore, better known as "Sally" Sizemore, born in Dickson County, Tenn., and whose last years were spent in the town of Dickson. She was the great-niece of Samuel McAdoo, one of the pioneers in establishing the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Dickson County. She became a member of that church as a child, and was faithful and loyal to her church throughout life.

Dr. R. H. Sizemore, her husband, was a surgeon in the Confederate Army, and it was thought best that she go with him into the service as a nurse, as she was in such grief over the loss of

a son when the War between the States came on; and she so served throughout the conflict.

Many are the interesting incidents that could be told of her experiences, and one that stands out was her heroic action in throwing herself between her husband and a Federal officer with whom he was having a difficulty, thus saving her loved one from the drawn sword in the hands of the officer, whom she defied and called a coward. At another time she passed between the Union and Confederate lines under fire, carrying a looking-glass under her arm, nonchalantly playing the part of a moving citizen of the neighborhood. Another incident was connected with her determination to get some potatoes for a starving Confederate, and though the troops on both sides were in battle array, she passed the pickets and got the potatoes while shells were bursting all around. On being reprimanded by her husband for taking such a risk, she replied only, "Well, I got the potatoes." At the point of a pistol, she forced a thief to return her horse to the stable, and threatened him with death if he attempted to take it again.

Many times, after a battle, Mrs. Sizemore would make eggnog by the gallons and would pass up and down between the rows of cots with a dipper, giving the stimulant to the wounded soldiers. She was her husband's assistant when operating or otherwise attending the wounded, holding a tallow candle, the only light available, often when standing in a pile of limbs. The soldiers she ministered to thought of her as "one of God's angels among the wounded and dying."

An amusing incident was connected with her stay with a family in Georgia while off duty. These people buried several hundred dollars in gold by a certain post in the cellar, telling Mrs. Sizemore about it in the event anything happened to them. Months went by and she had forgotten about it, when lo! and behold, officers were sent to arrest her, as the people could not find their money and accused her of taking it. But they had been digging by the wrong post!

The long life of this remarkable woman—a life of heroism and Christian labor—came to a close on April 2, 1912, and she was laid to rest in Union Cemetery at Dickson. Two sons were born to her after the war, and grew into useful manhood. She was a woman of great will power, always cheerful and helpful, knowing no fear, for she believed she was safe anywhere. Where duty called she was ever ready, and with her last breath whispered, "It is well."



*WHY "WAR BETWEEN THE STATES."*

BY MISS MARIAN FLEMING, BRUNDIDGE, ALA.

Less than seventy-five years after the Union was formed, the Southern States declared themselves separated from the Union and composing a separate nation, the Confederate States of America. This act was opposed by the other sections, and a conflict resulted. In this strife both sides were fighting to uphold and assert certain principles. By some people, the custom has been to call the conflict "The Civil War," and to go so far, in some cases, as to speak of the Southerners of this period as rebels and traitors. This is a very unfair practice.

One of the principles upheld by the American Revolution was that of Locke's "Right of Revolution." Locke believed that if the people were dissatisfied with the existing government, they had the right to overturn the undesirable government and establish another, if they had the ability. The South had the right to form an independent government, even according to Lincoln, who said, "Any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits it better. This is a most valuable and most sacred right, a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is the right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can, may revolutionize and make their own so much of the territory as they inhabit."

The South, being dissatisfied with certain features of the existing government, had the right to withdraw and try to maintain a government of her own. She had a right to uphold her principles and beliefs. In carrying out this, the conflict resulted. This conflict was a War between the States, and not a Civil War, as commonly called.

For a period of four years, the Confederate States existed and maintained the three essential branches of any government—the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial. Each of these departments was carefully organized. In carrying on the functions of an independent state, it levied taxes, issued notes and bonds, and had its own currency. The struggle which existed for four years was a struggle between two recognized governments—the United States of America and the Confederate States of America.

By certain acts the United States Government recognized the South as a belligerent government.

On April 19, 1861, President Lincoln issued a proclamation announcing that he had set on foot a blockade of the Confederate coast from South Carolina to Texas. Eight days later, he included Virginia and North Carolina. Thus the United States, as well as England and France, recognized the existence of a blockade, and, in doing so, by International Law, recognized the South as a belligerent government.

The American Government contended that war did not exist in the international sense; that the United States had not relinquished its sovereignty over the Southern States; that the Confederates were insurgents or rebels; and there was no reason why any foreign power should take official cognizance of them. This contention was directly in opposition to the well-known practice of the United States in according recognition to *de facto* governments. It was also untenable in international law, for President Lincoln's proclamation of a blockade in pursuance of the law of nations was an official acknowledgment to the nations of the world, though not so intended, that a state of war existed. In 1862, the Supreme Court of the United States declared that a state of war did exist, as shown by the official and conclusive evidence of the Proclamation of April 19, 1861. Thus even the North recognized that the South did maintain an independent government.

With the addition of more territory to the United States came an addition to the list of Southern grievances. The North tried to outlaw slavery in the territories. The South held that "the General Government had no right to restrict slavery or extend it, no more than to abolish or establish it; nor any right to distinguish between the domestic institutions of one State, or section, and another, in order to favor the one and discourage the other. The States were joint owners of the territories. The South felt that the United States was legislating against her in denying or prohibiting the existence of one of her institutions in any of the territories. Also the Constitution protects property within the United States. . . . and slavery filled all the attributes of property. This right was upheld in the Dred Scott Decision, which positively stated that a man could take his slaves, as a form of property, into any part of the Union. The South could do nothing else but oppose strongly when the North was trying to outlaw four billion dollars' worth of property of Southerners in the territories. In the mind of Yancey in 1860, as in the minds of many of the Southerners, the Union had been destroyed ten

years before when the Southern States were denied equity with the free States of the North in the common territorial possessions.

Prof. W. E. Dodd states that the Southerners were not dissatisfied with the government. The South believed that it was the Northern radicals who declared the Constitution "a league with hell and a covenant with the devil," that "they warred upon the Supreme Court, upon the States, upon the existing order, and they should be punished; they deserved the treatment of traitors."

Slavery was the biggest single grievance of the South. The North had been just as interested in slavery as the South—as long as her own pocket-book was affected. Then the North concluded that slaves could not live and work well in the colder climate, and because other labor was cheaper, the Northern States freed their few slaves. Before the states took action the Northern holders sold their slaves to the Southern planters. They lost nothing, or very little, in giving up slavery.

The South, on the other hand, had come to realize the value of the slaves to her. She had little other cheap labor, and the need of labor was increased manifold by the invention of the cotton gin. Somewhat later, the people above the Mason and Dixon line began to be awakened by radicals who demanded the freedom of all negroes. As John L. Hall states, "It is easy to do right when it involves no sacrifice. Self is all in all."

In connection with this emancipation movement sprang up the "Underground Railroad," by means of which slaves were aided in escaping from their masters. Fugitive Slave Acts were passed by Congress to uphold the rights of the South as stated in the Constitution. Between 1850 and 1860, fourteen States nullified the Fugitive Slave law re-enacted in 1850. Even though the Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott Decision, upheld the constitutional rights of the South, the North continued the lectures and writing—the agitation for freedom. It may be true that only a portion of Northern men were clamoring for complete emancipation, yet how could the South know how many there were? It seemed the North was trying in every way to ruin her. Beside the economic side, there was another angle to the question. The South feared for this enormous number of half-savage negroes to be set free.

The last straw came when Lincoln, whom the South regarded as sectional, was elected President—Lincoln, the man who said the Union could not exist half-slave and half-free! The South, thinking all as loyal as herself, knew Lincoln was

bound to uphold Northern views since he was elected by the North. Thus seven Southern States, believing it necessary to protect themselves and their property, seceded from the Union.

In writing of Secession, Woodrow Wilson states: "They conceived the unmaking of the Constitution to be, not an act of revolution or of lawless change, but a simple, though it were solemn, legal transaction, like the formal abrogation of a great treaty, to be effected by the same means by which it had originally been adopted." No Southerner doubted the validity of secession and the formation of another government or deemed the method revolutionary or undemocratic.

Secession was first threatened in New England. In 1793, Timothy Dwight, the President of Yale said, "A war with Great Britain we, at least, will not enter into. Sooner would ninety-nine out of one hundred of our inhabitants separate from the Union." In 1804, the Massachusetts legislature resolved: "That the annexation of Louisiana to the Union transcends the constitutional power of the government of United States. It formed a new confederacy to which the States united by the former compact are not bound to adhere." The Hartford Convention has always been the most noted example of New England secession. Though little is known of the meetings that took place, John Quincy Adams believed firmly that the convention was called to dissolve the Union, and it would have met again and done so but for the closing of the war with England in 1815.

In speaking of New England secession, Daniel Webster said: "In the North the purpose of overturning the Government shows itself more clearly in resolutions agreed to in voluntary assemblies of individuals, denouncing the laws of the land, and declaring a fixed intent to disobey them. I notice that in one of these meetings holden lately in the very heart of New England, and said to be very numerous attended, the members resolved: 'That, as God is our helper, we will not suffer any person charged with being a fugitive from labor to be taken from us, and to this resolve we pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.' These people do not seem to have been aware that the purpose thus avowed by them is distinctly treasonable. If any law of the land be resisted by force of arms, or force of numbers, with a declared intent to resist the application of that law in all cases, this is levying war against the Government within the meaning of the Constitution, and is an act of treason, drawing after it all consequences of that offense."



One of the arguments set forth in favor of the Right of Secession is briefly stated as follows: The Federalists set forth the belief that the act by which the Constitution was ordained was not a national act, but a federal act, since it was ratified by the people of America, not as individuals composing one nation, but as composing the distinct and independent States to which they belong. Another common belief was that the sovereignty of the States was shown in the manner in which the Union was formed. The makers of the Constitution did not declare it perpetual nor did they assign any period for its duration. If a State could accede, it could secede.

Also, the thirteen colonies in the Declaration of Independence justified their separation on the distinct ground that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Thus, in subjugating the South, the North denied the principles of the Declaration of Independence. In President Buchanan's message to Congress, he pointed out there was no right of secession, but there was no authority anywhere to prevent it. Brown states, "If we content ourselves with calling that army a band of rebels, and Lee a traitor, we are in danger of glorifying rebellion; we make traitor meaningless. If they broke faith with the new order, it was to keep faith with the old."

Finally, no Southern State nullified a single law passed by Congress. South Carolina only threatened in 1832, while Massachusetts several times actually declared an act of Congress null and void. "From 1850 to 1860 was the period of greatest nullification. Fourteen Northern and Western States nullified parts of the Constitution and a law based on it (Fugitive Slave Law)." The South did not consider it logical to remain a part of the Union and still nullify its laws as did the North.

In 1789, both sections believed that the States were independent sovereignties and that the Union was a League or Compact. The legislature of Massachusetts, in 1804, referred to the Union as a Compact in asserting the right of secession. If the idea of an indissoluble union had been emphasized, no union would have been formed. Both sections believed that a State might secede whenever she thought her rights had been violated or her interests endangered. The North dropped the League or Compact Theory except when a Northern State, as Massachusetts, or a group of States, as New England, wanted to go back to it. The South never gave up the theory. She believed that thirteen sovereign States had waged war with England, had drawn up the Articles of Con-

federation, and, in 1789, nine of these sovereign States had withdrawn or seceded from the Confederation and set up a new union. By these acts it was shown that the States were sovereign. The South, because the States were older than the Union, believed a man's first loyalty was to his State and not to the Federal Government. This led to State pride—a feeling which few people, except true Southerners and perhaps people of Massachusetts, can understand.

The South also regarded the Union as a "limited partnership"—each State giving a part of her sovereignty. Besides the rights stated in the Constitution, they kept for themselves all other rights or powers—later known as reserved powers. Among these reserved powers was the right of secession—to be used as a last resort. In a business partnership, men do not contribute their capital and service if the partnership cannot be dissolved. If one partner adopts methods that injure the standing and reputation of others, a dissolution can be demanded. Thus the founder of our Union felt that if the powers granted by the States to the Union should be used to the injury of the States, the States themselves being the judges, they might secede from the Union. "Virginia, New York, and Rhode Island adopted the Constitution on these terms and no other state objected."

The foregoing points show that the South had constitutional, political, and social justification for her act of withdrawal from the Union. Are we to forget those who fought to uphold their rights and their principles? For patriotic reasons and for the sake of those who fought for the cause of State Rights, the name of the conflict should be "War between the States." These are some of the reasons for giving the name which we deem suitable to this conflict of 1861 to 1865.

Among other names given to the conflict is the term "Rebellion." This makes the Southerners angry, because rebellion is always associated with lawlessness and conquest. Many writers and teachers now use the term "Civil War." The conflict was not civil war, since a civil war is a struggle for supremacy between two opposing forces in the same nation. The South was not fighting for supremacy, but for independence and separation. It was not a "War of Secession," because the South wanted to secede peacefully, and there was no war until the North tried to force the Southern States back into the Union. Thus it was "War between the States," since the non-seceding States fought to force the seceding States back into the Union.

## LUCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS LAMAR.

[From an address by Hon. Levin Smith, before the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Parkersburg, W. Va.]

A tradition among the Lamars of Georgia gives the origin of the family as having been, so far as this country is concerned, of Huguenot ancestry, planted in Maryland by forefathers who fled from France after the Edict of Nantes. This tradition may or may not be true. The record is not very clear.

Another tradition seems to indicate that this family, being French Protestants, removed from France during the ministry of Cardinal Richelieu. The colony of Maryland did not permit the holding of land in fee by any but British subjects. However, in 1649, Lord Baltimore invited people of France, Germany, and other countries to join his Maryland colony, assuring them the same privileges as people of English birth. On November 17, 1663, he granted a certificate of nationality wherein it was recited that:

"Thomas and Peter Lamore, late of Virginia and subjects of France, having transported themselves in this province, here to abide, have sought us to grant them, the said Thomas and Peter Lamore, leave to here inhabit as free denizens and with freedom to them and their heirs to purchase, know ye that we, willing to give encouragement to the subjects of that crown, do hereby declare the said Thomas and Peter Lamore to be free denizens of this our province of Maryland."

It further appears from the records that Peter and Thomas Lamore located in what was then Calvert County on the Patuxent River. There was another of the same name whose Christian name was John. He was a doctor and located in Port Tobacco, the county seat of Charles County.

Peter Lamore's will is of record 1693. Thomas' will is dated October 4, 1712. It shows that he was then living in Prince George County. He left a considerable estate to his wife, Ann, and his sons, Thomas and John. This second Thomas left a will dated May, 1747, distributing a large estate to six sons and two sons-in-law. In 1755, three of these sons, Robert, Thomas, and John, and one son-in-law, Clementius Davis, sold their lands to an uncle, a brother of their mother, moved into South Carolina and Georgia, and settled at Birch Island on the Georgia side of Savannah River. This John, who moved into Georgia in 1755 and the grandfather of the subject of this paper, was a thrifty planter. Finally, he established his home in Putnam County, near Eatonton. Here in, or

about, 1810, he built what was locally known as the old Lamar Homestead. In 1895, this home was still standing and owned by Mr. Mark Johnson. It was said to be a fine two-story frame building. John Lamar died August 3, 1833, at the age of sixty-four. He had two sons, one of whom was Mirabeau, born in 1798, who was said to have genius and great versatility of talent which he exercised as a writer, soldier, lawyer, statesman, and a diplomat. Among other things, he was conspicuous for gallantry in the war in Texas, especially at the battle of San Jacinto. Later, he served as Attorney General and afterwards as Secretary of War. He was elected Vice-President of Texas in 1836. He was largely responsible for the foundation of the educational system of Texas and the consecration of the rich public lands which have made the Texas schools famous. He also served as minister to several of the South and Central American republics. He was an uncle of Justice Lamar, and there existed the deepest attachment between them. He was greatly admired by his nephew.

The other son of John Lamar was Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, the elder son, and the father of Justice Lamar. He became one of the judges in Georgia and attained to some considerable eminence, although he died at the early age of thirty-seven. Judging from his portrait and from the description of him which I have read, he was a vigorous, clean, able jurist.

Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar was born in Putnam County, Ga., September 17, 1825. He entered Emory College at the age of sixteen, and graduated in 1845.

In 1850, he was appointed adjunct professor of mathematics, and later occupied the chair of ethics and metaphysics at the University of Mississippi, at Oxford.

In 1856 he was elected to Congress, and served two terms.

He was a delegate to the Charleston Convention in 1860.

In 1861, he was a member of the Mississippi Convention, and reported from the committee the Ordinance of Secession. He was appointed colonel in the Confederate Army and served in some of the first battles; was compelled to resign on account of bad health.

In 1863, he was appointed minister of the Confederacy to Russia, and proceeded to London. On account of developments, he did not go to Russia, but visited France, and, returning to England,



remained for some time. He returned to the South before the surrender.

After the close of the war, he practiced law and again became a teacher in the University at Oxford, Miss.

In 1870, he resigned his professorship and became active in the practice of law and the affairs of the state. During this year he wrote, in a private letter to a friend:

"The country is in a deplorable state, and the people with all their sacred convictions scattered to the winds are absorbed in the prosaic details of making a living. Our public men have become bewildered in the wreck of all that they considered permanent and true, and know not what to do or advise. There is a perfect anarchy of opinion and purpose among us. . . . We feel that the fate of our section is not in our hands; that nothing we can do or say would affect the results."

In the study of the life of Mr. Lamar one is compelled to give considerable thought and attention to the reconstruction régime of the Federal government, particularly during the term of President Andrew Johnson and the eight years of President Grant. . . . At the time of the surrender at Appomattox nobody could have ever dreamed that Grant would have united with Stevens and his crowd to harass, plunder, and oppress the Southern people as was done during the days of the reconstruction—or so-called reconstruction. It seems certain that during those days (I refer to the days of the carpet-bagger and negro domination) there was no reconstruction, but on the other hand, plunder, theft, misrule, and continual retrogression until conditions became so bad that even the better class of Republicans in the South, whites and negroes, were compelled to abandon the Republican party and join with the Democrats to bring about better conditions. It was such a combination that first enabled the people of Mississippi to elect Mr. Lamar to the House of Representatives in 1872. It is heartbreaking to read the official records portraying the conditions in the Carolinas, in Louisiana, and Mississippi.

It was in view of all these things and with determination to employ every particle of ability, versatility, and patriotism that flamed in his breast that Lamar devoted himself to his public duties in the Congress and made him the most persistent, most aggressive, and, withal, the most politic man of the South in endeavoring to attain his purpose by winning over the sentiment of the North to a more favorable situation and the adoption of wiser plans in the reorganizing and

establishing of legitimate government in the suffering seceding States.

Mr. Lamar seems to have been somewhat temperamental. Whether this was due to his ill health, which persisted over a long term of years, in fact, pretty much all his life, or whether it was natural to him does not appear, at least, not so far as my information concerning him extends. He felt criticism very keenly. He was quite given to despondency over the governmental and social conditions which existed in the South. He often despaired of a righting of conditions. To illustrate this, as late as 1874, in considering conditions as they existed in his own state of Mississippi, he wrote:

"I think the future of Mississippi is very dark. Ames has it dead. There can be no escape from his rule. His negro regiments are nothing. He will get them killed off and then Grant will take possession for him. God help us!"

However, conditions did improve. Governor Ames was ousted and the carpet-bag administration in Mississippi was at an end. This did not occur, however, until March, 1876. It is difficult to recall the ten years or more following the end of the war with any degree of equanimity. Those years of which it has been said, "Those pitiless years of reconstruction! Worse than the calamities of war were the desolating furies of peace. No proud people ever suffered such indignities or endured such humiliation and degradation."

It has been said, "The truth shall make you free." It will also bring to you the highest form of courage. No person who is an intelligent, persistent seeker after ultimate truth can be a coward. Truth is a jewel so rare and difficult of access that many, for one reason or another, do not even endeavor to find her—some from indifference, some from carelessness, some from ennui, and some because their desires do not accord with truth. Such was not Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar. Truth to him was the highest prize. Integrity of purpose was bred in the bone. Having discovered the honorable course under given circumstances, no apparent good or political advantage could swerve him from the shining golden highway of what he considered the way of truth and personal integrity. This is illustrated in his vote in the Senate on the question of the free coinage of silver.

However, when Senator Lamar took this issue to the people of the State, they had had time for reflection and, by an overwhelming majority, sustained him, recognizing that, however they may

have differed from his judgment, they admired his courage and fidelity. George W. Curtis, in *Harper's Weekly* of March 9, 1879, made this statement:

"The honors of the Silver Bill and of the defense to the national faith in the Senate of the United States have unquestionably rested with the Democrats. . . . No Senator has shown himself more worthy of universal respect than Mr. Lamar; for none has stood more manfully for his principles in the face of the most authoritative remonstrance from his State."

Senator Lamar continued in the Senate until the election of Grover Cleveland in 1884. During these years he continued his efforts for the redemption of the Southland. Over and over again he had to contend with the adverse sentiment of the North, and while efforts of the radical unreconstructed Northerners were from time to time directed at the further humiliation and hampering of the development of the South, Senator Lamar was able by the commanding position which he had attained in the Senate to very greatly ameliorate and further develop the political, social, and business conditions of the section he loved so well. In 1885, on March 4, he assumed the duties of Secretary of the Interior. This took him out of politics. In the office of Secretary of the Interior he exhibited the same persistent diligence and capacity which had characterized him in other official relations. In January, 1888, he was appointed by President Cleveland as Justice of the Supreme Court of Appeals of the United States. The Court at the time of his election was a brilliant one. Chief Justice Waite presided over the Court at the time of the appointment, but in a short time was succeeded by Chief Justice Fuller. The other justices were Blatchford, Harlan, Miller, Gray, Matthews, Field, and Bradley.

While Justice Lamar had not engaged in the practice of law for any lengthy period at any one time, experience in the Congress before the days of secession and thereafter both in Congress and the Senate, his profession as a teacher and his real vocation as a publicist studying, delving into, and expounding the Constitution, his exceedingly virile, courageous, and steadfast standing for the rights of his section, the vigor with which he set forth the eternal principles upon which the constitution was based, and the right of all men to participate in the benefits thus provided, fitted him in an unusual way for the exercise of the judicial function. After his death, Chief Justice Fuller said of him that he rendered few decisions,

but that he was invaluable in consultation; that he had the most suggestive mind that he, the Chief Justice, ever knew, and "not one of us," referring to the justices of the Supreme Court, "but had drawn from its inexhaustible store." The reading of the decisions while on the supreme bench is ample proof to the mind of a lawyer of his ability, fairness, and equipoise with which he investigated the facts and the exhaustive research which he must have indulged in the consultation of authorities and precedents, and, at the same time exercising his rare, right judgment in ascertaining the eternal principles of right in the application of the laws as interpreted by the courts of last resort.

One of the incidents in the life of Lamar which showed his courage and determination in the face of opposition occurred while he was Secretary of the Interior. Jacob Thompson had been Secretary of the Interior when Buchanan was President. It had always been the custom, upon the death of a Secretary, to order the Union Flag at half-mast over the Interior Department as a sign of honor and mourning. As soon as notice came to Secretary Lamar he gave the necessary order. The flag was placed at half-mast. Thompson, during the war, was a Confederate. The North was shocked. Protests were made, but this made no difference to Secretary Lamar. He was as adamant as when the South protested his eulogy of Sumner. He was simply in the line of duty and fearlessly adhered to his decision.

Justice Lamar died on the 23rd of January, 1893, at the home of his second wife in Macon, Ga. His passing was very generally mourned by all classes of people in the country, even by some of his warm enemies who, though opposed to him politically and who fought his confirmation as a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, recognized and respected his ability. In the South he was universally loved. He was eulogized in the halls of Congress and either praised or criticized by the important newspapers of the country.

Among the eulogies was the address of Dr. Candler, now Bishop Candler, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He said some things very worth remembering, among others:

"Very profound are the words of Jesus: 'And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.' There is no freedom worth the name which is not freedom by the truth and for him who seeks and finds and loves and holds the truth there is nothing of fear or bondage."



The Bishop quotes him in those memorable words, to which I have previously referred:

"Truth is better than fiction, honesty is better than policy, courage better than cowardice. Truth is omnipotent and public justice certain."

Mr. Vilas, Postmaster General, said of him at a meeting of the Supreme Court Bar in March following his death:

"It was given him to see with a clearness which few besides him shared the true relations between his conquered people and the triumphant North; and there were added wisdom to guide their course, eloquence to win their hearts to follow it, patience and fortitude . . . and the manful spirit to stand for what was their rightful due."

On a similar occasion, John Randolph Tucker said:

"He could wield the battle-axe of a Richard and the scimitar of a Saladin, but could also cheer the social circle with his anecdotes and play games for the delight of infants."

Attorney General Olney, on presenting the resolutions of the Bar of the Supreme Court to the Court said, among other things:

"To him more than to any other one man, North or South, is due the adoption by both victors and vanquished of all those counsels of moderation and magnanimity and wisdom which have made the edifice of our constitutional union more impregnable to all assault than ever before."

Chief Justice Fuller said:

"Experience in affairs had made him sage; and the wisdom thus acquired was aided by that desire to seek, patience to doubt, fondness to meditate, slowness to assert, readiness to reconsider."

He was buried at Macon, Ga., but in 1894, in the fall of the year, his remains were removed to Mississippi, at Oxford.

"The story of Mr. Lamar's life is now told. In one respect it was an easy story to tell: there were no doubtful dealings to explain, no discreet silences to observe about things that needed forgetting, no unsightly corners that wanted concealing. The life was as pure and clean as it was earnest and noble."

The words of Owen Meredith are a fitting closing of a discussion of the life of Mr. Lamar. Shall we each strive to make them true in our own lives?

"No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,

And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

## A SOUTHERN GIRL'S DIARY.

(Continued from July Number.)

[In the literary contests of the General Organization, U. D. C., a loving cup is offered in the name of Mrs. John A. Perdue for the best copy of an original diary of the days of war in the sixties. This trophy was awarded to Mrs. Elizabeth B. McMichael, of Orangeburg, S. C., at the General Convention in Jacksonville, Fla., 1931.]

May 23, 1865. This dreadful day has come, alas! The streets of our beloved village are thronged with negro soldiers. At the corner of each street is a dinky, black as the ace of spades (eyes reminding one of an egg in a pot of coffee), as a guard. My heart bleeds for our *true, noble*, and high-toned fathers, brothers and friends, when I think of this eternal, everlasting, and lowest of all insults that could be inflicted upon a true and noble people. The Yankee may yoke us in bondage and cowardly insult for a time, but as sure as there is a just God, punishment yet awaits the Yankee nation. I say Yankee nation, but, indeed they do not deserve a name. . . . I am a Rebel (as the Yankees call us), and shall ever live and die one. Mother has just related a circumstance which took place yesterday. She was lying on her bed, not feeling well, and a loud rap aroused her sleeping energies. She opened the door and a Yankee officer put his unwelcome visage in and said in his bland Yankee style: "Have I the honor of speaking with Mrs. Rowe?" "Yes," answered Mother, when she invited him in. He told her he, in fact, everyone of his men, knew her, and what she had done both for our dear noble Confederate soldiers and their soldiers, and he had come in behalf of his Regiment, the 25th Ohio, to return their heartfelt thanks for her kindness to their soldiers. Then offered to supply her with provisions; he heard that Sherman (the villain) had robbed her. She politely declined receiving anything. But, indeed, this Lieutenant was a polished gentleman. We will ever remember him with kindness if he was in the Yankee army. He is from Ohio—which softens the feelings a little. . . . Sunday the streets were guarded by negroes, and much to the disgrace of our ladies. They should have remained at home, instead of being pushed off the sidewalk by insolent black faces.

Our servants all acted badly: the ungrateful wretches all left us. For three days there was not a servant on the place, and, as a matter of course, I acted as cook and house servant, with Julia's assistance. Five minutes past five o'clock the whole house was in perfect order, breakfast

finished, and each one at her sewing, mending, etc. I did not miss the servants. I rather felt relieved when I saw the last one close the yard gate. I am sorry for the poor deluded wretches; their condition is far from being a happy one.

May 26th. The past night being stormy, with a heavy rain, brings this morning gloomy, gloomy weather. I feed my chickens and can afford now to do the housework, only as two of the servants have returned, begging for forgiveness and to be allowed to remain with us, which we consented to, so I am relieved of some of my duties. . . .

May 27th. Today has felt more like the fall of the year than spring. Cool enough for warm clothing, and a fire would be comfortable. This morning three "blue jackets" called and were received by Ma and Papa. . . .

May 28th. Sunday, a bright, beautiful pleasant day, not a single cloud casts its shadow o'er this sorrowing land. But there's an earthly cloud, dark and fearful, which is bursting by degrees upon our country, and slowly consigning all earthly events and happenings. We may all be forced to Yankee tyranny, and we know not how soon sent to a country far away. Leave our homes, every spot hallowed by associations dear to each heart, to find a new home, maybe in the State of Texas, land of my mighty dreams. . . .

Orangeburg, May 29, 1865. Kirk Robinson has just left, his brother's negroes all remained with him but eleven. William Rives passed here today on his way home from the Up Country with Willie, who has been quite sick. Lyman Whittemore spent the day with us. We all had a game of cards. He left at half past ten o'clock, and found considerable difficulty in passing the guard. They made him go to the guardhouse before he could get home, which he reached at twelve o'clock.

May 30th. Carrie Stocker was married this morning to Lieutenant Only and left for Newberry. Fannie Stocker was seated on top of forage in a wagon. Mr. Church and Jerry Gates spent the morning. Afternoon, Gertrude, Lena B——, and Mr. Church came out. We enjoyed the evening in social converse. As they were leaving, three of our soldiers asked to stay all night, one was a mere boy, seventeen, who volunteered when he was only thirteen years old, noble specimen of our Southern boys. My sister and myself endeavored to make them forget their troubles and fatigue and join us in a game of cards.

May 31st. The soldiers left at four o'clock this morning. Lieutenant Jeffords and Schmidt Al-

bergotti spent the morning. Before I had finished my household duties, Hattie and Julie O—— came over, and soon after we were agreeably surprised by hearing the gate close, and who should it be but Charley Horsea and Eugene Walter. Mr. H—— said he had been a wanderer long enough and was then on his way home. He is a handsome, noble looking youth. God bless them both! Noble Southern boys, I pity you!

June 1st. My heart is nigh bursting with sorrow. I feel that I have very little to live for. Oh, my darling brother, I suppose he is lost to us forever. Nothing has been heard of him for two long months. And to add to that deepest of all afflictions, today brings news of Alfred Angel's death. We all loved him as a brother. The poor boy was wounded and got well enough to walk on his crutches, when he relapsed and died—far away among kind strangers. God bless them for their kindness to our dear and noble Alfred! He is dead, alas! his merry laugh will never again cheer our hearts. Hushed in death he lies in a strange land, moldering to dust. . . . Gilmore Simms, poor boy, is extremely ill in the Up Country with typhoid fever. God grant that he may recover.

June 2nd. This morning I was heartsick, indeed I was in bed until dinner, grieving about my brother. But, thank God, I received a letter from him this eve which has relieved my extreme anxiety. He is in Darlington at my cousin's, Mrs. Rogers. I can't feel grateful enough to God for his mercy in sparing my only brother to us safely. Kirky (Kirk Robinson) called this evening. Frank McCabe is spending tonight with us on his way to his home in Summerville.

June 3rd. Frank McCabe left us this morning. Soon after his departure, I went to the kitchen and found that the two servants who came back to us had left without saying a word to anybody. I feel like I could shoot them as soon as to look at them, the ungrateful imps. I had company to entertain until twelve o'clock. Just as they were leaving, Uncle John Sally and John came. I went to the kitchen, cleaned up everything, cooked dinner (and ironed our muslins in the meantime), and had it on the table by fifteen minutes past one o'clock. Plague take the lazy nigger, I am independent of them!

June 4, 1865. Sunday is past and gone. We all spent the day at home; have not yet made up our minds to sit in God's house with Yankees. Preaching would do me no good, especially when the Reverend prays for the President of the



United States, whom he knows to be an infamous scoundrel. Shortly after dinner came mother's friend, Smith, a "blue jacket," but a cleaner one. Then Henry Riggs, Rosa and Lottie Reeves, Eugene Walter for an escort. The ladies came to say goodbye; they are to leave for Charleston, formerly their home, on Wednesday with Mrs. Ehney. They all take passage in a boxcar, which I very much fear they will be sick of before they reach their destination. . . .

June 5th. I am a poor unfortunate, another chill today, and a distracting headache with fever. I was engaged to ride horseback this eve, but am woefully disappointed in having to spend it in bed. Polene Walter called: she and Mother both made patriotic speeches, which did both good. Sue Tarrant spent the day with me.

June 6th. Last night was passed in restless slumber and morning brings languor and weakness to my sick, weary frame. If I have many more such fevers I will not have much trouble in getting about, especially in opening doors. The key hole will be sufficient; I could pass through with all ease. It is rather distressing to my sensitive nature to think of such a change. But it is fortunate for it won't take much cloth to cover my diminutive nakedness. But, for my appetite, I can't vouch for its decrease. . . . Before me, on my bed, smile two pieces of corn bread, which I can't relish, although it is nice as it can be. A few hours have elapsed and now comes a bowl of milk and hominy, a dish I heartily despise. I wish I had my own way, I'd feed Sherman and his band on corn bread for the remainder of his unblest sojourn in this world. . . . Another terrible wind storm. Lyman Whittemore called, he is going to Augusta tomorrow. Confound the flies and flees! they bother me to death!

June 15, 1865. Today reminds me of the gloomy prospect that is ahead of us. Dark and cloudy, not a single ray of sunshine can escape from behind the interminable heavy black clouds. But I shall trust to God and hope for a better day coming. His will must be done. Solemn and mournful tolls the church bell. At this moment an innocent babe, two months old, is committed to the grave. After a week of intense suffering, a young mother is called to witness her first born and idolized babe breathe its last. Oh, the anguish of that moment! . . .

June 22nd. This morning, just as we assembled around the breakfast table, to our surprise and pleasure, who should come but Willie and Laurie Izlar, just released from a detestable Yankee

prison, where they have been imprisoned for four months. They are both looking well. Now, if only Brother would come on, our happiness would be complete. Willie, Ben, and Laurie are our cousins, but indeed we love them as brothers. God guard and bless our "noble Southern soldier boy." Willie and Laurie were at Point Lookout, Ben in Elmira, N. Y. Point Lookout is between Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac River.

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#### *THE SIGNAL AND SECRET SERVICE OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.*

[From pamphlet published by Dr. Charles E. Taylor of North Carolina.]

To present an elaborate and consecutive account of the Secret Service of the Confederacy would transcend the limits of a booklet and demand a volume. Indeed, two large volumes ("Secret History of the Confederate States in Europe," by Capt. J. D. Bulloch, 2 Vols. Putnams, New York, 1884) have been required to set forth adequately the work of the Service in its foreign relations. I shall be satisfied if I can succeed in giving the reader only a very general idea of the working of the Signal and Secret Service of the Confederate States as it was familiar to me.

The beautiful Capitol Square in Richmond falls southward in verdant and well-shaded slopes to a short thoroughfare known as Bank Street. Here were located several of the Departments of the Government and most of the Bureaus of the War Department. Among these, situated about halfway between the offices of President Davis and of the Secretary of War, was a suite of rooms which, by a modest sign over the outer door, announced itself as "The Signal Bureau." These offices consisted of a public reception room and of inner apartments, into which none but trusted officers and employees were ever admitted.

The "Bureau" was by day and night a center of interest to higher officials and to newspaper reporters. The great majority of people in Richmond thought that it was only a sort of headquarters for the officers and men of the Signal Corps. A few others knew enough to stimulate the imagination with some sense of mystery. Only a small number, even of the well informed, knew that from those rooms was conducted a correspondence, usually in cipher, with numerous agents beyond the limits of the Confederacy, that in them, with occasional interruptions, mail was received from Washington almost as regularly as from Charleston, and that through them cipher

dispatches between generals in the field and the departments were constantly passing.

Among the many patriotic sons of Maryland who pledged their fortunes to Southern Independence was Maj. William Norris. Early in the war he was released from duty on General Magruder's staff and placed at the head of the Signal and Secret Service. It was largely due to the inventive and executive ability of Major Norris and of Capt. (afterward General) E. P. Alexander that this Service became very efficient and useful in several directions.

The Signal Corps was composed of one major, ten captains, twenty lieutenants, twenty sergeants, and about fifteen hundred men detailed from the ranks of many regiments. These men, though privates, were for the most part, well educated and of high social standing. And the fact is noteworthy that, while they were often employed in independent service and were trusted with important secrets, no case has ever been reported of a betrayal of trust by any one of them. All were experts in signaling and in the use of cipher. They were, of course, entrusted with the key-word. "These men," says Mr. H. E. Cummins, who was an officer in the Corps, "when occasion required, became dauntless messengers and agents, going into the enemy's lines and cities, or to lands beyond the sea; communicating with agents and secret friends of the Confederate Government; ordering supplies and conveying them to their destination; running the blockade by land and sea; making nightly voyages in bays and rivers; threading the enemy's cordon of pickets and gunboats; following blind trails through swamp and forest; and as much experts with oar and sail, on deck and in the saddle, and with rifle and revolver, as with flags, torches, and secret cipher."

To every division of infantry and brigade of cavalry was assigned a squad from three to five men, all mounted. These were commanded by a lieutenant or sergeant. Each of these men was provided with signal flags for sending messages by day, and torches, filled with spirits of turpentine, for use at night. The flags were about four feet by two and a half feet in size and contained in their centers squares of another color than that of the body of the flag. For use against a dark background like a forest or hillside, the white flag was used; against the sky, a dark blue flag; and against a field of snow a scarlet flag. To establish a line of communication for temporary use in the field was short and easy work for those who had

experience. Of course, this was more difficult in a flat than a hilly country. The stations were not far apart and glasses were not always necessary. Whenever possible, some elevated central point was chosen as a station to and from which, as a medial point, messages could be sent from the field.

In 1864, when Gen. J. E. B. Stuart was falling back, covering the retreat of General Lee after the battle of Bristoe Station, closely followed by General Kilpatrick, he left a brigade hidden in the woods on the flank of the advancing enemy. With this brigade he kept in communication by means of signal stations. In this way he was enabled to attack Kilpatrick's flank and front simultaneously and to achieve a success which was long known in cavalry circles as "The Bucktown Races." Kilpatrick's wagon train supplied the Confederate cavalry with enough genuine coffee and toothsome sutlers' stores to feast on for several weeks.

The Confederate soldier, in spite of his rags and lack of rations, was always on the *qui-vive* for fun, and his sense of the humor was always appealed to when a column marched in sight of the men whom they called "flag floppers." It was hard for them to refrain such good-natured inquiries as, "Mister, is the flies a botherin' of you?" "Say, is mosquitoes plentiful around here?"

One of the chief uses of the Signal Corps was in work over permanent lines extending to the headquarters of the several army corps and divisions which were not reached by telegraph lines. Mount Poney, near Culpeper Court House, Va., was successively used by the Signal Corps of the Confederate and the Federal armies. Early in 1862, General Pope had caused to be constructed a high scaffold, or pen, of trunks of trees on the summit of this mountain. From this elevation the whole country was visible for many miles around, especially after it had been denuded of its forests. Here, as on all other permanent lines, were used powerful glasses. Some of these were secured from Southern colleges, and later on many excellent ones were brought from Europe through the blockade. Mount Poney served admirably as a post of observation as well as a center for communication. When General Lee fell back behind the Rapidan River, I was able to watch for six or eight hours the slow and cautious advance of the whole Federal army, extending about eight miles east and west, and on some of the roads massed in great numbers. A more magnificent spectacle I have seldom witnessed.



Later on, Clark's Mountain, near Orange Court House, Va., was used for the same purpose. When General Lee's army was in Orange County in 1863, reports were sent every few hours about the movements in the camp of General Meade, which, for the most part, lay in full view. Some of the glasses of stronger power almost revealed the features of the nearer Federal soldiers.

One morning a party of ladies, escorted by Confederate officers, rode to the top of Clark's Mountain and became deeply interested in the sending and receiving of messages. One young lady, from Charleston, S. C., asked to be allowed to send over the line a greeting to a gallant General, well known as a ladies' man. As the line happened to be idle, the message was cheerfully sent. In a few moments the young signal officer rose from his seat at the glass, saying, "I have a reply for you. Do you wish me to deliver it?" "Why, certainly," said Miss B. "Well," said he, "the message is, 'General S. sends a kiss to Miss A. B.'" The young lady turned away in confusion, suffused with blushes. In spite of the rigor of military law, that message was not fully delivered, but I have never heard that the young officer was court-martialed.

It was not generally known during the war and it is not known now that for many months there was a permanent post of observation hidden on a timbered bluff overlooking the Potomac River. By a line of signal stations, this post was in communication with the nearest telegraph office on the Fredericksburg railroad. No steamer carrying troops passed up or down that river without General Lee's knowing of it within a short time. Changes of base and movements of troops between Northeastern and Eastern Virginia were thus observed and reported.

The best regulated lines of communication will play tricks sometimes. General Stuart once received a message from one of his staff officers, who was visiting near the lower end of this line, inviting him to "come down and eat jumping mules, which are very abundant." Even at its worst, however, the Confederate army did not often have to resort to mules for commissary supplies—especially near the great rivers, which at certain seasons abound in *Jumping Mullets*.

The system of flag communication was very simple, an alphabet being formed by combinations of right and left waves of the flag. A practiced operator could in this way spell out a message almost as rapidly as a telegrapher can do it with his dots and dashes. And the work was

greatly facilitated by the use of many abbreviations, which came to be universally known by all skilled operators.

One distinct department of the work of the Signal Corps was on blockade-running steamers. No steamer ventured to come into port, especially in the later days of blockade running, without at least one signal officer on board to communicate with the forts and batteries. Instead of flags or torches, each officer was provided with two large lanterns of different colors, with sliding screens in front. Standing between these and using the same alphabet which was used in the army, he sent his message. In this case the two colors were used instead of the right and left waves of the flag.

Stations were located for thirty or forty miles along the coast on both sides of the blockade port. The blockade runners came in close to shore after nightfall and from time to time flashed their lights toward the shore. These were soon answered. Information was then given as to the condition of things, the position and movements of the blockading fleet, and the chances of a safe run. If it was decided to try to bring the steamer in, proper lights were shown for the pilot's guidance and a swift run was made for the port.

An illustration of this special duty of a signal officer is given in *The Narrative of a Blockade-Runner*, by Captain Wilkinson of the C. S. Navy: "The range lights were showing, and we crossed the bar without interference and without a suspicion of anything wrong, as it would occasionally happen that under particularly favorable circumstances we should cross the bar without even seeing a blockader. We were under the guns of Fort Fisher, in fact, and close to the fleet of United States vessels, which had crossed the bar after the fall of the fort, when I directed my signal officer to communicate with the shore station. His signal was promptly answered, but, turning to me, he said: 'No Confederate signal officer there, sir; he cannot reply to me.' The order to wear around was instantly obeyed; not a moment too soon, for the bow of the Chameleon was scarcely pointed for the bar before two of the light cruisers were plainly visible in pursuit, steaming with all speed to intercept us. Nothing saved us from the capture but the twin screws, which enabled our steamer to turn as upon a pivot in the narrow channel between the bar and the ribs. We reached the bar before our pursuers, and were soon lost in the darkness outside."

Positions and signal officers on blockade-run-

ning steamers were considered very desirable and were much sought after. Not only had this special service its exciting and romantic features, but it was also profitable, as the officers usually contrived to store away a few bales of cotton on private account on the outward trip, and was thus able to bring back from Nassau many articles of necessity and luxury which could not be secured within the limits of the Confederacy. And I have known it to create a small sensation in Richmond when one of these young fellows, just in from a successful run, would unscrew the heels of his boots and take out a handful of English gold.

From time to time, in order to prevent the enemy from reading our messages, the alphabet was changed throughout the South. Our men were often able to take down the dispatches of the Federal Signal Corps. One man, sitting at the glass, would call out the right and left waves of the enemy's flag. Another, at his side, would take them down. Then, by noting the relative frequency of similar combinations, as illustrated in Edgar A. Poe's *Gold Bug*, they were able, not infrequently, to decipher the message and secure the alphabet. Whenever this was successfully done, it was at once communicated throughout the Corps.

The Yankees were as shrewd as we were at these tricks. But General Early, in his Valley Campaign, finding that Sheridan's Signalmen were reading his messages, cunningly availed himself of the fact to create a diversion. He instructed his men to flag to himself the following message:

"Lieut. Gen. Early, Fisher's Hill, Va.

"Be ready to advance on Sheridan as soon as my forces get up, and we can crush Sheridan before he finds out that I have joined you.

J. LONGSTREET."

General Longstreet was supposed by Sheridan to be (as he really was) with Lee in front of Petersburg. The bogus message, therefore, greatly mystified not only General Sheridan, but Halleck in Washington and Grant in front of Lee. They never solved the puzzle. When General Early was asked about it after the war, he only smiled and said nothing.

Nowhere was the Signal Corps more effective, both in communicating with their own stations and in reading the messages of the enemy, than in the operations around Charleston, S. C. At this point seventy-six signalmen were constantly employed, twelve of whom did nothing but read

the messages of the enemy. As large a per cent of casualties were reported from this command as from any other stationed around Charleston.

In his report for July, 1863, Captain Markoe, who was in command of these stations, stated that over five hundred messages had been sent, at least a third of them under fire. He said: "I have read nearly every message the enemy has sent. We were forewarned of their attack on the 18th, and were ready for them, with what success is already a part of history. The services rendered by the Corps in this respect have been of the utmost importance. But I regret to state that, by the carelessness of staff officers at headquarters, it has leaked out that we have read the enemy's signals. I have ordered all my men to disclaim any knowledge of them whenever questioned. My men have also been actively employed in guiding the fire of our guns, and have thus rendered valuable service."

In his report for August, Captain Markoe says: "We have continued to read the enemy's signals, and much valuable information has been obtained. I have temporarily changed the signals, as we intercepted a message from the enemy as follows: 'Send me a copy of Rebel Code immediately, if you have one in your possession.' I make the men, moreover, work out of sight as much as possible, and feel sure that they can make nothing out of our signals."

In reporting for September, he said: "On the night of the 5th, the enemy made an attack on Battery Gregg, which failed, and was repulsed by the timely notice from Sullivan's Island Signal Station, which intercepted the following dispatch:

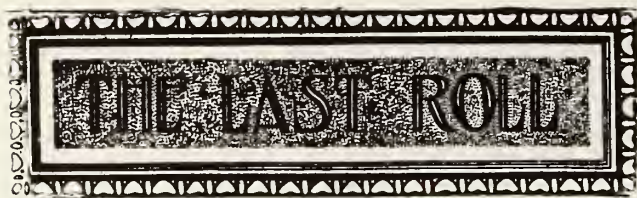
"To Admiral Dahlgren—I shall try Cummins Point tonight and want the sailors again early. Will you please send two or three monitors by dark to open fire on Fort Moultrie as a diversion. The last time they were in, they stopped reinforcements and may do so tonight. Don't want any fire in the rear. (Signed) General Gilmore.'"

The attack on Fort Sumter on the night of the 8th was foiled by a similar notice of a dispatch from General Gilmore announcing that the attack would be made that night.

After it became evident that the enemy might possibly read our messages through possession of our alphabet, the use of cipher became imperative. Especially during the later years of the war, all important communications sent by flag or wire were put into cipher.

(Continued in September Number.)





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge. Extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

### *THE CHIEFTAIN SLEEPS.*

BY WALLACE OBAUGH, HARRISONBURG, VA.

"Let us pass over the river and rest  
Under the shade of the trees.  
I have fought a good fight, I have given my best  
To the South and her people; I've finished my  
quest,  
I have met with and mastered the soldier's last  
test—  
Present arms! Salute banner! At ease!"

So they bore him over the river and laid  
Him to sleep in the shade of the trees;  
And he sleeps as he always had fought, unafraid  
Of the thundering guns and the bayonet's blade;  
In the Stars and the Bars lies our Chieftain ar-  
rayed—  
Present arms. Salute banner. At ease.

JOHN J. EAVES.

After an illness of several weeks, John J. Eaves died at his home at Holladay, Tenn., on May 17, 1932. He was born April 29, 1844, at West Point, Tenn., Lawrence County; volunteered and joined the Confederate army at New Concord, Ky., and served with Company C, 33rd Tennessee Volunteers, Strahl's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. This regiment was organized and mustered in at Union City, Tenn., August 1, 1861. He was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, September 19, 1863, and was honorably discharged at West Point, Ga., October 20, 1864. He was in nearly all the important battles fought in Tennessee, Georgia, and Mississippi during his time of service. He never recovered from his wound at Chickamauga, and was totally blind during the last years of his life. He loved to the last the cause for which he had fought; was the last survivor of his company.

Comrade Eaves was a member of the Church of Christ for forty years, and lived a devout Christian life. In 1873, he was married to Miss Lucinda E. Morton, who died in 1923. Two sons and a daughter survive him, and a number of

grandchildren. A host of friends mourned his passing, and the VETERAN loses a devoted patron of more than thirty years.

THOMAS LEWIS EATON.

Thomas Lewis Eaton was born in Jackson County, Tenn., May 1, 1837, and died at his home in Nashville, April 15, 1932. He was a son of Joseph and Elizabeth Dudney Eaton, who reared three sons and six daughters to full maturity, all of the sons joining the Confederate army. He was a brother-in-law of Col. John P. Murray, a member of the Confederate Congress. He married Miss Martha Jane Carlock on December 12, 1867, who survives him. Having no children, they adopted a daughter, who died in her childhood.

Mr. Eaton volunteered May 12, 1861, enlisting in Company E, 8th Tennessee Infantry. Being permanently discharged on account of illness, he recovered his health and re-enlisted in March, 1862, in Company B, Captain W. B. Harris, Shaw's Battalion, Dibrell's Bridge of Cavalry, in which command he served until the surrender except during a time he was incapacitated by a wound in the shoulder. After being paroled at Washington, Ga., May 11, 1865, he proceeded with a number of his comrades to Chattanooga, where they delivered their horses to the United States Government.

Among the many battles in which he fought were Shiloh, Murfreesboro, and Buckhead Church. He often referred to the wonderful mount that carried President Jefferson Davis in their all-night ride from Salisbury to Charlotte, N. C., after the fall of Richmond.

After the war Mr. Eaton served a term on the police force of Nashville. For many years he was the senior member of Company B, Confederate Veterans, who continue to appear at the annual reunions in their true copies of the Confederate infantry uniform.

This Confederate veteran was not only a good soldier for the cause of the South, but as a devout soldier of the Cross he lived an exemplary Christian life to his last hours.

When the late Rev. J. O. McClurkan came to Nashville to establish a Christian work, it was Brother Eaton who came to his rescue and helped put up the tent, and arranging everything for the revival campaign. This finally resulted in the establishing of Trevecca College, a school for Christian workers. It can truthfully be said that the sun never sets on students who have gone from this institution.

BRIG. GEN. GEORGE H. HALL, U. C. V.

A gallant soldier and beloved citizen, George Hodges Hall, died at his home, Red Springs, N. C., May 21, 1932.

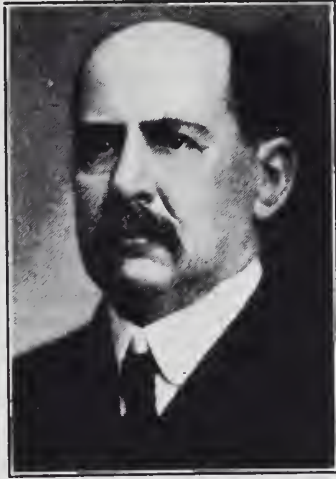
Though nearing his eighty-fifth birthday, he retained his habitually erect carriage and elastic step until his last illness, and was a familiar leading figure on horseback at State reunions. A brilliant mind and quick wit won for him friends and admirers everywhere.

At the age of sixteen, George Hall joined Company B, of the 13th Battalion, North Carolina Light Artillery, under Col.

J. B. Starr, and was one of the famous Junior Reserves who made so wonderful a record at Bentonville, Kinston, and Averasboro.

After the war, General Hall engaged in business, in which his record was as notable as in the army. He was appointed lieutenant in the North Carolina National Guard by Governor Vance, and later advanced to Major by Governor Jarvis. For many years he served on the staff of Gen. Julian Carr, and was commander of the 3rd Brigade, North Carolina Division, U. C. V., with title of general, which office he most ably filled to the last. His commanding officer, Gen. W. A. Smith, says: "Brig. Gen. George H. Hall was an able and good commander of the 3rd Brigade, North Carolina Division of Confederate Veterans. He was courteous, honest, and kind; he was genial, cheerful, and dependable. There's a place set apart in the depth of my heart filled with love for my dear comrade. He has gone in and out before his people many years known and read of all men, and 'tis lives like his that fill the world with beauty, fragrance, and loveliness; and now—

"In tribute to the form at rest  
In his last camping ground,  
Let's strew flowers he loved best  
In reverence o'er his tomb.  
May the green sod rest lightly here!  
The glad warm sun shine brightly here!  
The stars keep their nightly vigil here!  
Good night, dear friend, good night!"



GEORGE H. HALL

REV. DR. W. A. L. JETT.

At Richmond, Va., on May 24, 1931, in his eighty-ninth year, Rev. Dr. William Armstead Lane Jett entered upon the life that is beyond. Interment was in Hollywood Cemetery, beside his wife, who was Miss Alice Hopper, of Rappahannock County, and whom he survived three years.

Dr. Jett, also a native of Rappahannock County, Va., was ordained in the priesthood of the Episcopal Church in that county. The pastorate of Old Antioch Church in Essex County was among his first charges. He later moved to New Jersey, where, for thirty-five years, he was rector of the Episcopal Church at Murray Hill, from which charge, due to failing strength, he retired ten years or more ago. Deciding to return to the Southland, he and his wife chose to spend their declining years in the beloved Capital City of their native State.

Dr. Jett was a soldier for his country as well as "a soldier of the Cross." At the age of sixteen, he joined the Army of the Confederacy (Company B, 6th Virginia Cavalry, Payne's Brigade), and served actively until the surrender at Appomattox. A citation for bravery which he received is attested by the fact that he had three horses shot from under him, and also was wounded at the first battle of Manassas.

He was among the first subscribers to the *VETERAN*, copies of which he prized and saved.

An appreciation of his sterling qualities and lovable character is given in the following tribute by the Summit (N. J.) *Herald and Record*, May 29, 1931:

*"A Southern Gentleman Passes.*

"The death of Rev. William Armstead Lane Jett, at Richmond, Va., last Sunday, recalls to the older residents of Summit this very delightful Southern gentleman who for twenty-nine years . . . served as rector of St. Luke's Reformed Episcopal Church at Murray Hill. Rev. Mr. Jett came north some forty years ago. He was a genial, lovable character and active in the community life. . . . He brought to his Northern home no war prejudices, and his discussions of the war were never passionate.

"The Rector left these parts about ten years ago, and the familiar sight of the kindly gentleman driving into town with his old black horse is a memory of those other days."

He was a member of the Order of A. F. & A. M. and the Royal Arch Chapter.

[D. W. Timberlake, Westfield, N. J.]



## FERDINAND RIEBE.

On February 8, 1932, Ferdinand Riebe answered to the last roll call, and was laid to rest beside his wife in the cemetery at Strawn, Tex.

Born in a village of central Germany in 1842, he accompanied his parents as a small boy to America, landing at Galveston in 1849. Their first home was at Catt Springs, but the family located finally at the village of Berlin, near Brenham, Tex., where he grew to manhood. When Texas seceded from the Union, he enlisted in the Confederate army, and joined Company E, 5th Regiment Texas Mounted Volunteers, Sibley's Brigade. This was the German company of Gen. Tom Green's Regiment, and had charge of the wagon supply train of Sibley's Brigade in its invasion of New Mexico, this supply train having very little opportunity to engage in actual combat, but being the one essential traveling accessory of the army.

Veteran Riebe delighted to tell of his experiences in the engagement at Val Verde, and at Glorietta Pass, where the supply train was burned and the decision made to abandon the expedition and to return to Texas. The return march was one of unspeakable hardship, and was hampered by lack of food and the Federal artillery captured at Val Verde; but, by dint of determination, they arrived at San Antonio in June, 1862, where the entire command was given thirty days' furlough. They reorganized and located at Camp Groce, near Hempstead, and later participated in the recapture of Galveston from the Federals. In the possession of the family there is a Navy Colt's revolver taken from the Harriett Lane at this recapture. After retaking the Island, Green's Brigade moved on to Louisiana, serving through the entire four years of the war. When peace was declared, Veteran Riebe was at home on furlough and did not return to be paroled.

From the old home near Brenham, the family moved to Fayette County, where for thirty years, living at Schulenburg, Veteran Riebe was a teamster, hauling freight between Houston and Brenham. Here he married Miss Wilhelmina Kiel. In 1900, he moved to Palo Pinto County and accumulated large land holdings, and there reared his family, who still live in that section and are prominent and well-to-do people. Had he lived until May 11, he would have been ninety years of age. His surviving descendants are a son and daughter, seven grandchildren and one great-grandson.

[Mrs. R. L. Young Sr., Abilene, Tex.]

## WILLIAM OWEN PERRY.

William Owen Perry was born March 27, 1845, and died March 9, 1932, at Carrollton, Ga.

In December, 1862, he enlisted in the Confederate army, and was assigned to Company D, Phillip's Legion, Hampton's Brigade. He was wounded twice, first at Hatcher's Run, Va., and the second time at Raleigh, N. C. In March, 1864, he was taken prisoner, but made his escape after a few hours. He served first as a private, then as sergeant, and never missed a roll call. He fought in all the battles in which his command was engaged, and received his honorable discharge at Goldsboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

In November, 1866, Mr. Perry was married to Miss Martha Lynch, who died in 1913.

Mr. Perry united with the First Methodist Church of Carrollton on September 29, 1873. He served as a steward of the church for fifty-four years, and was a trustee of the church property for more than forty years. Mr. Perry took an active interest in the religious, civic, and political affairs of Carroll County. He served as Democratic executive committeeman for the city and county for many years. He had been a director in two of the city banks, and was a director of the Mandeville Mills at the time of his death.

Mr. Perry is survived by a daughter, two sons, one sister, seven grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

## MARTIN PADGETT.

How rapidly the "thin gray line" is diminishing as one by one our gallant Confederates "pass over the river to rest under the shade of the trees."

Martin Padgett, who "fell on sleep" in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Van C. Swearingen, in Miami, Fla., on February 23, 1932, was the sole survivor of the expedition which captured the famous Indian Chief, Billy Bowlegs, in Big Cypress Swamp in 1857-1858, during the Seminole War.

He volunteered in the Confederate army, serving under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was in command of the Army in the West. With pride he wore the "Cross of Honor," the insignia that told he had faithfully marched under the "Stars and Bars."

Born in Maxville, Fla., he returned to his native state after hostilities ceased, and again took up his work as building contractor, retiring some thirty years ago. Since that time he had made his home with his daughter, living in Miami four years.

With the weight of ninety-five years bearing heavily upon him, and with failing sight, he met the last enemy—Death—courageously as he had faced the foes of other days, and went forth to join that vast army who “have fought the good fight and finished their course.”

He was laid to rest in the old home cemetery, leaving four daughters, besides numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

## ARAM MARION PLUNKETT.

Aram Marion Plunkett, who was born near Lewisburg, Ark., February 13, 1836, died on December 10, 1931, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. C. Chesboro, in Gilroy, Calif. He fought in a number of hard battles under VanDorn, Wheeler, Joseph E. Johnston, and Hood; was wounded in a skirmish at Spring Hill, Tenn., and again at Dandridge, and was commended by his general at the battle of Chickamauga for bravery. He followed Wheeler on Sherman's trail on his march to the sea, of which he said: “It was the most cruel and disgraceful affair I ever saw. They had no mercy, but robbed, burned, and destroyed all they could, with no profit to themselves. We did not stop the march, but gave him some trouble, capturing wagons in which we found, among other things, clothing which had been stolen from Southern women, which we afterward learned they were sending to their own women to wear.”

Mr. Plunkett married Miss Lewis in 1869, moving to California in 1872, settling in Santa Clara County, where he lived an honored citizen for fifty-six years. Almost to the end he retained a clear memory, telling his war experiences without feeling of prejudice. He was always cheerful, calm, patient, and resigned. His passing was as peaceful as the life that he lived.

[Mrs. Charles Ruff, President of Gen. John B. Gordon Chapter, U. D. C., San Jose, Calif.]

## OKLAHOMA VETERANS.

Cherokee Camp, No. 1550, U. C. V., of Bartlesville, Okla., has lost three members in the last few months:

John Milton Bivin was born September 30, 1843, in Bath County, Ky., and died April 1, 1932. He moved to Missouri when a boy, and enlisted in Shelby's Regiment in 1862. He was later transferred to Bledsoe's Battery and served to the end of the war, taking part in the battles of Newtonia, Helena, Prairie Grove, Cape Girardeau, and others; was taken prisoner at Glasgow, Mo., and paroled in 1865.

Robert Taylor Rash was born in Buncombe County, N. C., June 15, 1846, and died April 17, 1932. He was conscripted in 1863, and assigned to Carter's Company of the 48th North Carolina Regiment, which regiment was used mostly as home guard. He was in the battle of Salisbury and a few skirmishes. He removed to Oklahoma many years ago, and became a successful farmer and highly respected citizen.

Sterling Berry was born in McMinn County, Tenn., June 22, 1840; died July 9, 1932. He enlisted in Company F, 39th Tennessee Infantry, under Capt. Albertus Forrest; was captured at Vicksburg and exchanged. He then served throughout the war and was paroled at Mouse Creek, Tenn., in 1865. He had a fine war record, and was a good Christian character and a highly respected citizen. Comrade Berry had never had the services of a physician and at the age of ninety-two was as straight as a military cadet.

[C. H. Gill, Commander.]

## R. C. COLLINS.

R. C. Collins, a resident of Ellis County, Tex., for over a half century, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Chatham Merritt, near Ennis, on June th, after a short illness, at the age of ninety-five years. Surviving him are a son and two daughters, seventeen grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

“Uncle Fid,” as Mr. Collins was called by those who knew him best, was a native of Tennessee, born near Clarksville, January 27, 1837, and was married there in February, 1870, to Miss Martha Harper, who died in 1922. Going to Texas in 1872, they lived for a year at Dallas, then went back to the old Tennessee home. Moving to Texas again three years later, he bought a farm near Ennis, and there had since lived.

Mr. Collins was a Confederate veteran, having served with Company A, 50th Tennessee Regiment. He was a charter member of Camp James Longstreet, No. 1399, U. C. V., of Ennis, of which there are now but four surviving members—H. C. Ford, J. T. Peppers, J. T. White, and S. E. Landers—who were his honorary pallbearers.

Joining the Methodist Church when a small boy, Mr. Collins had been a faithful member through life, attending services as long as he was able. For years he had received the bouquet of flowers annually presented the oldest member.

He was laid to rest in Myrtle Cemetery at Ennis after funeral services in the Methodist Church.

[Mrs. Pat V. Allen, Sponsor for Camp.]



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Sternal"*

MRS. WILLIAM E. R. BYRNE, *President General*

Charleston, W. Va.

MRS. AMOS H. NORRIS ..... *First Vice President General*  
City Hall, Tampa, Fla.

MRS. CHAS. B. FARIS ..... *Second Vice President General*  
4469 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo.

MRS. R. B. BROYLES ..... *Third Vice President General*  
5721 Fifth Court, South, Birmingham, Ala.

MRS. W. E. MASSEY ..... *Recording Secretary General*  
738 Quapaw Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark.

MRS. L. U. BABIN ..... *Corresponding Secretary General*  
903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

MRS. GEORGE DISMUKES ..... *Treasurer General*  
1409 Chickasha Avenue, Chickasha, Okla.

MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON ..... *Historian General*  
707 West Morgan Street, Raleigh, N. C.

MRS. A. S. PORTER, Hotel Monroe, Portsmouth, Va. .... *Registrar General*

MRS. J. W. GOODWIN, Allendale, N. J. .... *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. J. L. MEDLIN ..... *Custodian of Flags and Pennant*  
1541 Riverside Avenue, Jacksonville, Fla.

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: In my first letter to the VETERAN after my election, I called your attention to the three projects which I hoped to see completed before the Convention at Memphis in November.

First, the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation. This was undertaken at the Richmond Convention in 1926, and has not yet been completed. Twenty Divisions and seven Chapters, where there are no Divisions, have completed their quota, leaving eleven Divisions yet to finish the work. Mrs. John F. Weinmann, Chairman of this Committee, has worked untiringly and will greatly appreciate the efforts of the Divisions and Chapters, where there are no Divisions, to help her to write "finis" to this work.

Second, the Mrs. L. H. Raines Memorial Scholarship Fund. This is under the Committee on Education, and Mrs. Thomas W. Reed, Chairman, has sent out urgent appeals to finish the work. Can we not put our shoulders to the wheel and do this?

Third, to raise the \$50,000 promised as the final payment on Stratford. In the last report of the Treasurer-General, we have not yet halfway reached the goal. When the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation raises the money to pay down to \$50,000 the generous loan of \$116,000 made to it, we will be called upon to redeem our promise to pay the balance, and we should be ready to perform.

I am glad to report that the California Division has raised its full quota of this obligation.

In order to make her report for the Convention, the Treasurer-General must close her books on October 15, after which date no funds received will be credited to any account for the current year. Please remember this and help your Treas-

urer-General by seeing that all funds are promptly sent in. Remember that a list of all paying members must be sent with your per capita tax.

As your President General, I attended the Reunion in Richmond, June 21-24, as Matron of Honor for the South on the Staff of the Commander in Chief, General DeSaussure. On Monday, June 20, a meeting of the Executive Committee was held, at which all the members of the Committee were present except Mrs. Amos H. Norris, First Vice-President General, and Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, Registrar General. At this meeting much important business was transacted. On the same evening a conference was held with the Treasurer-General and the Chairman of the Finance Committee.

On Tuesday, the members of the Committee were guests of honor at a luncheon given to the President General of the C. S. M. A. at the John Marshall Hotel, and the same afternoon I extended greetings from our organization to the C. S. M. A. at its opening meeting.

Tuesday evening I had the honor to be on the program at the first meeting of the Sons of Confederate Veterans to extend greetings from this organization. At the close of my remarks, Mrs. Charles E. Bolling presented a Cross of Military Service to Col. Fitzhugh Lee, grandson of General Fitzhugh Lee.

Perhaps the outstanding event of the Reunion and the one most enjoyed by the veterans was the dedication of the Richmond Section of Virginia's Battle Field Parks, held on Wednesday afternoon on the site of the battle of Frayser's Farm. Dr. D. S. Freeman, Editor of the *Richmond News-Leader*, was the principal speaker.

On Wednesday evening at 6:30 o'clock, the Virginia Division entertained with a beautifully appointed dinner in my honor at the Jefferson Hotel.

On Thursday, the Executive Committee was in the receiving line at a beautiful tea at the Country Club. The closing event of the Reunion was the Grand Parade on Friday morning.

## IN MEMORIAM.

It is with regret that I record the death of Mr. Albert Sidney Porter, husband of our beloved Registrar-General, which occurred on June 15, at Portsmouth, Va., where they had spent the winter. Our hearts go out to Mrs. Porter in love and sympathy in her hour of bereavement.

Faithfully yours, AMANDA AUSTIN BYRNE.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*California.*—When a “coming-out” party also celebrates a birthday, the resulting festivity is certain to be one of note. So the debut of the recently organized Nathan B. Forrest Chapter, No. 2054, U. D. C., which occurred on the evening of June 14 at the Langham Hotel, Los Angeles, was not only a brilliant social success, but it also fittingly honored the man for whom the chapter is named.

Red and white blossoms, typifying the Confederacy, made of the dining-room a proper setting for the occasion. The Southern ideal of hospitality pervaded the entire affair, and although the long table, reserved for the President and Division Officers, was nominally the place of honor, interesting and well-known members of the U. D. C. were scattered about the room and kept each table sparkling with lively enjoyment. Guests of honor included Honorary State President, Mrs. S. R. Thorpe, and all Division Officers who were able to be present. Seated at each end of this table were Mrs. Elijah Conklin and Mrs. Samuel Houston Wilson, widows of two Confederate veterans who served under General Forrest.

Miss Grace Conklin, as chairman of the evening, established the prevailing motif of brevity and appropriateness in her introductory remarks. Following the dinner, Mrs. F. B. Harrington, president of the Nathan B. Forrest Chapter, was presented and given charge of the evening. A woman of unusual charm, wit, and beauty, she set the keynote of friendly informality in introducing the guests of honor, who in turn gave short, pithy messages of greeting and congratulation. Each speaker who spoke left a vivid impression on her hearers, and as each added her brush stroke to the composite word-portrait being painted, a clear picture of the history, the pur-

pose, and the profound feeling of obligation to duty that exists in the U. D. C. was revealed. There were no lengthy discourses, no solemn “speakers of the evening”; just quick flashes of friendship and good will that made each one present feel acquainted. Making the evening more delightful still, Ray Orton sang a group of negro songs, bringing the music of the South to those who love its melodies.

Over two hundred messages were received from all parts of the country, congratulating the new chapter and telling them of their good fortune in having for their leader Mrs. F. B. Harrington, and commenting on her remarkable achievement in organizing a chapter in the West, at this time, with *fifty* charter members. As a tribute to her leadership, Mrs. Vay E. Hampton, President of the John H. Reagan Chapter, presented Mrs. Harrington with a gavel, with the earnest admonition to “tap lightly on the heads, but deeply on the hearts of the members.”

[May Blanks Killough, Director.]

*Maryland.*—At the annual meeting of Baltimore Chapter Number 8, May 25, the following officers and managers were elected: President, Mrs. Henry J. Berkley; First Vice-President, Mrs. William A. Stewart, Jr.; Second Vice-President, Mrs. George W. Slocum; Third Vice-President, Mrs. J. Frank Turner; Recording Secretary, Miss Bessie West; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Richard Contee Rose; Treasurer, Mrs. Norris Harris; Registrar, Mrs. Paul Iglehart; Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. Edward J. Croker; Historian, Mrs. Etta Legge Galloway. Managers: Mrs. Francis H. Purnell, Mrs. J. Henry Baker, Mrs. Edward Guest Gibson, Mrs. S. Johnson Poe, Mrs. Joseph T. Gott, and Mrs. Alan L. Jemison.

Friday, June 3, the Chapter celebrated the birthday of President Jefferson Davis at an evening meeting held in the banquet room of the Belvidere Hotel. The President, Mrs. Berkley, presided.

The principal speaker for the evening was Col. Olen O. Ellis, who rendered distinguished service in the World War, and upon whom the Confederate Cross was bestowed several years ago. Colonel Ellis has written a series of textbooks for military training, and, with Major Garey, wrote the *Plattsburg Manual*.

Crosses were bestowed upon two Confederate veterans, William E. Zimmerman, eighty-six years old, and James L. Merrill, eighty years old.



*Oregon.*—Of special interest to the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Oregon was the first presentation of the Cross offered to a World War veteran of Confederate ancestry for distinguished service. The recipient was Lieut. Edward Autrey Valentine. The presentation was made at the request of the Joseph LeConte Chapter, of Berkeley, Calif., and took place at the annual luncheon of the Robert E. Lee Chapter at the University Club in Portland on January 18, 1932, honoring the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Hon. Elton B. Watkins, ex-Congressman from Oregon, made an eloquent address on the life of General Lee, and Mrs. John Y. Richardson, Organizing President, made the presentation speech and delivered the Cross.

Lieutenant Valentine, born in Fresno, Calif., May 26, 1893, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Sharpe Valentine. His maternal grandfather, Lorenzo Irwin McCreary, enlisted as Sergeant in Company H, 2nd Alabama Cavalry, on March 27, 1862, at Burnt Corn, Ala., and was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, November 15, 1862. His paternal grandfather served in the Mexican War under General Taylor in the Texas Infantry.

Lieutenant Valentine was in action with the 361st Infantry, 91st Division, in St. Miheil, Meuse, Argonne, Ypres, Lys, and Aubreville; was not wounded, but was awarded Meritorious Citation Certificate reading:

"For exceptionally meritorious and conspicuous service during Argonne Offensive, American Expeditionary Forces, in testimony thereof, and as an expression of appreciation of services, I award him this citation.

JOHN J. PERSHING, *Commander in Chief.*"

Lieutenant Valentine's mother, Mrs. Alabama McCreary Valentine, is one of the founders and active members of Joseph LeConte Chapter, U. D. C., Berkeley, Calif.

On June 18, Robert E. Lee Chapter met at Washington Park, Portland's most interesting and picturesque beauty spot, for luncheon and for the dedication of a beautiful sweet gum tree, which was planted there in February in honor of the Washington Bicentennial.

The program was in charge of Mrs. John Y. Richardson, organizing president, State Regent, D. A. R. After the invocation offered by our Chaplain, Mrs. C. H. Painton, a Virginian, an appropriate address was made by Dr. Hunter Wells, also a Virginian. During the simple but beautiful ceremony, soil from Wakefield, Mount Vernon, and Stratford-upon-the-Potomac was scattered

on the roots of the tree by the three past presidents, Miss Medora Whitfield, Mrs. Sadie Avery Clarke, and Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor Nothnagle.

The bronze marker for the tree will be the gift of Mrs. Nothnagle, retiring President.

[Medora A. Shackleford Whitfield, Publicity Chairman.]

*Virginia.*—To the readers of the VETERAN, Virginia sends greetings. There are so many fine letters from chapters and such a quantity of material in regard to the splendid achievements of the Daughters in Virginia that it is difficult to know where to begin.

Many markers and monuments have been placed and some unveiled. Virginia has so much history to preserve in this way.

A beautiful monument of granite erected and presented by the Blue Ridge Chapter, U. D. C., to the memory of the Confederate soldiers buried at Stanardsville was unveiled on April 15, as the closing event of the Fourth District Annual Conference held at Stanardsville on April 14, 15, with the Blue Ridge Chapter as hostess. The monument, inclosed by a very substantial fence, and beautiful shrubbery planted, bears the inscription: "Erected to the memory of the unidentified Confederate soldiers by the Blue Ridge Grays Chapter, United Daughters of Confederacy, 1932. Though dead, yet they live." The monument is very noticeable from the Soptswood Trail as one enters Stanardsville from the east. Here more than thirty of General Ewell's men, who died of typhoid fever, are buried. The program at the unveiling was an address by Senator N. B. Early, who was introduced by Mrs. Estelle Dickerson, President of the chapter. Miss Helen Ewell of Ruckersville, a cousin of General Ewell, then unveiled the monument.

On the sixty-eighth anniversary of the Battle of Hanging Rock during the War between the States, the Southern Cross Chapter of Salem, dedicated an appropriate marker on the scene of that battle. Joseph E. Turner, of Hollis, was the speaker of the occasion. Mrs. Rosalynd Roberts Evans, President of the Chapter, opened the program with a tribute to the eighty thousand Confederate dead. Misses Virginia Smith and Alice West, in costumes of the sixties, with George Kelly and Frank Lewis Hudson as Confederate soldiers, drew aside the veil.

Mrs. Sidney Cox, of Smithfield, who has charge of the U. D. C. educational work in the State, has

been very active during the past months, and the work in this department is functioning unusually satisfactorily. A large number of loan funds and scholarships have been placed this year or renewed for the ensuing year.

Fredericksburg will be the Virginia Convention headquarters for the 1932 meeting. The details will be announced later with the program from our president, Miss Annie V. Mann.

[Claudia M. Hagy, Editor.]

*West Virginia.*—On April 23, Pickett Chapter, of Petersburg, planted an elm tree and placed a concrete marker with bronze dates on the High School lawn as their part in the Bicentennial program. Appropriate exercises were held, part of which consisted of an address by a son of a veteran and a recitation, "Trees," by a granddaughter.

William Stanley Haymond Chapter, of Fairmont, observed Southern Memorial Day and Jefferson Davis' Birthday at the June meeting, held at the home of a member, Mrs. J. S. LeMasters. Fitting tributes were given to departed members and veterans. An address was made by Attorney Jackson V. Blair on Jefferson Davis.

An interesting feature of the program was the reading of the winning essays by the writers, for which William Stanley Haymond Chapter had offered prizes. They were won by William Stanley Haymond Hood of the West High School, whose subject was "The South in the Building of the Nation to 1860," and by Miss Jane Kennedy of St. Peter's High School, whose subject was "The Rebuilding of the Nation from 1865 to 1932."

William Hood is a grandson of the late Judge Haymond, for whom the Chapter was named.

[Maria Vass Frye, Publicity Chairman.]

## A MESSAGE FROM THE HISTORIAN GENERAL.

I am again calling attention to the essay contest. An unusually fine offer of prizes is given this year, and by writing on the subjects assigned, the members of the U. D. C. may better carry out the motto of the department for 1932: "To have a fuller knowledge of Confederate History."

Every Division and Chapter Historian should be interested in this contest, as it is one of the chief objects for the Raines Banner.

Will you not again have your local papers publish this prize list? It is in the folders sent out by the Historian General, also in the General Min-

utes of the Jacksonville Convention, 1931, and in the VETERAN for March, 1932.

Students in Summer Colleges should know of these prizes of twenty-five dollars each, for phases of the life of Jefferson Davis. Doctor Freeman is hoping to secure many incidents about General Lee through his prize, which is open to the public. Events of the war may be recorded in poetry for the Osborne Cup, also open to the public. We are hoping to secure many diaries of Confederate soldiers for the Perdue Cup, as well as Reminiscences for the Salley medal. Remember that essays offered only to members of the U. D. C. must be sent in by September 15, through the Historian of Division to Historian General.

The Gordon White contest closed on June 15, and had brought in many fine stories of the Colonial South, bringing out the contribution this section has made to American history. This generous prize of \$250 will be awarded with the other prizes at the Memphis Convention in November. The many writers in the White contest from Northern and Western States shows the interest now being taken in Southern history. This is encouraging for our historical department.

Faithfully yours, MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

HISTORIAN GENERAL: Mrs. John Huske Anderson.

AIMS FOR 1932: To know your work—a fuller knowledge of the facts of our Confederate history.

## HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CONFEDERATE PERIOD.

*With Southern Songs*

SEPTEMBER, 1932.

Birthday of Admiral Raphael Semmes, September 17.

Contribution of the Navy to the Confederacy.

Naval Science—the Torpedo and Submarine.

Daring Exploits.

The Confederate Naval Academy and Navy Yards.

Song: "All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight."

## CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

SEPTEMBER, 1932.

September 17, Birthday of Admiral Raphael Semmes.

Thrilling Adventures of Confederate Vessels.

The Sumter, the Alabama, and Others.

State Song.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
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MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MRS. BRYAN WELLS COLLIER.....*Historian General*  
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MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
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MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUINBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Little Rock.....Mrs. Sam Wassell  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Augusta.....Mrs. Oswell R. Eve  
KENTUCKY—  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
MISSISSIPPI—Biloxi.....Mrs. Byrd Enochs  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates  
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. T. A. Buford  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. ADA RAMP WALDEN Editor Box 592 Augusta, Ga.

## THE REUNION IN RICHMOND.

What a glorious success was the Reunion! and what a joy to see the remnant of Lee's army and to hear again the Rebel Yell, while the band played "Dixie"! To meet amid the scenes that wrote history that will ever be an inspiration to this and to future generations!

Like some lovely panorama, the beauties of Maymont, of the Battle Abbey, and Magnolia Gardens—the long avenue with its monument—the statue of Washington and of Lee—that are but the beginning of memorials.

The dedication of the Virginia Battle Field Park—the anchor recovered from the Merrimac—the Museum filled with priceless treasures of the "storm-cradled Nation that fell!"

To visit old Christ Church and sit and meditate in the pews occupied by Washington and Lee these are the things that stir one's soul and that bring pride in the thought that we are a part of a great people.

No more delightful reunion could be held, and those who journeyed to Richmond to participate in the hospitality offered will ever carry in memory the charm and grace of her women and the chivalry and courtesy of her men. Virginia—so rich in history and tradition—our hearts will ever cherish the memory of the happy hours spent at the delightful reunion of 1932!

\* \* \*

The President General is pleased to announce the election of Mrs. B. A. Blenner, of Richmond, as 2nd Vice-President General, C. S. M. A., and feels that the honor was most worthily bestowed. Mrs. Blenner, as hostess, carried great responsibilities, which were ever met with gracious re-

sponse and cordiality, and no one is more familiar with, nor gives more generous support to, the work, which in Richmond is more widely supported than in any other section. There are six Junior Memorial Associations in Richmond, and all active.

Ours has the distinction of being the oldest patriotic organization of women in America—organized in 1866—Columbus, Ga., being the first.

Best wishes for a restful summer.

Faithfully, MARGARET A. WILSON.

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

BY ADA RAMP WALDEN, EDITOR.

The reunion in Richmond, with its attendant glories, is over; and the editor, to her sorrow, was not among those present. She kept in touch, however, with the activities by having the daily papers sent; and in spirit attended the sessions, the social events, marched in the procession, and, therefore, had a fairly good time—at home.

Everyone always returns from a convention inspired with great ideas, and the editor is hoping that every association member pledged herself at the convention in Richmond to report the activities of her organization, for she can make no readable page unless she receives such notes.

\* \* \*

One of the things that has impressed the editor is that some criticism was leveled at the bands playing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" during the reunion, which criticism was natural. But the editor feels that there is an explanation that really amounts to an extenuation. Now, one of the bands playing the tune was the Augusta Police

Band, which has attended reunions for a number of years, and which has delighted many an audience. This band thought it was playing "Glory, Glory to Old Georgia," which some unwise and evidently unpatriotic one years ago set to the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" or "Glory Hallelujah," as we commonly term it! Now whose fault is it? Certainly not the band's.

About ten years ago, Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, of Macon, Ga., President of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., and at present Chairman of the Stratford Foundation from the State of Georgia, called the attention of the U. D. C. to the hymn as sung in many churches with great gusto, the singers never thinking that the song was written as Julia Ward Howe's expression of triumph for the victory of the Union forces over the Confederates! Yet, many Southerners, even yet, put their very souls into the words, "Mine eyes have seen the glory, etc." when they sing it.

Just why Southern writers and composers should resort to such tunes for their compositions is difficult to understand.

"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching" was supposed to have been the lament of a Union soldier in a Southern prison; yet songs strictly Southern have been "set" to the tune. We of the South are a musical folk, and it is not necessary for us to resort to other tunes, when we ourselves are capable of creating them.

\* \* \*

The seventy-first anniversary of the founding of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial association of New Orleans was observed along with the Washington Bicentennial with the dedicating of two camphor trees near the Confederate monument in Greenwood Cemetery. Although in existence in the late sixties, the organization was necessarily known as the Ladies' Benevolent Association of Louisiana, as the Federal authorities in command during Reconstruction period forbade the use of the term "Confederate." One of the trees was dedicated to the memory of Washington, by Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson; the other to the memory of the women of the Confederacy, by Mrs. Hickey Friedrichs, of the Junior Memorial Association. The Boy Scouts led the salute and pledge to the flag. In the absence of Mayor T. Semmes Walmsley, the City Librarian, E. A. Parsons delivered an interesting address, and R. H. Waldo led in the group singing of "America." Other contributions were readings by Edith Patricia and James Maloney.

## SNAPSHOTS FROM THE REUNION.

(Continued from page 289)

The parade on Friday was the final event. Veterans and their ladies rode in closed cars. The writer had invited six young ladies and two married ladies, all Virginians, to serve on his social staff, along with my own "Beautiful Lady" and Mrs. Christian Schertz of New Orleans. I was unwilling to hide them in closed cars, so I called to my assistance a prominent citizen of Richmond, who provided us with an open truck, beautifully decorated with red and white bunting and roses and battle flags. There was a canopy with flowers and evergreens on the top. The ladies carried red sunshades and wore beautiful sashes and badges. It was most attractive, and they were the acclaim of all the thousands along the march.

An unusual thing has taken place with the equestrian statue of General Lee. It was originally bronze, but the effects of time have made "Traveller" a gray horse, and General Lee's uniform in gray. We all know that Traveller was gray.

We saw the figure of General Jackson's old "Sorrel" in the museum at the Confederate Home. There is a story told that one time old Sorrel deserted and went to the enemy, but that he later returned to our lines. I will write my recollections of Traveller and old Sorrel and King Philip; the last was the great horse General Forrest rode in a hundred battles.

## THE REUNION BROADCAST.

The following letter shows that the exercises of the late reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in Richmond, Va., had an interested audience of vaster proportions than any ever held before, stretching from shore to shore of this great country, and the writer gives a view of his reactions to those exercises. The letter comes from Frank Hampton Camperson, Jr., of 5220 Twentieth Avenue, North East, Seattle, Wash., and is dated June 24, 1932. He says:

"Doubtless you will have received any number of comments on the Confederate Reunion at Richmond. Yet I believe I can safely say that the one I am about to make is unique in at least that it comes from a person about as far removed from the scene of action as one could possibly be and who still might truthfully say that he 'attended' it.

"For I had the unsurpassed pleasure of hearing the NBC radio program coming direct from the

(Continued on page 318)



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

DR. GEORGE R. TABOR, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to Edmond R. Wiles, Editor, 1505 W. 22nd St., Little Rock, Ark.

## MESSAGE FROM THE NEW COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

SAVANNAH, GA., July 11, 1932.

The Sons of Confederate veterans held their reunion in Richmond, June 21 to 24, and enjoyed the hospitality of the South's old Capital, filled with historic lore and war treasures, surrounded by memorable battle fields and populated by the finest and most loyal people in our great Southland. We enjoyed all of these, and wish here to express our gratitude.

The convention of Sons was well attended. More than usual interest and enthusiasm were manifested. The element of dissension was absent. A spirit of accord and co-operation prevailed. More worthy business was on hand to be transacted than is usual, so much that the limited time prevented completion of all that was planned. It is intended that the sessions of the convention in the future will be so arranged that the most important business matters will have precedence and sufficient time for consideration. It is urged at this moment that those most interested in the welfare of the Sons of Confederate Veterans submit to the Commander in Chief any virile suggestions for the good of the order that they might have, and to prepare now to attend the next reunion with the confident assurance that we shall have business sessions, and that the subject matter will denote an active and progressive attitude. We must develop the aggressive in our work. The Commander in Chief and head-

quarters may originate and plan the work and policy of this organization, but they must place in you, my comrades, the hope and confidence of its execution. I, therefore, appeal to all Sons for their most earnest co-operation.

In this my initial message to the VETERAN, I extend most cordial greetings to our sister organizations, and appeal to them in the spirit of our love for the Old Confederacy, to co-operate in every respect with the other Confederate bodies, that we may present a solid front with the great and paramount objective of accomplishing all within our ability for the Confederate veterans, and for those loyal women who bore the hardships of war along with them. These are first, last, and always the subjects of our admiration and affection, and the objectives of our work.

WILLIAM R. DANCY, M.D.,  
*Commander in Chief, S. C. V.*

## S. C. V. NOTES.

### VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Col. R. M. Colvin, Commander of the Virginia Division, is a Veteran, as well as a Son, and is the only one holding an office in the S. C. V. organization. It should be remembered, also, that he is one of the very best Division Commanders the organization has. We take great pleasure in submitting herewith an *original* poem by William Graham Jarvis, of Norfolk, Va., sent us by Colonel Colvin for reproduction in the VETERAN.

Miss Janet Taylor, of Norfolk, Va., a grand-

daughter of General Taylor, of Confederate fame, was a most charming sponsor on the staff of Colonel Colvin for the reunion. Miss Taylor is of very distinguished Confederate ancestry, and was a charming member of the host staff of the forty-second reunion.

## OUR NEW COMMANDER.

The Sons of the Confederate Veterans are very fortunate indeed to have as their commander in chief for the ensuing year a man of such charming personality, wide experience, and splendid background as is possessed by William R. Dancy, M.D., of Savannah, Ga. Dr. Dancy is a man who comes to us with the wide experience attained only through years of service from the ranks, through the various minor offices, and finally to that of our leader. He is in every way fitted for the high post given him, and will not, in the opinion of this writer, disappoint those who really want to see our organization accomplish something worth while. One thing that must be remembered, he will put us to work, which no doubt is the penance for most of our troubles. Give Dr. Dancy your whole-hearted support. He is worthy of nothing less.

## HATS OFF TO RICHMOND.

June 21 to 24, inclusive, marked the occasion of Richmond's fifth Confederate reunion. Thirty-seven years ago, responding to a call issued by Robert E. Lee Camp, No. 1 S. C. V. of Richmond then assembled in Richmond, delegates from the Southern States east of the Mississippi River, at which time the Sons of Confederate Veterans—known then as "United" Sons of Confederate Veterans—was organized. This year we went back home, and what a glorious home-coming it was. Only the highest praise is due Col. Robert Barton, the General Chairman of the forty-second reunion, and his co-workers for the splendidly arranged and managed event that gave such joy and happiness to hundreds of the heroes of the South and their descendants.

The responsibility of entertaining the thirty-seventh convention of the S. C. V. rested heavily upon our Adjutant in Chief, Walter L. Hopkins; Commander Norman, of the Stonewall Jackson Camp; Commander Miller, of the R. E. Lee Camp; Comrade Courting, and hundreds of loyal Sons in Richmond and Virginia at large. It is a responsibility few can appreciate unless actually experienced to entertain a great Confederate reunion. The writer, having managed them, can speak advisedly.

There is so much that should be said that no doubt will be said by others representing organizations entertained by the State of Virginia and city of Richmond, that we will, for lack of space, refrain from saying more at this time. It may be Richmond's last reunion, but let us not so state. Let us live with the hope ever present that we may go there again some good day.

## THE HISTORICAL GENERAL, U. D. C.

Mrs. John H. Anderson, Historian General, U. D. C., honored the Convention on Thursday with her presence, and took occasion to express the full co-operation of the U. D. C. with the S. C. V. in their efforts to have Muzzy's History suppressed in Southern schools. She stated that the S. C. V. should be supported in every particular in their fight to collect and preserve true history, in order that the principles for which our fathers fought and died should never be falsely stated.

## MEMORIA SACRUM.

Faded the Blue and faded the Gray,  
In the elements God hath wrought;  
Who giveth the roses we place today  
On their graves with fragrance fraught.

What of the colors they bravely bore?  
Their flags are folded at rest—  
No more is heard the clash and roar,  
Asleep on earth's kindly breast.

The living may not pass on their cause,  
Since none can present it aright.  
What motivated their souls to arouse  
And press to the farthest height?

They faced the scroll with naught of fear,  
A record kept by the Judge on High  
Balanced the scales nor varied a hair;  
The verdict none may descry.

The rill of the Saxon flows to the sea,  
Though the banner of Harold went down.  
What is success or what's victory,  
Whom we shall rise and crown?

Blended the Blue and blended the Gray,  
In the call to a foreign land.  
From those who gave us a Yorktown day,  
Then torn by a mailed hand.

We in their train of memorial thoughts  
Have a heritage love hath given  
Enshrined in our very heart of hearts,  
Lifting from earth to Heaven.

—William Graham Jarvis.



## THE REUNION BROADCAST.

(Continued from page 315)

old Confederate Capital and introducing some of the survivors of the great struggle.

"Let me say that it was a half-hour I shall never forget. The program was thoroughly Southern—and thoroughly American—to the core: the speakers were unassuming; their words had all that gentle, lovable homeliness of the South. And where all might so well have told us of the theory of right or wrong of the struggle—a topic always interesting and enlightening however often it is heard—they, instead, referred to the lighter, or the more dashing, events of their lives. Any who had the pleasure of listening to their reminiscences—whether he be Southern or Northern or Western—could well be proud to be able to call these grand old veterans and their wives his fellow Americans!

"From the opening strains of "Dixie" and the great Rebel Yell (admirably done, too!), through General DeSaussure's delightful speech and to Mrs. Caper's stirring account, I sat spellbound, and when it was over I felt that I had actually been in the presence of those people. The organizers of the broadcast must receive the share of compliments that is due them for this delightful illusion.

"And at last after seventy years these same grand old ladies and gentlemen, the last survivors of a mighty generation, are to have that wish for which they fought so fiercely and bravely—they are at last to march up Pennsylvania Avenue to the National Capitol amid the cheers and the reverence of the throngs along the way! Every Southerner—yes, and every other real American—may thank God that this pleasure is to be theirs at last. This is just one more notable step toward that universal recognition of the true worth of the cause for which they so unstintedly gave their very souls seventy years ago. Every Southerner, however far away he may be at the time, will follow that procession step by step."

## FOOD.

I burnt my toast this morning when  
I heard a thrush's song:  
I hastened to the doorway and  
I stayed a bit too long.  
Yet why should I remember now  
The charring of my bread?  
I heard a thrush this morning and  
My starving soul was fed!

—Susan C. Milner.

## THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.

(Continued from page 283)

General Atkinson is now the only known survivor of that engagement, and also of the battle of Fort Gregg. He was taken prisoner, with others, at Petersburg, but managed to make his escape and return to the city, and the next morning found him on the battle field ready for duty. In the defense of Fort Gregg, April 2, 1865, he was again captured, but he refused to take the oath of allegiance even after the surrender of General Lee!

General Atkinson is one of the most honored citizens of Petersburg, has been a member of the A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., almost since its organization, and has always taken an active part in its work and holding many of its offices. Of the eight hundred veterans composing its original membership, but a handful are now left. His comrades and fellow-citizens feel deeply the honor bestowed in electing him Commander of the United Confederate Veterans at the Richmond Reunion—an honor unsought, but most worthily bestowed.

## THE FORT FISHER GARRISON.

The following comes from A. S. Doak, Adjutant General 3rd Alabama Brigade, Alabama Division, U. C. V., Huntsville, Ala.:

"May I correct a slight mistake in the article by Mrs. Cabell Smith, VETERAN for July, on the Fort Fisher Memorial? The statement is made that 'the garrison of the Fort, nineteen hundred men, was composed entirely of North Carolinians, with the exception of three hundred and fifty South Carolinians.'

"My brother, a Lieutenant of Marines, was wounded in the leg by a piece of shell and captured in this engagement. He was sergeant major in the 19th Regiment of Tennessee Regiment early in the war; was wounded in the battle of Shiloh, and, after recovery, was appointed Lieutenant of Marines; served at Drewry's Bluff, on the James River, and afterward at Fort Fisher."

Though neither a veteran nor the son of a veteran, O. L. White, of Elk City, Okla., shows his interest in our history by renewing his subscription to the VETERAN. "I had two brothers in the service," he writes, "in defense of the South, the union of States . . . and I appreciate the great and indispensable work you are doing, without which no truthful history of the War between the States could ever be written."

## PICTURES OF CONFEDERATE LEADERS.

The following pictures are commended as being most suitable for presentation purposes, as their good quality is fine insurance. These pictures are:

**THE THREE GENERALS.**—Group showing Generals Lee, Jackson, and Joseph E. Johnston. A fine steel engraving some 19 by 22 inches, price \$10. With an order for this picture, a year's subscription to the VETERAN is allowed.

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## OLDEST SUBSCRIBERS TO THE VETERAN.

Capt. L. W. Lane, of Williamsburg, Va., ninety-four years old, renews subscription for two years.

Col. W. P. Timberlake, of Jackson, Tenn., now ninety-four years and six months, has been a reader of the VETERAN for many years, and expects to continue.

W. T. Wroe, of Austin, Tex., who has entered his ninety-first year, sends his name as a subscriber to the VETERAN. He writes: "I was born in Wilson County, Tenn., near Lebanon, in 1842, and came to Texas with my parents in 1859, in a covered wagon; joined the Confederate army in 1861, in Green's Regiment, and served throughout the war. Am enjoying good health, but am blind. Have taken the VETERAN thirty-nine years and enjoy it."

The article in this number of the VETERAN on why we should say "War between the States," by Miss Marian Fleming, of Brundidge, Ala., won the \$25 prize for best paper on that subject offered by Mrs. C. W. Daugette, U. D. C. Director on that committee, in loving memory of her father, Gen. John H. Forney, of Alabama. Miss Fleming is a junior at the Woman's College of Montgomery.

**MEDALS AWARDED DOGS.**—Fifteen dogs, from as many states, were awarded bronze medals, June 17, at Chicago, by the National Antivivisection Society, for being the most courageous and intelligent dogs in their respective states. Each of the dogs is credited with having saved one or more human lives, usually at the risk of their own. These medals are awarded twice a year—June 1 and December 1.—*The Kablegram.*

Miss T: What is the name of your car?

Eddie: I call her "Shasta."

Miss T: Because she is a daisy?

Eddie: No, because shasta have gas, shasta have oil, shasta have air, shasta have something all the time.—*The Bug.*

Street orator: "We must get rid of radicalism, Socialism, Bolshevism, Communism, and Anarchism."

Voice from the crowd: "And while we're about it, why not throw in rheumatism?"

John E. Hobeika, of Dillon, S. C., an eager student of Southern and Confederate history, is trying to locate books which he needs in his research work, and which are: (1) "Logic of History." Five Hundred Political Texts, being Concentrated Extracts of Abolitionism; also, Results of Slavery Agitation and Emancipation; together with sundry chapters on Despotism, Usurpation, and Frauds. By S. D. Carpenter, Editor of the *Wisconsin Patriot*. Second edition, Madison, Wis., 1864. S. D. Carpenter, Publisher. (2) "Crimes of the Civil War, and Curse of the Funding System." By Henry Clay Dean, Baltimore. Printed for the publisher by J. Wesley & Bro., 1869.

Father criticized the sermon, mother disliked the blunders of the organist, and the eldest daughter thought the choir's singing atrocious. The subject had to be dropped when the small boy of the family, with the schoolboy's love of fair play, chipped in with a remark: "Dad, I think it was a jolly good show for a penny."



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## THEORY AND PRACTICE.

A farmer, visiting his son's college and wandering into a chemistry class, saw some students busy with retorts and test tubes.

"What are you trying to do?" he asked.

"We're endeavoring," replied one of the students, "to discover or invent a universal solvent."

"What's that?" asked the farmer.

"A liquid that will dissolve anything."

"That's a great idea," agreed the farmer. "When you find it, what are you going to keep it in?"

## SAYINGS OF NOTED BRITONS.

There is no blessing in the world like a little poverty.—*Dame Madge Kendall.*

Every problem would lend itself to solution if we determined to make the law of truth and non-violence the law of life.—*Mahatma Gandhi.*

No great achievement has been accomplished at the first, second, or third attempt.—*Ramsay MacDonald.*

As long as armed peace continues mankind seems to be marching to some horrible doom.—*Gen. Jan C. Smuts.*

War is an affair of glory and patriotism and has nothing to do with common sense.—*George Bernard Shaw.*

At a recent election a returning officer was questioning a Chinaman who had been naturalized.

"What is your name?" asked the officer.

"Sneeze," said the Chinaman.

"Is that your Chinese name?" demanded the officer.

"No," said the Chinaman; "I had it translated into English."

"Then what is your name?" demanded the officer, getting angry.

"Ah Chew," said the Oriental.—*Canadian-American.*



## SPECIAL BOOK OFFERS

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. R. E. LEE.. Compiled and edited by his son, Capt. Robert E. Lee. \$3.25, postpaid. With a year's subscription to the VETERAN, \$4.25.

This is the last of the \$5 edition of this book.

Of the many books written on the life of Gen. R. E. Lee, this compilation by his son and namesake of letters written by the great general, combined with recollections of the intimate association of family life, gives a light on this great character which reveals the tenderness under the stern exterior and the deep love for home and family which his military life had separated him from through many years. There is much else that brings out the fine and lovable traits of character as man and officer—a character in which could be found no flaw.

The last of this five-dollar edition was bought by the VETERAN some years ago to offer to its readers, and the last of the stock is being offered again at the reduced price of \$3.25, postpaid. It is a book to be cherished and passed down as a loved possession. Send for a copy now and place it where the young people can read it, for they should get this view of General Lee first. Orders will have attention as received.

\* \* \*

THE LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE.—In this splendid work is made acquaintance with the writers produced by this Southern section, with interesting selections from their works—and it is a revelation of great worth in literature. Nowhere else could this information be gotten in convenient form.

It is seldom that a set of this work, 16 volumes, can be offered by the VETERAN, for it is sold through agents exclusively. The set here offered is the DeLuxe edition of red leather and cloth, which originally sold for more than three times at what it is now offered, \$42.50. First order received will get this bargain.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.



# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XL

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1932

NO. 9-10



**A FRATERNAL GATHERING AFTER THE WAR.**

In this group of distinguished guests at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., in 1869, General Lee was a distinctive figure, all representing the good citizenship of the country anxious to help their fellow-man in the struggle for rehabilitation of the South. In the back row, standing (left to right) are: Gen. James Conner, of South Carolina; Gen. John W. Geary, U. S. A.; Gen. John B. Magruder, of Virginia; Gen. Robert D. Lilley, U. S. A.; Gen. P. C. T. Beauregard; Gen. Lew Wallace, U. S. A.; Gen. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia; Gen. Joseph L. Brent, U. S. A. Sitting (left to right): Blacque Bey, General Lee, George Peabody, W. W. Corcoran, James Lyons.

(From Photographic History of the War. Courtesy Review of Reviews Company.)  
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## VOLUMES OF THE VETERAN.

It has become necessary to dispose of the VETERAN'S stock in back volumes of the publication, which can be furnished complete to 1906, and earlier volumes can be made up largely. Chapters U. D. C. are especially advised that this will be a good time to procure a file of the VETERAN at a very reasonable price, which will be furnished upon application. Mention volumes which are needed. These volumes will become more and more valuable as the years go on, and a file of the VETERAN will have a value even beyond its price as a reference work, giving information not found elsewhere. Every Chapter U. D. C., and every library, should have a complete file.

Mrs. E. W. Bounds, 1216 College Avenue, Fort Worth, Tex., would like to communicate with someone who knows the war record of Christopher Columbus Hacker, who lived in Missouri, and enlisted in the Confederate army early in 1864. He was under General McBride at Hartsville, Wilson's Creek, and Springfield battles in Missouri, and under Colonel Burbage at Beaver Creek battle in Pike County.

Mrs. Philip A. Spencer, of Wytheville, Va., is anxious to get proof of the Confederate service of Zachariah Reeves, a native of Dobson Ferry, County, N. C., and moved to Grayson County, Va., before the war. It is thought that two comrades were Elam and Joseph Defriese. Any information will be appreciated.

I. J. Wolfe, Houston, Tex., Box 704, would like to hear from someone who knows anything of the war record of

his grandfather, Isaac Wilson Wolfe, who was in the last regiment which Virginia furnished to the Confederate army, which he thinks was made up of men from the mountain counties of southwest Virginia.

J. Tucker Cook writes from Waynesboro, Va., in renewing his subscription: "My father was seriously wounded at Gettysburg—a wound which eventually caused his death. We will have to carry on in their places."

## LAST SURVIVORS.

The last survivor of the Revolutionary War died in 1869, according to records of the Bureau of Pensions. He was Daniel F. Bakeman, who died at Fredonia, N. Y., when he was 109 years old.

The last widow of that war was Esther S. Damon, of Plymouth Union, Vt., who died November 11, 1906, at the age of 92 years.

## YOUR TASK.

To each one is given a marble to carve for the wall;  
A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty of all;  
And only his soul has the magic to give it grace;  
And only his hands have the cunning to put it in place.

Yes, the task that is given to each one, no other can do;  
So the errand is waiting; it has waited through ages for you.  
And now you appear; and the hushed ones are turning their gaze,  
To see what you do with your chance in the chamber of days.

—Edwin Markham.

## GOOD FOR ANY HOUSE.

The following was found in an old manor-house in Gloucestershire, England, written and framed, and hung over the mantelpiece of a sitting-room:

"The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man. Virtue is his business; study, his recreation; contentment, his rest; and happiness, his reward. God is his Father; Jesus Christ, his Savior, the saints, his brethren; and all that need him his friends. Devotion is his chaplain; chastity, his chamberlain; sobriety, his butler; temperance, his cook; hospitality, his housekeeper; Providence, his steward; charity, his treasurer; piety, his mistress of the house; and discretion, his porter, to let in or out, as most fit. Thus is his whole family made up of virtue, and he is master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven, and he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a man and Christian."

After thoroughly sifting out the situation, the government has come to the conclusion that the kind of hens that lay the longest are dead hens.

## MONEY FOR YOU.

Search your old trunks and send all old envelopes used before 1880. Highest prices paid. George Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York.

Correspondents too are asked to be sure that letters and manuscripts bear sufficient postage, also that postage is enclosed for return of manuscripts and pictures. And bear in mind that every notice sent by a postmaster of change in address costs the VETERAN two cents, so don't fail to give notice when changing to another street or city.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

### DISSEMINATING UNTRUTH.

The Southern Society of New York City, "organized for the purpose, among other things, of perpetuating the history and traditions of the South," has recently sponsored a series of addresses on Southern Statesmen by radio, the last of this series being on Abraham Lincoln, as presented by Mr. Hugh Gordon Miller. The why of including Lincoln in this series is not apparent other than his having been born in Kentucky.

Aside from that, Mr. Miller saw fit to revive that story of Lincoln and Alexander Stephens at the Hampton Roads Conference in January, 1865—a conference called for the purpose of considering terms by which peace could be secured. The story is refuted by its own weakness as well as by the statements of the Southerners taking part in that dramatic meeting. Mr. Miller tells that Mr. Lincoln "took the Vice-President of the Confederacy aside and, pointing to a sheet of paper he held in his hand, said to him, 'Stephens, let me write Union at the top of that piece of paper, and you and your fellow-commissioners may write below that word any other condition you please,'" implying that all Lincoln thought or cared for was Union. Even though it had been all he was fighting for, such a proposition could have entangled him in so many ways that there would have been no peace in union for him. According to Lincoln's own statement, which those who tell this story lose sight of, he was irrevocably committed to the abolition of slavery, yet this offer made no provision for that. Nothing more ridiculous than this could be accredited to the astute Lincoln, and his admirers do not glorify him in repeating this old story, revived and exploited *ad nauseum* by the late Henry Watterson, who became a Lincoln worshiper in his late years, and thus made and held a large Northern audience for his lectures.

Mr. Stephens' report to President Davis, and later to the Confederate Congress, and which was corroborated by the other Confederate Commissioners to the Hampton Roads Conference, was that unconditional surrender was the only things brought out, so matters were left just where they were before the conference was planned. The late victories of the Union army had encouraged

the hope of the Federal Government for an early cessation of hostilities, and Lincoln was in no mind to make any concessions for peace, however much the North wanted it. All that is brought out in Mr. Stephens work on "The War between the States" and Mr. Davis' "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."

President Davis was blamed at the time and through the years following, by the uninformed, for not accepting the terms for peace, when no terms were offered. That he was anxious for peace is shown by the several efforts that were made by the Southern Confederacy to bring that about. (See article by Mrs. John H. Anderson, Historian, U. D. C., in the VETERAN for August and September, 1931.)

Another statement by Mr. Miller in this address was that Gen. R. E. Lee said that "duty is the sublimest word in our language." General Lee made duty sublime, but he did not so express it in any letters known to have been written by him. The letter containing that expression, which is known as the "Duty letter," first appeared in print in the New York *Sun* in November, 1864, and was repeated in a Richmond paper in December, followed by a repudiation in the same Richmond paper on December 16, 1864. This repudiation could have come from General Lee only—or was written after consultation with him. All this is brought out in a pamphlet published by Professor A. C. Graves, of the University of Virginia, in 1913, and was reproduced in the VETERAN for November, 1915; yet it seems as difficult to down it as the story of General Lee's having tendered his sword to Grant at Appomattox.

Facts are needed, not sentiment, to establish history, and Mr. Miller should take the first occasion possible and the same means to correct these untruths of Southern history which he has broadcast to millions of listeners.

### AT THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

The week of August 22-26 at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., was celebrated as "Lee Week," commemorating the last visit of Gen. R. E. Lee to that famous old watering place in August, 1869. In "The President's Cottage," which has become the Old White Museum, a room was dedicated as a permanent shrine for Lee mementos; the cottage he occupied while staying there has been marked with a bronze tablet; a grove of sugar maples was started in his name; all this being carried out with appropriate exercises, and

the program for each day had special significance as a tribute to his life and personality.

One day of the week was devoted to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, with the President General, Mrs. William E. R. Byrne, as hostess, and in her letter for this number Mrs. Byrne tells of the festivities of the week in which she took part. Another day was devoted to the Confederate Veterans, with the unveiling of a marker in the Confederate graveyard near the Springs, which has been restored after years of neglect. A grand ball marked the end of these festivities. Ladies in hoopskirts and crinoline, reminiscent of the befo' de wah period, danced with elegant gentlemen the old dances of that period. Among those present was Miss Jennie Price, daughter of former Governor Price of West Virginia, and President of the Greenbrier Chapter, U. D. C., who had attended the ball given there in 1877 for the benefit of the Lee Monument in Richmond. In its account of that ball, the *White Sulphur Echo* said: "Capt. Jo Lane Stern, who is very popular with the fair sex, opened the ball." For fifty-four years, the same statement was sent to the papers, with the change of only one word, "Captain" having been superseded by other titles expressing his various promotions in the military circles. His death in May of this year left many mourning friends.

In "Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," compiled and edited by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee, it is stated that the season of 1869 was noted in the annals of the White Sulphur Springs as having had an unusually large company of many noted and distinguished men, and mention is made of Messrs. George Peabody and W. W. Corcoran, the two great philanthropists, as among them, and who contributed generously to the fund that was raised for the benefit of the little Episcopal Church in Lexington, in which General Lee was so interested. His work with the Washington College was also interesting to them, and a liberal contribution was made to that through the gift of a claim which Mr. Peabody had against the State of Virginia, thus helping on General Lee's dream of a great university out of the obscure Washington College.

In the frontispiece of this number General Lee is shown with some of the notable visitors of that season of 1869—whose like were not seen there again.

## IN OLD ALEXANDRIA, VA.

BY W. L. CARNE, ADJ., R. E. LEE CAMP, S. C. V.,  
ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Few places in the South are of more historic interest than the old Leadbeater Drug Store, situated on the corner of King and Fairfax Streets in the city of Alexandria, Va. This firm was founded in 1792 by Edward Stabler, and has been in continuous existence since that time in the hands of his descendants. Among its customers were General and Mrs. Washington, George Washington Parke Custis of Arlington, General Lee, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, and others of note. The names of practically all the old families of Alexandria are to be found on the yellowed pages of its ancient books, which have come in this way to be a sort of social register for the people of the town.

Robert E. Lee was a frequent visitor to the old store during the time he lived at Arlington, which is only about five miles outside of Alexandria. It was in this store, on October 17, 1859, that he received orders to go to Harper's Ferry to take command of the troops sent there to capture John Brown and his fellow-desperadoes. Lee was then a Lieutenant Colonel of Cavalry, and was on leave of absence at his home. He had come to Alexandria on business, and was standing at the counter at Leadbeater's talking with the proprietor of the store and several other gentlemen. Their conversation was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a messenger, who brought orders to Colonel Lee from the Secretary of War, directing him to proceed at once to Harper's Ferry to suppress the threatened insurrection. The messenger who brought the dispatch was Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, and it was his first meeting with the future Confederate Commander. Stuart was in Washington, and was at the War Department just as the news of the trouble at Harper's Ferry arrived. A messenger was needed to reach Colonel Lee, and Stuart offered his services. He rode to Arlington, and not finding Lee there followed him to Alexandria. Lee went at once to Washington, conferred with the Secretary of War, and left on the evening train for Harper's Ferry. What occurred there is a matter of history.

R. E. Lee Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Alexandria, recently unveiled a tablet commemorating this incident. The tablet is affixed to the counter of the old store at the spot where Lee was standing when Stuart arrived. The tablet is of silver, and bears the following inscription:

"This Tablet marks the spot where Lieutenant



Colonel Robert E. Lee was standing on October 17, 1859, when he received orders to go to Harper's Ferry to suppress the insurrection of John Brown.

"The orders were brought to Colonel Lee by Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart. Erected A.D. 1932 by R. E. Lee Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Alexandria, Va."

The unveiling took place on the night of August 2. The invocation was pronounced by Rev. William Jackson Morton, Rector of Christ Episcopal Church, of which Lee was a member. The tablet was unveiled by William Moncure Boothe, great-great-great-grandson of Edward Stabler, founder of the firm. The principal address was made by Maj. Gen. B. F. Cheatham, Superintendent of Stratford, and a member of Washington (D. C.) Camp, S. C. V. The tablet was presented by R. Samuel Luckett, Commander of R. E. Lee Camp, and accepted by Dr. Eward S. Leadbeater, proprietor of the store, and son of the proprietor at the time of the event commemorated. The store was crowded with a throng of members of the Sons of Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, citizens of Alexandria and the surrounding country, and other visitors, among whom were a large number of tourists from distant parts of the United States.

#### THE NEXT REUNION.

No invitation for the next general reunion was extended the United Confederate Veterans at their meeting in Richmond last week. The reason was not any lack of interest in the survivors of the Confederate armies, but a feeling that, in the present depressed state of municipal finance, no city should pledge itself, so far in advance, to the very heavy expense entailed by entertaining the multitude of sponsors who come to the reunions.

The simple fact is that sponsors now submerge the veterans. The old men for whom the annual gathering is held are almost lost in the throng of women who make the reunion a gala vacation. Richmond extended these ladies all possible courtesies but saw to it that the number who received free entertainment was kept down. Other cities have not been so careful and have found their reunion bills amounting to very formidable totals.

If another invitation is extended, we trust Richmond will not seem an ungracious hostess when she expresses the hope that the reunion will be on a different footing. We should like to see the

whole system of sponsors abandoned in its entirety, and the reunion returned to the veterans. Each veteran who is unable to travel by himself should be allowed one male attendant and should be assigned comfortable quarters at some inexpensive hotel. The sessions should be given over to the old men and should take on more of the nature of "camp fires" at which these survivors of the South's great armies should be encouraged to talk, instead of being compelled to listen. A reunion held under these conditions would be immeasurably more enjoyable for the veterans and more acceptable to the Southern people.—*Richmond News Leader*, June 28, 1932.

#### THE SENTINEL AT THE CITY PARK.

He stands there through sunshine, through shadow,

While the race of man passes on,

A sentinel of bronze, on guard,

Amidst the changing throng.

He waits through the year for the coming of June,

For the South's Memorial Day,

When the men of Camp Jenkins come marching along,

That splendid line of Gray.

They bring him the roses of June time,

And some late blossoms of May;

They always come at the beat of the drum,

These loyal old men in gray,

To lay at his feet their blossoms sweet,

Their wreaths of white and red;

They breathe a prayer as they place them there

For their unforgotten dead.

A band is playing softly,

'Tis the South's Memorial Day,

But now no long line marches,

Just two old men in gray.

With their wreath of roses and fadeless love,

Their steps faltering, slow,

March to the park where the soldier in bronze

Waits in the sunset's glow.

They lay at his feet their blossoms sweet,

While the sunset pales and dies.

Are those raindrops that fall on their snowy heads,

Or tears from the Sentinel's eyes?

—*Katherine Creighton Hays, Parkersburg, W. Va.*

## ARE ANY OF THEM HERE?

(Those who did not have the privilege of hearing the talk by Dr. Douglas Freeman, Editor the *News-Leader*, of Richmond, to the Confederate veterans at the dedication of the Battle Field Park Area on June 22, will enjoy this much of it as given in an editorial during the reunion.)

Out at the Soldiers' Home, close to old Camp Lee, are there among the city's welcome guests any of the old Stonewall Brigade that stood on the hill at Manassas when General Lee rallied his South Carolinians on them?

Can anyone find a survivor of those who charged Casey's redoubt at Seven Pines? Where are the Georgians and the Carolinians who plunged down into the hay field at Ellerson's Mill? How many of Hood's Texans are there—those Texans who broke the line at Gaines' Mill and outran the charging line to the Chinn house at Second Manassas, and rallied on the left at Sharpsburg, and passed between Devil's Den and Big Round Top on the second day at Gettysburg, and turned Lee "to the rear" as they rushed past Wilcox's men that morning in the Wilderness?

Who among the Alabamians remains to tell of that assault on Randol's battery at Frayser's farm? Of Lawton's 3,500 who came up from Georgia for the battles of the Seven Days, how many will answer the roll-call tomorrow? And Wright and Mahone, long dead, who led their men so high up Malvern Hill that they could see the eyes of the enemy when they raised up to fire in the July twilight—have any of their brigade remained to tell of that great hour?

What of those magnificent South Carolinians who stood on the left beyond Groveton, while Maxcy Gregg waved that old revolutionary scimitar and told them to die there, rather than yield their ground?

Who recalls how the Federals looked that afternoon at Fredericksburg as they came on, line after line, time after time, to wreck themselves against Cobb's Georgians and Kershaw's South Carolinians, after Barksdale's Mississippi boys had won glory in defending the crossing of the Rappahannock?

Who followed Jackson with clanking canteen as he marched away that May morning at Chancellorsville, disappearing in the forest like a Norse god, when he led his corps around Hooker's flank? Who heard him say that day, "Close up, men, close up!" and who remembers how he sat,

watch in hand, till the line was formed and then gave Rodes the word to advance? Bugle after bugle took up the call in the tangled Wilderness—has the last echo of that music died away?

Cooke's Carolinians and that grand old Third Arkansas that fought almost alone on D. H. Hill's front at Sharpsburg; those cannoneers who lashed their horses and opened under Lee's very eyes when the Federals made that last charge against Jackson's left while Longstreet waited to launch his attack; are any of them here that honor may be done them? Who remembers how General Armistead looked when he put his hat on the end of his sword and led his brigade toward frowning Cemetery Ridge? Was not old General Garnett wrapped in an army overcoat that day, though it was July? And Pickett's words—"Up, men, and forward, and don't forget today that you came from old Virginia"—who heard them? General Lee there among Alexander's guns, rallying the men as they came back—who saw him?

Falling Waters, Bristoe Station, Rappahannock bridge—are any of Heth's division and Cooke's and Kirkland's and Hoke's and Hays' brigades here? When Gordon turned Sedgwick's flank in the Wilderness on the afternoon of the 6th of May, who went forward with him? Who saw Longstreet fall, or hurried to the right along the unfinished railroad, with the gallant Sorrel? How many are there in Richmond today who found Fitz Lee's cavalry fighting when they reached Spotsylvania on May 8, 1864? Who saw the rally after Doles' lines were broken on May 10? Are any left who saw General Gordon put his horse in front of Traveller and forbid General Lee to participate in the charge to recover the Bloody Angle? How many recall the look of that dread field at Cold Harbor after Grant had charged on June 3? Of Wise's brigade, and of Dearing's artillery, who saved Petersburg on June 15, how many survive? Who was at the Crater? Who at Reams' Station? Who shared in the assault on Fort Stedman and who the anguish of Five Forks?

Of the cavalymen, who rode around McClellan? Who groped in the rain and the darkness to Catlett's station? How many were in the battle of Brandy Station?

Seven hundred thousand there were, first and last, and now not more than 2,000 are mustered in Richmond . . . but what a company of invisible witnesses!



*IN THE PARADE AT RICHMOND.*

BY J. CHURCHILL COOKE, BEAVER DAM, VA.

Judging by "Snapshots from the Reunion" as written by Capt. James Dinkins, the truck he describes with its decorations and the ladies of his personal staff must have been beautiful, and especially the ladies. Wish I could have seen it. There was another truck in that parade which, I think, attracted as much attention and received as loud and long applause as any portion of the parade. I shall have to go back quite a period before the reunion that you may understand my position.

In the town of Ashland, in the County of Hanover, there is a Camp called the "Betty Rosser Children's Camp, U. D. C.," and the membership ranges from tots of six years up into the teens. It is a large camp, and the children take great interest and pride in it. The director of the Camp is Mrs. Ruth B. Sydnor, a most charming lady, and devoted to the work. Sometime ago I was invited to attend a meeting of this Camp and talk to the children, to tell them something of the long ago. I spoke about my childhood days before the war and described to them my old black mammy. They were much interested. About last Christmas the camp elected me "Grandfather of the Camp," which honor I appreciated very highly. Shortly before the reunion, Mrs. Sydnor wrote me that they were to have a float in the parade, in which she would take as many of the Camp as it would hold, and asked me to ride with them, which I was pleased to do. I considered that I was on Mrs. Sydnor's staff. The truck was beautifully decorated, and on the side was a board on which was printed in large letters: "Betty Rosser Children, U. D. C., Camp, Hanover County, Ashland, Va., J. Churchill Cooke of Hanover, Grandfather of the Camp."

There were about ten or twelve of the children, and I am sure they would have compared favorably with any others of the same number found anywhere. This float was about halfway of the line of parade, and wherever it passed it received a tremendous acclaim. When we would have to stop, ladies and gentlemen came up to shake hands and offer congratulations. Mrs. Sydnor, much against my protest, would say, "Here is my ninety-three years young old boy, Grandpa." I could not say how many snapshots were taken of our float.

The parade was simply magnificent. None could complain of not receiving their due amount

of applause. I shall not try to describe anything more of the reunion. The whole was just one grand and magnificent ovation.

In closing, I wish to say that this Children's Camp is named for the wife of Gen. Tom Rosser, one of the most splendid and gallant officers of the Army of Northern Virginia. His wife was Miss Betty Winston, of Hanover County, a very handsome and charming lady.

I may be mistaken, but I tried to find out while at the reunion if there were any old Confeds there older than myself, and I could not find one. I am in my ninety-fourth year. I know there are older ones living, but they were not at the reunion.

*NOTES ON THE REUNION AND VIRGINIA.*

BY R. DET. LAWRENCE, MARIETTA, GA.

When, at Montgomery, the announcement was made that Richmond, Va., invited the 42nd Confederate Reunion to be held in that city, every voice was for Richmond first of every other city, for Virginia in general and Richmond in particular hold first place in the love and sympathy of the old Confederates. And they were not disappointed in the generous hospitality accorded them. The writer, expecting a bill for the breakfast of which he had partaken, was told there was no charge against ex-Confederates. And the same spirit was shown throughout the days of the Reunion. Meals and comfortable cots were furnished free of cost to all who, in registering, gave their company and regiment. And Virginia shows her pride and appreciation of the great men who served her in the cause she espoused, to her loss, in the War between the States, as witness the manifest statues of her heroes, Lee and Jackson, Stuart, and of their great compeer, Jefferson Davis, and others.

While it was a disappointment to learn, through the refusal of the President to review a parade of ex-Confederates, in Washington, that the country was still divided into North and South, the writer was glad to accept the invitation of a son, Samuel Lawrence, at Raleigh, N. C., to visit some places of historic interest in the first permanent English settlement in America; and he was thus given the very great pleasure of visiting Williamsburg, the old Bruton Church, and Jamestown. Notwithstanding Mr. Rockefeller's patriotic purpose in "restoring" William and Mary College, the early founders of the College must have planned it with a larger vision than might have been expected. The Bruton

Church gives us a view of the past and illustrates much of the conditions in the earlier Colonial days. The elevated, canopied seats for the Lord Governor and his family, with the inclosures for the Burgesses and others, together with the seat of the Clerk, whose duty it was to say the Amens and the responses on the part of the congregation, show the idea of public worship three hundred years ago as compared with our present democratic ways.

But what most interested me was the old brick tower at Jamestown, and the statues of Capt. John Smith and Pocahontas. I realized that these persons, of whom I had read, were not myths, but real characters who lived as pictured in history. And I could imagine Powhattan and his young daughter viewing with apprehension the white strangers who landed at the most inviting place as they came up the James River. And the tower built of brick brought from England more than three hundred years ago attested the devout Christian sentiment of those early settlers. With no prejudice or sentiment against anyone, and with kind generous feelings toward their new neighbors, those courageous adventurers only sought a home in a land which gave them promise of future success and preferment, and, led by their daring Captain John Smith, laid the foundation of that civilization which, one hundred and fifty years after, molded and controlled for seventy-five years the government and policies of a new nation. Only with such free and generous pioneers could be developed a citizenry of which George Washington was a type, and afterward illustrated on the unselfish patriotism of that typical Virginian, Robert E. Lee.

While visiting my son in Raleigh, I called on Capt. S. A. Ashe, well known to VETERAN readers through his fine contributions to its pages. I was glad to make his personal acquaintance, and to find him physically and mentally equipped for more years of usefulness. I learn from him much that I do not get elsewhere, and our meeting was a time of deep enjoyment.

I was glad also to meet Mrs. Anderson, Historian General, U. D. C., and promoter of the memorial at Bentonville. In the battle of Averbosboro, just before Bentonville, I had a cousin killed, Lieut. Col. Robert de Treville, and a college mate, Leslie Glover, mortally wounded.

My friend, Dr. W. M. Flynn, of South Boston, Mass., once wrote me that he learned more true history of the 1860-65 period from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN than from all other sources.

## A CIVIL (WAR) DEBATE.

A rather heated controversy which took place between judge and counsel during a murder trial in a Texas courtroom has had considerable publicity recently in newspapers, and several clippings have been sent to the VETERAN. This incident occurred in the court over which Judge Whit Boyd, of Houston, Tex., presides. Knowing Mrs. Whit Boyd as the President of the Texas Division, U. D. C., one can realize that the judge has been trained in the right way. But here is the story:

During the trial, Attorney Sam Davis made some reference to the "Civil War" in his speech to the jury. "Just a minute, counsel," spoke up Judge Boyd. "You are wrong about that being a 'Civil War.' There was no such war."

"What is the proper name for it then?" queried Attorney Davis.

"It was just a war between the States," responded Judge Boyd.

"My grandfather fought in that war four years, and he called it a 'Civil War,'" retorted Mr. Davis.

"Many people do so, foolishly," said Judge Boyd.

"All right, Judge, but I object to being called a fool before this jury," said Davis.

Judge Boyd disclaimed having done so, and the trial proceeded.

Writing to the VETERAN of this Judge Boyd says: "That is really all there was to the incident, though in talking to him privately after the jury had retired, I explained that had it been a 'Civil War,' President Davis would have been executed as a traitor, and a like fate might have befallen General Lee, as well as my father; but that since it was one government against another, they were prisoners of war and could not be tried as traitors."

## THEIR DEEDS LIVE ON.

The years have come, the years have gone,  
But still our love for them lives on,  
Oh, noble men who fought that fray  
In tattered uniforms of gray.

We proudly with the nation view  
The battle fields our grandsires knew,  
And sadly halt to shed a tear  
For those brave ones now sleeping there.

They bravely bore their country's trust,  
They fought for cause, though lost, yet just;  
And though from them has victory gone,  
Their glorious deeds live ever on.

—Spurgeon M. Wingo.



## WHERE CREDIT IS DUE.

BY WILLIAM M'K. EVANS, RICHMOND, VA.

From an article contributed by Dr. Arthur Kyle Davis to the Reunion edition of the *Richmond Magazine*, which contains the Official Program of the Forty-Second Annual Confederate Reunion, held at Richmond, Va., June 21-24, 1932, on "Petersburg's Three Hundred Days," page 28, I make the following excerpt:

"The second threat against Petersburg came from General Butler. In May, 1864, he landed his 'Army of the James' of 30,000 at Bermuda Hundred and City Point, and began his advance up the Appomattox-James Peninsula against Petersburg and Richmond. He was checked by Beauregard at Drewry's Bluff on May 16, and was then driven back and corked up 'like a fly in a bottle,' as Grant said, by Beauregard's line of entrenchments across the Peninsula at Howlett's Neck."

From the above it would appear that Butler and Beauregard had "a quiet time" until the close of the war, which was not the case.

By June 16, 1864, Beauregard had drawn most of his force from the Howlett line to Petersburg, leaving only a thin picket line in the works. On June 16, Butler advanced his line, captured the works, moving forward to the pike leading from Richmond to Petersburg, probably with the intention of cutting General Lee's line of rail communication at Chester, which was about one and a half miles from the pike, and then go on to Richmond. However, at daylight on the morning of June 16, General Pickett's Division, with Alexander's Artillery Battalion, was ordered to Petersburg from north side of the James River, crossed the James on pontoons at Drewry's Bluff, arriving opposite Chester about the time Butler's advance reached the pike. The head of the Division marching along the pike was fired into by Butler's advance guard. Skirmishers were at once thrown out. That part of the division formed in line of battle, and Butler was driven back to his line at Bermuda Hundred, recapturing the line of works from which Beauregard's picket had been driven earlier in the day.

This line of works, extending from the James to the Appomattox River (about three miles), was occupied by Pickett's Division and Alexander's Artillery Battalion, holding Butler to his lines at Bermuda Hundred. Pickett had in his Division at that time possibly 7,000 men; other artillery was added to the line later.

If Butler's men had not fired on us during the

march to Petersburg, he could have cut Lee's line of rail communication at Chester and possibly captured Richmond. It is to General Pickett's Division and Alexander's Artillery Battalion that this honor is due.

I have before me a very interesting book, "History of the 17th Virginia Infantry, of Corse's Brigade, Pickett Division," published in 1870, sixty-two years ago, by George Wise of this Regiment, from which I take the following:

"Next morning (June 16) at daylight we moved, crossed the James River on the pontoon bridge at Drewry's Bluff, and marched in the direction of Petersburg. As the head of the column, passing leisurely along, reached a point some five miles from the above city, it was fired on by the enemy. Skirmishers were immediately thrown out, and the troops of that portion of the column formed in line of battle. They soon discovered that the enemy's troops were in possession of our breastworks (General Beauregard having been forced to withdraw most of his troops from there, in order to defend Petersburg, leaving only a skirmish line for its protection).

"There was picket fighting on this line on June 17, artillery fighting June 18—also on the 21st and 22nd—and at other times during the occupancy of the line.

"The fortifications on the south side at this time were defended by Pickett's Division, and became known as the Howlett Line. They extended not quite three miles from the James to the Appomattox River.

"General Lee, in company with General Pickett, inspected the Howlett line on August 10. It was also inspected in September by General Longstreet, Pickett, and Corse. On March 4, 1865, Pickett's Division was relieved by Mahone's Division."

Mr. Wise adds a very interesting fact: Rations issued on the Howlett Line in the winter of 1864-65 consisted of one-third of a pound of bacon, one pound of flour, and a tablespoon full of rice per diam. To this was added, if you had the luck to capture one, an occasional rabbit. Edibles could be bought for exorbitant prices—potatoes, \$4 per quart; onions, symilins, and tomatoes from 75 cents to \$1 each. Pies from \$2.50 to \$3 each, according to size; cider, \$1 per quart; apples, \$2 to \$3 per dozen. Our soldiers' pay was \$16 per month.

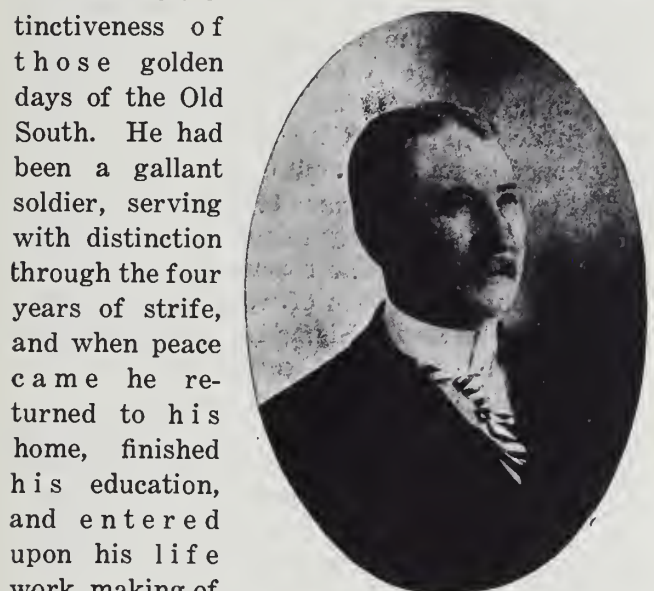
I think this clearly establishes the fact that Pickett, instead of Beauregard, bottled up Butler at Bermuda Hundred and kept him there. Also,

that credit is due to Pickett's Division and Alexander's Artillery Battalion in preventing Butler from capturing General Lee's line of rail communication at Chester, Va., in June, 1864, and possibly Richmond.

I was a Corporal of Parker's Battery, Alexander's Battalion, at seventeen years.

## COL. OSWALD TILGHMAN, OF MARYLAND.

An interesting life came to a close with the passing of Col. Oswald Tilghman on June 17, at his home, Foxley Hall, Easton, Md., a life redolent of the distinctiveness of those golden days of the Old South. He had been a gallant soldier, serving with distinction through the four years of strife, and when peace came he returned to his home, finished his education, and entered upon his life work, making of it a worthy contribution to his



COL. OSWALD TILGHMAN.  
In Mature Manhood.

State and people. In his career of ninety-one years, this bearer of a historic name adorned every sphere in which he figured. Of distinguished ancestry on both maternal and paternal lines, whose families made distinct contributions to State and Nation, Colonel Tilghman, the "Grand Old Man of Talbot," continued this honored record.

Oswald Tilghman was born at Plimhimmon, the plantation of his father, Gen. Tench Tilghman, in Talbot County, Md., who was the grandson of Lieut. Col. Tench Tilghman, aide-de-camp to General Washington, and noted as the bearer of official dispatches from Washington to the Continental Congress on the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. His mother was Miss Henrietta Maria Kerr, daughter of the Hon. John Leeds Kerr, U. S. Senator from Maryland.

To overcome the effects of an illness, in his youth Oswald Tilghman took up residence in the milder climate of Texas, and was living with rela-

tives near Brenham when the war came on in 1861. He immediately enlisted with Terry's Texas Rangers (Company B, Captain Wharton), and was with that command in Tennessee and Kentucky and through the battle of Shiloh. After that battle he obtained his discharge and went to Petersburg, Va., to join his brother, Lieut. John Leeds Tilghman, of the Huger Battery of Light Artillery of Norfolk, Va., and he was with that battery in the battle of Seven Pines. In the summer of 1862, he was appointed on the staff of his kinsman, Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, who was captured at Fort Henry and upon exchange had been placed in command at Jackson, Miss., of the reorganization of some ten thousand exchanged prisoners. Oswald Tilghman assisted in this work. Among these units was the Rock City Artillery of Nashville, Tenn., which had been with General Tilghman at Fort Henry, and, on its reorganization, Oswald Tilghman was elected a lieutenant of this command. It was sent to Port Hudson, La., and there manned a battery of heavy artillery until, after a long siege, Port Hudson fell, July 9, 1863. Lieutenant Tilghman was commended by his colonel for his bravery during the siege, and was the only one of the four officers not killed. "I was lieutenant in the Heavy Battery under Colonel deGournay, called the 'Rock City Artillery' of Nashville, Tenn.," wrote Lieutenant Tilghman, "the same battery which made the desperate fight at Fort Henry, Tenn., under Gen. Lloyd Tilghman. Captain Weller, of this battery, Lieutenants Bledsoe and Polnix were all killed during the siege of Port Hudson and buried by me, leaving me Captain in command of this battery."

After Port Hudson, he was sent a prisoner to Johnson's Island and not released until after the close of the war, at Point Lookout, Md. One of the mementoes of his prison life is an album containing signatures of his fellow-prisoners, Confederate officers—a most valuable reference list.

Returning to Talbot County after his release from prison, Lieutenant Tilghman studied law and practiced that profession until his retirement in late life. He represented his county in the senate of Maryland from 1894 to 1898, and in 1904 was appointed Secretary of State under the administration of Governor Warfield. During this period he had a part in what has since been recognized as the first memorial to the Unknown Soldier, in the dedication of a memorial to the unknown soldiers and sailors of France buried during the Revolution on the campus of St. John's College, Annapolis. In 1881, on the centennial of



the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, Colonel Tilghman, as representative of his distinguished ancestor, was appointed a Colonel on the staff of Governor Hamilton, of Maryland, and attended the Yorktown celebration, wearing the spurs and carrying the sword of his distinguished ancestor, the aide-de-camp of Washington.

By right of descent from Lieut. Col. Tench Tilghman, who was an original member of the Society of the Cincinnati in Maryland, in 1882, Colonel Tilghman was elected a member of that society, and, in 1907, the Maryland Society elected him its President, and in his age he was honored in being elected President Emeritus for life. He had served as Commander of the Charles S. Winder Camp, U. C. V., and as Brigadier General of the 1st Brigade, Maryland Division, U. C. V. He was the last in his community of those from his county who had gone out in the flush of young manhood to fight for the Southern Confederacy, and he annually exchanged courtesies with the only Union survivor there on their respective birthdays.

In 1884, Colonel Tilghman was married to Miss Pattie Bell Harrison, daughter of Dr. Samuel Alexander Harrison, annalist of Talbot County. Mrs. Tilghman died in 1931, and he is survived by a son, Harrison Tilghman, member of the New York Bar, who served as Major of Artillery and on General Staff duty with the A. E. F. in France during the World War; and a daughter, Mrs. John Fraser, residing in Philadelphia.

In his late years, Colonel Tilghman compiled, largely from the writings of his father-in-law, a "History of Talbot County, Md., 1661-1861," a work in two large volumes, in which he not only preserved for posterity much important data, but in a form available for the present day, a most interesting record. A typical Maryland country gentleman of the old school, steeped in the traditions of his State, Colonel Tilghman was fond of using both tongue and pen to glorify the soil that gave him birth. His passing is deeply felt by a host of friends.

#### THOUGHT TO BE KU-KLUX.

(The following is taken from an old newspaper clipping, signed "L. G. W.," and refers to a convention of the Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity as recalling "an amusing and a significant incident," occurring just after the War between the States, as illustrating "the ignorance and venomous appetite the 'washed-up' element of Southern com-

munities, left by the failure of the Southern Confederacy, had for 'rebel blood.' " The incident occurred in one of the East Tennessee communities, that section of the State which was unsafe for Confederate soldiers following the war.)

Dr. J. W. Bachman and W. H. Watterson, one a minister of the gospel and the other afterward an accomplished lawyer, had been schoolmates at Emory and Henry College, in Virginia. Both were in the Confederate army, and both accepted in good faith the terms of peace. They both came home with the purpose of pursuing their chosen professions in all dignity and sincerity. Of course, they became at once objects for persecution on the part of the so-called "loyal"—many of them loyal only for the "pelf and power" they saw in deserting the Confederate cause—which they hoped to get as a result of their perfidy.

The two young men came to Rogersville for the purpose of establishing themselves, determined to make the best of the situation in which they found themselves. Both of them had been members of the Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity at college, and they had with them cards with the Greek initials of the fraternity printed on them.

One of these cards fell into the hands of the "guardians of the government," who had read about the Ku-Klux Klan organized for the protection of Southern people against marauders, bushwhackers, and irresponsible negroes, then running wild with their newly acquired "freedom." The Greek letters, of which the then myrmidons of the law were thoroughly ignorant, suggested that Dr. Bachman and Mr. Watterson were members of the Klan. Both were promptly arrested and put in jail on charges of treason and outlawry. Fortunately, Colonel Lawson, a soldier of the regular Federal army and an educated gentleman, happened to be in the village at the time, and he was appealed to. He became at once interested and, on his insistence, the justice of the peace before whom the "culprits" were haled promptly turned them loose, making laughing-stocks of their contemptible persecutors throughout the community. Even old Parson Brownlow said that "even rebels were entitled to protection against crass ignorance and hatred."

The Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity became quite famous throughout all that region as a result of this incident. When I went to college, I thought to join that fraternity, but being myself somewhat hazy about its name, etc., I joined the Phi Kappa Psi, perhaps in the idea of joining Dr. Bachman's famous fraternity!

## THE RENDING OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

BY DREWRY KERR, ASHLAND, VA.

[Prize winning essay in Virginia Division, U. D. C., High School Contest for 1932.]

### OUTLINE.

1. The original extent of Virginia:
  - (a) Virginia cedes to the United States all her land lying north and west of the Ohio River.
  - (b) Kentucky is made a state with the consent of Virginia.
  - (c) The colony of Maryland is taken out of Virginia.
2. Growing differences between the people on opposite sides of the Alleghenies:
  - (a) Settlers in what is now West Virginia came mostly from Pennsylvania and states farther north.
  - (b) Geographical conditions and industries called for white rather than slave labor in west.
  - (c) Mountains prevented personal contact so necessary to a good understanding.
  - (d) Influence of teachers and preachers from northern states strong.
  - (e) People of eastern section controlled legislative affairs and made little effort to help conditions on the other side of the mountains.
  - (f) People on different sides of the mountains could not agree to principles of representation.
  - (g) Most of transportation facilities in eastern part.
3. Several petitions presented to Congress for the establishment of a new state out of the western counties of Virginia.
4. Opposition to the Virginia constitution of 1829.
5. Opposition to the constitution of 1850.
6. Convention held at Wheeling and Virginia acts of secession declared null and void.
7. Government of Virginia "reorganized" by subsequent conventions:
  - (a) Pierpont chosen as governor.
  - (b) Election of officers and a legislature provided for.
  - (c) A new constitution presented and ratified, and application made for admission of new State to the Union.
8. Controversy in the Senate, the House, and in the President's Cabinet.
9. West Virginia admitted to the Union June 20, 1863.

Virginia, "the Cradle of the English Race in America," was the birthplace of a great nation.

It originally extended four hundred miles north and south of the present Hampton Roads, and throughout from sea to sea. All English America was once Virginia. By the Peace of Paris, in 1763, her boundaries were definitely fixed with the Mississippi River as the western line.

As time and settlement progressed, the other colonies which had been formed to the north became unwilling for Virginia to overshadow them all by retaining this great territory; so, in 1784, "for the promotion of harmony," she agreed to cede to the new nation all her land lying north and west of the Ohio River. Out of this territory were carved the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota.

The first division of Virginia's territory had occurred in 1629, when Charles I promised to Lord Baltimore a charter to found a colony north of the Potomac River. Lord Baltimore died before the charter was issued, but his son planted the colony of Maryland. Virginia protested this division, but her protest was ignored.

When Kentucky was admitted to the Union as a separate State, it was with the consent of Virginia, whose limits were then reduced to what it now contained in the States of Virginia and West Virginia. Thus began the rending of the Commonwealth.

The settlement of the country which is now West Virginia began in 1671. Many of the settlers came from Pennsylvania and States farther north, while few crossed the mountains from the eastern part of Virginia. Western Virginia's geographical conditions allied her interests with those of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and her industries were those which called for white, rather than slave, labor. The Allegheny Mountains formed a great and almost insurmountable dividing line and prevented that personal contact so necessary to a good understanding. The two sections were widely apart in customs, manners, habits, and religious views. The influence of teachers and preachers from the Northern States was very strong, and this was a great factor in shaping the sentiment of the people against slavery. There is an oft repeated statement made even to this day by the older residents of the state that the "Methodist Church made West Virginia."

The difference of the people up to 1861 were sectional rather than national. Railroads connecting the two sections might have had the effect of preserving the State intact, but it was not until trouble between the North and South seemed inevitable that the necessity for better facilities for



communication was realized. George Washington, who traveled over much of this part of the country in his early years, had seen this necessity, and he had been the first advocate of a combined highway and waterway from the Atlantic Coast to the Ohio River.

As early as 1753 there had been an attempt to form a fourteenth colony out of the western part of Virginia, to be called "Vandalia." Later, in 1776, a petition was presented to Congress for the establishment of a new State, this one to be called "Westsylvania."

Virginia had proclaimed herself an independent commonwealth by the first written constitution in the world, on June 29, 1776, five days before the Declaration of Independence.

There were naturally many defects in this constitution, framed as it was in great haste, at the outbreak of the war for independence. Only men of considerable property could vote, and the people in different parts of the State were not equally represented. Thomas Jefferson spent a great deal of time and energy trying to get equal representation for western Virginia, but his efforts were unavailing. This constitution lasted, however, for fifty-four years.

A new constitution, which was drawn up by a convention meeting in Richmond in 1829-30, continued, against the protest of the trans-Allegheny counties, to require property qualifications for suffrage and to give the slave-holding counties the benefit of three-fifths of their slave population in apportioning the state's representation in the Federal House of Representatives.

The constitution of 1850 provided for white manhood suffrage, but it distributed the representation among the counties so as to give control of affairs to those counties east of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

The secession of Virginia from the Union in 1861 furnished the long looked-for opportunity for the separation of the western counties from the State. In an irregular convention, composed of variously elected delegates from twenty-five of the western counties, which met at Wheeling on May 13, 1861, an attempt was made to establish a new State, but it failed. A resolution was adopted, however, directing the people of western Virginia to ignore the Ordinance of Secession and to elect delegates to a convention which was called to meet at Wheeling on June 11. This convention, when it met, was a great disappointment to the North. The recruiting officers for the Northern army found that the people around Wheeling did

not want to enlist in the Federal army and fight against their neighbors in the other counties of the State.

The June convention declared the offices of the State government at Richmond vacant, and formed the "reorganized government of Virginia." They elected F. H. Pierpont to act as Governor, and two months later made provision for the framing of a constitution and for a so-called popular vote on the formation of a new State. The members elected to the convention called themselves the "Virginia legislature," proceeded to fill all the state offices, and elected two senators who were immediately recognized at Washington. The "popular" election in October resulted in the majority vote of nearly eighteen thousand in favor of a new State.

In February, 1862, a third convention meeting at Wheeling completed a constitution and applied to Congress for admission to the Union as the new State of West Virginia.

The debate in the United States Senate on the question aroused much interest in the North. The press and the people were divided in their sentiments. McGregor tells us that a New York financial paper detected a disposition on the part of Congress to legislate from impulse rather than from deep conviction founded upon close study. He quotes the paper as saying, "If members of Congress examine their own hearts, can they not detect a lurking desire to punish the Old Dominion for her infidelity by stripping her of those outlying possessions which she abandoned to neglect? . . . We would be loth to see the principle established that because the constitutional authorities of a State may have acted criminally, therefore, the State itself can be cut to shreds and patches."

However, constitutional objections were lost sight of in the great question of expediency. The admission would have to be consummated on the assumption that the secession of the portion of Virginia which was in rebellion against the Federal Government was an accomplished fact.

On December 9, 1862, when the House of Representatives took up the consideration of the Senate bill for the admission of West Virginia into the Union, Mr. Conway, of Kansas, made a speech in which he declared that, while West Virginia deserved all the good fortune that could come to it, its admission involved too many moot questions of constitutionality. He stated that, while a liberal construction of the United States Constitution was necessary sometimes, it was not possible

to stretch that document far enough to cover the case before them. The main argument used by the men who were against the admission of West Virginia was this: that as for the constitutional points at issue, Virginia was either out of the Union and to be regarded as a foreign State, which was precisely the view that the Federal Government held out against all during the War, or else she was still a member of the Union and to be respected as such. Mr. Olin, of New York, declared his intention of voting for the bill, but he would do so mainly because the Executive Department had given the West Virginians reason to believe that their request would meet with the approval of all parts of the government. "But," he said, "I confess I do not appreciate upon what principles of constitutional law this measure can be justified. . . . It can be justified only as a measure of necessity and policy." Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, is quoted thus: "I say we may admit West Virginia as a new State, not by virtue of any provision of the Constitution, but under our absolute power which the laws of war give us. I shall vote for the bill upon that theory, and that alone, for I will not stultify myself by supposing that we have any warrant in the Constitution for this proceeding."

Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, showed that no person residing in any part of the State except the part contemplating secession from Virginia had given his consent to the act, and Mr. Segar added that a large number of people residing in the western counties had never indicated their desire to join the movement.

On December 10, 1862, the bill was passed by a strictly party vote of ninety-six to forty-five. All eyes were now turned on President Lincoln with whom the final responsibility rested, and whose sympathies were well known to be with the new State. He immediately addressed a letter to his cabinet asking them for an opinion in writing on the constitutionality and the expediency of the act. Six of the cabinet members replied to Lincoln's request and their opinions were evenly divided. Attorney General Bates returned a negative answer to both questions. He declared that a free American State could be made only by its component members, and that the State must exist as a separate independent body before admission. In the case of West Virginia, the legislature had not given its consent to the admission to the Union as a State as required by the Constitution, and, furthermore, the consent of both territorial and State legislatures was necessary. Coming to the

more practical side of the question, Mr. Bates asserted that the restored government never represented more than one-fourth of the people of Virginia. The act of consent was less in the nature of a law than a contract. It was a grant of power, and agreement to be divided. In the present instance the representatives of the counties included in the bill had made an agreement with themselves. "Is that fair dealing?" asked Mr. Bates. "Is that honest legislation? Is that a legitimate exercise of a constitutional power by the legislature of Virginia? It seems to me . . . that that is nothing less than attempted secession, hardly covered by the flimsy forms of law." Lincoln is quoted as saying, "I believe the admission of West Virginia into the Union to be expedient."

President Lincoln, therefore, signed the bill, and West Virginia was admitted to the Union on June 20, 1863, subject to the insertion of a constitutional provision for the gradual abolition of slavery.

In regard to the constitutionality of the matter, there were three major points at issue. The advocates of admission declared that the State had been admitted by due process of law with the consent of the Virginia legislature, the territorial legislature, and the United States Congress. Those who were against the division of Virginia argued that the State legislature which gave its consent was not the real lawful legislature of Virginia, there was no real legislature in the territory of West Virginia, and the convention that applied for admission did not represent all the counties included in the territory, and, finally, on account of these two points the Federal government had no right to admit West Virginia.

The admission of West Virginia was a triumph for the North and a great blow to the South at this particular time. Who can say what the result of the War between the States would have been could the Army of the Confederacy have fortified itself along the banks of the Ohio and the Potomac Rivers with a united people behind it?

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## SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

## DR. W. M. GENTRY OF TENNESSEE.

Watson Meredith Gentry, M.D., an eminent physician and surgeon of Franklin, Tenn., was born near Stockett's Church, Williamson County, January 21, 1831, the second son of Theophilus Lacy and Rebecca Boyce Sappington Gentry. On his paternal side, he came of Saxon blood. The first known of the family in America were three brothers, Nicholas, Samuel, and Joseph, British soldiers, who came to Virginia to assist the colonists in the Indian Wars, about 1643. There they settled and reared large families. Watson Gentry, the great



DR. W. M. GENTRY

grandson of Joseph, was the grandfather of Dr. Gentry, his namesake. He was a very young private in the Revolutionary War, and when told that he was entitled to a pension, he replied: "Give it to some one who needs it worse than I do. I fought for the liberty of my country, not for money." His wife was Theodocia Poindexter, whose mother was of the Scottish clan of Chisholm. The Poindexters were French Huguenots who fled to England and there changed their name from Poindestre to Poindexter. George Poindexter was the first of the name in the United States.

On his maternal side Dr. Gentry was descended from Lewis Stockett, an officer in Queen Elizabeth's household (1558-1563), of St. Stephen's Parish, County Kent, England, who married Jane Ayleworth, of noble birth, of Kent and Essex Counties.

At the age of twenty, Dr. Gentry had completed the literary curriculum of his day, besides eight years of Latin, Greek, and mathematics. He had charge of the Academy of Gibson Wells, Tenn., for two years, then took up the study of medicine. After finishing the course, he entered the University of the City of New York in September, 1852, graduating in March, 1855, with first honors. He was successful in the competitive ex-

amination for the position of surgeon in Bellevue Hospital, then procured a leave of absence and went abroad to study in the hospitals of Liverpool, London, Dublin, and Paris. On his return, he became the house surgeon at Bellevue. In 1857, he returned to Tennessee and located at Shelbyville, where he soon became noted especially in surgery, and was frequently called upon to go into surrounding counties to take charge of difficult cases requiring a skilled surgeon.

When the war came on in 1861, Dr. Gentry was one of the first to enlist, and was appointed by Governor Isham G. Harris as a surgeon in the "Provisional Force of Tennessee Volunteers," June 14, 1861. He was commissioned surgeon of the 17th Tennessee Regiment, with the rank of Major of Calvary, and went to Camp Trousdale, near Gallatin, Tenn. In his enthusiasm for his profession, he looked upon the service as a liberal education for a young, ambitious M.D., but found from experience that there were many ways and means much more agreeable of obtaining knowledge than by riding through cold and sleet, rain and sun, sleeping on the cold, wet ground, often hungry and always tired. He was in the battles of Rock Castle, October 21, 1861; Fishing Creek, or Mill Springs, January 19, 1862; Shiloh, April 6-7, 1862; Perryville, October 8, 1862; Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862; Hoover's Gap, June, 1863; Chickamauga, September 19-20, 1863. At Mill Springs, he had pneumonia, which greatly impaired his health.

In 1862, Dr. Gentry was promoted to Surgeon in Chief of Maj. Gen. George B. Crittenden's Division, later being placed with Gen. Bushrod Johnson, and afterwards with Gen. A. P. Stewart. After the bloody battle of Chickamauga, he was relieved from field service because of his failing health, and assigned to the post at Montgomery, where he was made Chief of Hospitals.

Just before the war, Dr. Gentry had married Miss Martha A. Jones, who was called "the beauty of Tennessee's Capital." She was the second daughter of Dr. John Ridley Jones, a Tennessee and Mississippi planter, and his wife, Martha Lane Jones, whose grandfather, Col. Joel Lane, was the founder of the City of Raleigh, N. C. Mrs. Gentry was with her husband a great deal during the war, and in her reminiscences of those trying times, she says: "When the army was at Shelbyville, Tenn., we had a gay time. Our Southern friends were liberal, warm, and enthusiastic. Many parties were given the officers, and

at one of them I remember that I danced with Generals Johnson, Rains, and Pat Cleburne, promenaded with Generals Hardee and Buckner several times, and was taken to supper by Gen. John Adams, who bet me a fine pair of gloves that he could pick up a pretty red apple, that floated in a large bowl of punch, on his fork—and he did, so I lost my bet. At this party I wore a lemon-colored dress, trimmed with broad bands of very deep pink and black silk plush. The dress I preserved by putting it in a quilt for my daughter, Susie.

"I was with my husband at Hoover's Gap. We were sitting at the table in merry conversation while Gen. A. P. Stewart carved the joint placed before him, when a black-eyed boy, with a slouch hat in his hand, entered. He took from his hat what seemed to be 'paper lighters,' sticking up in the the ribbon band. They were dispatches, and he was a spy! I saw the General's expression change, but he went on with the conversation. Before the second course was brought on, a courier came running in, with a track plowed through his scalp with a bullet.

We all arose from the table, the General and Doctor going to camp. In a short time all was confusion; the out pickets were brought in wounded; one man was shot through the turn of his heel, the ball coming out through the top of his foot; he was carried between two others not so badly wounded, and placed in my bed.



MRS. W. M. GENTRY

Another was brought in shot through the body just over the hips. I afterward heard that this man recovered; he was so starved, the ball did not cut any vital organ.

"When we speak of parties and dinners through this period, do not think we mean good fare, for we had very little more than the plates and dishes brought on in courses.

"General Stewart's wife and I rolled the bandages for the wounded. We sat up all the night of the battle, and next morning I bade adieu to the good General and his lovely wife, and took a sorrowful farewell of my dear husband, to see him no more until the battle of Franklin. . . . He was then no longer able for field service, and was sent

to the post at Montgomery, Ala. This post was for Bragg's army. It consisted of nine hospitals, with 2,300 beds; here he was allowed forty other surgeons as subordinates. Some of them have become very distinguished in their profession. These hospitals were: The Ladies' Hospital, Concert Hall Hospital, Madison Hospital, Montgomery Hall Hospital, Stonewall Hospital, Watt's Hospital, Commercial Hospital, and the two Wayside Home Hospitals. The bloody battle of Chickamauga was the last battle where he took part as Field Surgeon."

In September, 1865, Dr. Gentry returned to Tennessee and resumed his practice at Franklin, adding to his reputation as a surgeon by performing many difficult operations, especially those calling for abdominal surgery. As a physician, he was also very successful and was noted in his treatment of fevers and illness of that character, as was his distinguished great-uncle, Dr. John Sappington, Missouri's famous "Doctor" and philanthropist, who gave the first \$20,000 to the fund for education which was the nucleus for the public school system of that State.

It seems appropriate to give here an incident which shows the estimation in which Dr. Gentry was held by his superior officers.

When General Bate was severely wounded in the battle of Shiloh, the ball crushing the bone below the knee, he fell from his horse and was taken into a cabin, where he was laid out on the floor, and it seemed that his leg would have to be amputated. But the General refused to allow that, and told the surgeons present to send for Dr. Gentry, that "whatever Gentry says, I am willing to do, but you are not going to cut my leg off otherwise."

The ball which struck General Bate entered the body of his horse, and it is told that as he was being carried to the cabin, the horse followed and thrust his head through the open window, saw his master stretched upon the floor, and dropped dead.

Dr. Gentry's long and useful life closed at Franklin, Tenn., on May 18, 1919.

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"Ours, too, was as noble a dawning,  
With hopes of the future as high;

Great men, each a star of the morning,

Taught us bravely to live and to die!

We fought the long fight with our foemen,

And through trial well borne won a name

Not less glorious than Grecian or Roman,

And worthy as lasting a fame!"



THE SIGNAL AND SECRET SERVICE OF  
THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

[From pamphlet published by Dr. Charles E. Taylor of North Carolina.]

(Continued from August number)

The use of cipher or disguised writing was known at least five hundred years before the Christian Era. We know that the Spartans had an ingenious method of communication between their Ephors at home and their generals in the field. The latter, on setting out on an expedition, carried with them round wooden staves (called scytales), leaving an exact duplicate with the Ephors. When a message was to be sent, a strip of parchment was wound spirally around the scytales and the message written upon it. When this was unrolled, only fragmentary and detached letters could be found upon it. But when this parchment was wound upon the duplicate staff, the message could easily be read. During the Middle Ages the knowledge and use of cipher was believed to pertain to the black art. In modern times, various systems have been devised, and one or another of these has been almost universally employed to conceal military dispatches and diplomatic correspondence.

The entire control of the cipher used by the State and War Department of the Confederate Government was in the hands of the Signal and Secret Service. The system used was what is known as "Court Cipher" and depends upon the use of a key-word or sentence known both to the sender and the receiver. From time to time a special messenger was sent to the headquarters of the several departments to communicate orally a new key-word. This was never put in writing by anyone. The principle of the Confederate system of cipher is very simple. The whole alphabet was written twenty-six times upon a page in such a way as to appear alike when read horizontally or perpendicularly.

The first letter of the key-word is found in the first horizontal column and the first letter of the message in the first vertical column. At the point of intersection of the two columns is found the letter used in the cipher message. The translation of the cipher into the original was, of course, the reverse of this process. The Confederate key-word always consisted of fifteen letters, the same number being always retained for convenience in the use of several mechanical contrivances which made translation to and from cipher a very simple and easy matter. I remember that one of the old

key-words was "Manchester Bluff." Suppose it were desired to put into cipher the message, "Grant is pontooning James River." The letter M would be found in the horizontal column of the page of alphabets, and the letter G in the first vertical column. At the point of intersection of these two columns would be found the letter S. Anyone having sufficient curiosity to work out this message would find that it revealed itself in cipher as follows:

SRNPA — NK — ISEUZISNZG — VCTIK — KMMFC.—

It hardly needs to be said that the division between the words of the original message as given above was not retained in the cipher. Either the letters were run together continuously or breaks, as if for words, were made at random.

Until the folly of the method was revealed by experience, only a few special words in a message were put into cipher, while the rest was sent in plain language. This afforded opportunity for adroit and sometimes successful guessing.

A dispatch from President Davis, while the Confederate capital was still in Montgomery, to Gen. E. Kirby-Smith, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, was as follows: "By this you may effect O—TPGGEXYK above the part —HJOPGKWMCT—patrolled led by the, etc." The author of *The Military Telegraph in the Civil War* says that at first sight the meaning of this captured message occurred to him. He read it correctly "By this you may effect a crossing above that part of the river patrolled by the, etc." He had now only to apply the right words to the cipher in order to get the key-word. This revealed itself as "Complete Victory"—one of the earliest of all the key-words used by us.

I think it may be said that it was impossible for well prepared cipher to be correctly read by any one who did not know the key-word. Sometimes, in fact, we could not decipher our own messages when they came over telegraph wires. As the operators had no meaning to guide them, letters easily became changed and portions, at least, of messages were rendered unmeaningly thereby.

Only a few days before the fall of Richmond, a dispatch, mutilated in this way, was received from the Trans-Mississippi Department by President Davis. It was in reply to the President's order to Gen. Dick Taylor that he should bring his army over the Mississippi River and effect a union with the forces of Gen. J. E. Johnston. Naturally, there was great anxiety as to General Taylor's reply. The message was long and letters

had been added or dropped or changed in every line. Three experienced operators locked themselves up and worked upon the puzzle through several hours of that April Sabbath day on which it was placed in their hands. At best they were only able to report detachments of General Taylor's reason why he pronounced the movement impossible. It fell to my lot to carry our fragmentary results to the President. If he felt aught of disappointment, it did not reveal itself in his unperturbed and courteous bearing.

A full and detailed account of the services of the Signal Corps in conducting secret correspondence through and beyond our lines would be a most romantic and interesting history. Part of this can never be written, for most of the actors have passed from the stage, leaving no record. And part, in its details, one would not like to assume the responsibility of writing. Even the children and grandchildren of some of the confidential agents (who were sometimes called by a shorter and less euphemistic name) might fail to appreciate the patriotic daring and shrewdness of their heroic ancestors.

During the earlier months of the war, before the blockade became effective by land and sea, there were many open avenues through which messengers and trading peddlers passed back and forth without much difficulty or danger. When, one after another, these avenues were closed by the tightening coils of the Federal "anaconda," the Confederate Government undertook, through its Signal Corps, to keep open one permanent line of communication with its agents in the North and abroad.

In his *Four Years in Rebel Capitals*, Mr. T. C. DeLeon says:

"Late in the war, when all ports were closed to its communication with agents abroad, the Richmond Government perfected this spy system in connection with its signal corps. This service gave scope for tact, fertility of resource, and cool courage; it gave many a brave fellow, familiar with both borders, relief from camp monotony in the fresh dangers through which he won a glimpse of home again; and it gave a vast mass of crude information. But its most singular and most romantic aspect was the well-known fact that many women essayed the breaking of the border blockade. Almost all of them were successful, more than one well-nigh invaluable for the information she brought sewed in her riding-habit or coiled in her hair. Nor were these coarse camp-women or reckless adventurers. Belle Boyd's name became

as historic as that of Moll Pitcher; but others are recalled, petted belles in the society of Baltimore and Washington and of Virginia summer resorts of yore—who rode through night and peril alike, to carry tidings of cheer home and to bring back news that woman may best acquire. New York, Baltimore, and Washington could boast of three beautiful and gifted women, high in their social rank, who could—if they would—recite tales of lonely race and perilous adventure to raise the hair of the budding beaux about them."

Mr. DeLeon was mistaken when he wrote that the system was organized "late in the war." As a matter of fact it was in full operation in 1862, the second year of the war. In reply to certain questions asked him after his return to his home in Maryland, after the war, Major Norris wrote as follows:

"Early in the war, the necessity of having points on the Potomac River, at which Government agents and army scouts might promptly and without delay cross to and from the United States, was so seriously appreciated that the Secretary of War suggested the propriety of establishing one or more camps in King George and Westmoreland counties, Va., with an especial eye to such transportation. The idea was immediately acted upon. In a short time the additional duties were assigned to these stations of securing complete files of Northern papers for the Executive Department and upon requisitions from heads of Bureaus, to obtain from the United States small packages, books, etc. Here our duties, strictly speaking, ended. But as we were forced, in order to perform the other duties, to establish a line of agents from the Potomac to Washington, it was determined, as far as possible, to institute a regular system of espionage. The Government having failed, however, to place at our disposal the necessary means to carry into execution this design, we were forced to rely almost entirely upon the energy and zeal of a few devoted gentlemen of Maryland for such indications of the enemy's movements as they were able to acquire from mingling in official circles about Washington, Baltimore, and New York. Our accredited agents were constantly in these cities. They were gentlemen of high social position who, without compensation, voluntarily devoted their time and energies to this work. There was no expense beyond the mere pay, rations, and clothing of the officers and detailed men. These lines never cost the government one farthing after I assumed command. Some of our agents acquired their information



from personal observations, the others from friendly parties within the lines. They were selected with great care and with an eye to their intelligence and devotion and energy. Actual experience proved their credibility."

Perhaps the most useful of all the men connected with the C. S. Secret Service was Mr. Thomas A. Jones, of Maryland. His farm was bounded on the west by the Potomac River and on the north by Pope's Creek. His house was a frame building on a bluff eighty feet high, overlooking the river. He could stand in his back yard and look seven or eight miles up the river. Down the river he could see as far as the eye could reach. The Potomac was comparatively narrow at this place, and the creek afforded excellent opportunities for landing and hiding boats. Not only Mr. Jones, but all his neighbors were in hearty sympathy with the South. Hence this became the chief point of junction between the routes of agents in the North and the couriers in the South. Mr. Jones frequently crossed the river, though it was two miles wide, twice in a single night and sometimes oftener. Hundreds of people who were allowed to do so by the Confederate authorities crossed at Jones' Ferry. On the Virginia side of the river was the farm of Mr. Benjamin Grimes in King George County. He heartily co-operated with Mr. Jones and with the agents of the Confederacy.

Of course, no little courage and prudence were required to carry on these operations. The Potomac River was guarded with many gunboats and other craft, armed patrols guarded the Maryland shore, and the Federal Government had a spy on nearly every river farm in Southern Maryland. In addition to these, a detachment of troops was stationed at Pope's Creek and another on Major Watson's place, not three hundred yards from Mr. Jones' house. But none of these precautions availed against the audacity and cunning of the Confederate agents.

On the Virginia side a signal camp was established in a swamp back of Grimes' house. The boats for the mail service, swift and strong, were kept on the Virginia side. A little before sunset, the reflection of the high bluffs near Pope's Creek extended out into the Potomac till it nearly met the shadow cast by the Virginia woods. At that hour of the evening it was very difficult to detect so small an object as a rowboat on the river. The Federal pickets did not go on duty till after sunset. It was, therefore, arranged that the boat from Grimes' should cross just before sunset, deposit

the packages from Richmond in the fork of a dead tree on Jones' shore, and take back the packet for Richmond from the North, which would be found in the same place if, for some special reason, Jones was not on the beach in person when the boat came over from Virginia.

If it was not safe for the boat to cross from Virginia, a black dress or shawl was hung as a warning in a certain dormer window of Major Watson's house, right over the heads of the troops stationed there. The person who attended to this signal was Miss Mary Watson. Of this lady, Mr. Jones once wrote: "Miss Watson was a remarkably pretty young lady, twenty-four years of age. She would have made almost any sacrifice for the Confederacy, and I know that I owe in great measure the success which attended the management of the Confederate mail to her ceaseless vigilance and skill. About the close of the war she married Dr. C——, who had been a blockade-runner, and went to California to live."

It was Mr. Jones who helped John Wilkes Booth to cross the Potomac River five days after the assassination of President Lincoln. This fact he was able to keep a secret for nearly twenty years. It was well that he could do so, for in the passion of the hour he would surely have been sacrificed for a crime for which he felt no sympathy. For a number of years after the war, he was employed in the Washington Navy Yard and died in 1895.

After conveying Booth to the Virginia side of the river, Jones was offered \$100,000 for information which would disclose the hiding place of the assassin. He was a poor man and he knew exactly where Booth was at that time. But he said nothing and thus refused what would have made him a wealthy man. Such was the heroic fiber of some of the men who were in our Secret Service.

Every afternoon a courier would arrive in Richmond by the Fredericksburg Railroad, bringing files of newspapers, letters, and reports in cipher from parties in Canada and various portions of the United States. So regular was this service that for one continuous period of six months not a day passed without authorities in Richmond being put in possession of Washington and Baltimore newspapers of the day before. The New York papers came a day later. The same courier would go out the next morning and connect by relays of other couriers with the hidden camp at Major Grimes' place on the Potomac. Many letters were sent for private individuals after they had been inspected in the office in Richmond.

These were quietly dropped into the post office in Baltimore or Washington. The couriers were not infrequently accompanied by special messengers of the Government. I remember well the arrival at our office one afternoon of a lady who, before going to her room at the Spottswood Hotel, called for a knife and cut off the large buttons of her cloak. When these had been ripped open, there were disclosed sheets of the finest white silk closely written with cipher dispatches for the Department of State.

One of the habitues of the Richmond office for several months was Dr. P——, one of the most versatile and gifted men whom I have ever known. He had traveled all over the world and was a thorough Bohemian in his manner of life. He had been connected with some of the best New York newspapers and was himself an author of repute. This gentleman was employed to write letters, purporting to be from Washington, to a number of the most influential and widely circulated newspapers in the North. They were written for the purpose of molding public opinion adversely to the continuance of the war and for other more specific purposes. Some of these letters, written in Richmond, though dated from Washington, were published in the great New York dailies as "From our own correspondent." I remember that at the time when the Confederate Congress was discussing the policy of arming battalions of slaves, letters were written by Dr. P——, urging that the United States Government should make peace before the Confederate army should receive this new reinforcement. And most adroitly was this literary deception carried out.

In the great conflagration at the time of the evacuation of Richmond, the Signal office was destroyed and with it the invaluable copies of dispatches received and sent.

The Signal and Secret Service of the Confederate States and its work are now only memories. But out of the experience gained by the signalmen of both armies has arisen a beneficent, peaceful institution. Signalmen now receive their dispatches from the winds and the clouds. Their flags are signs to the world of coming meteorological changes. Torches have given place to barometers, and the worldwide cipher codes are now in the daily use of commercial interests. Here, also, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

### A BRAVE MISSOURI BOY.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX.

Two hours before all avenues of approach to Vicksburg, Miss., had been closed by the Union army in 1863, two cases of gun caps, which, on a hurry call, had been forwarded by Capt. John M. Payne, Ordnance Officer at Wilmington, N. C., reached that city. But even that supply in Pemberton's vigorous defense became inadequate, and additional supplies became a serious *sine qua non*.

By some method unknown to the writer, who, at the time, was languishing in hospital No. 2, with a mangled right hand, the pressing need for more gun caps was communicated to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was in the neighborhood of Canton. This officer intrusted the task of getting the caps delivered to Pemberton to Brig. Gen. Bob McCullough, of the 2nd Missouri Cavalry Brigade, then operating in territory in rear of Sherman's Corps along the Yazoo River. Knowing how closely all roads leading into Vicksburg were guarded, McCullough hit upon the plan of wrapping the caps around the body of one of his men, and let him float down the Yazoo River, which emptied into the Mississippi about three miles below where the Federal gunboats lay at anchor. The peril of the undertaking lay in the fact that both shores of the Yazoo near its adit were guarded, while vigilant patrol boats kept watch over its placid surface.

Fortunately, the spring rise in the Mississippi had subsided, the water of the Yazoo was well within its banks, and had a current of about two and one-half miles per hour. It was easy, therefore, to figure out by time and speed the hour at which time the bearer must pass guards and patrols to escape detection, and death or capture.

The big requirement, however, was the man to carry out this perilous plan. To settle this, volunteers were called for. The first to step out was Charley Boarman, of Boonville, Mo. McCullough knew his man and readily accepted him.

With a detail of commands, young Boarman proceeded to the bank of the Yazoo, and soon preparations were completed for the venture. Timing the start so as to reach and pass the Union sentinels during the darkest hour of the night, he let himself down between two floats set so low in the water that visibility was lost in less than fifty yards, and, answering the "God bless you," and "Good luck," of his comrades with a wave of his hand, was on his way.

Night soon came, and the firmament glittered



with stellar glories. A crescent moon obtained a few glimpses through interstices of leaf and bough, then sank from sight. Wondering owls screamed out their fright at sight of a human head floating 'neath their perches, and an occasional "cotton-mouth," that most dreaded of all mossasins, came weaving in graceful convolutions, to be driven away by a stroke of the convenient cudgel, his only weapon of defense. Haynes' Bluff is passed, then where the saffron-hued waters of the Sunflower are emptied into the Yazoo. The mouth of Deer Creek, drainer of Mississippi's vast delta, is left behind, and the intrepid young hero knows he is drawing near where vigilant soldiers in blue are on guard. Increasing darkness warns him that it is the last hour before dawn. Shoreward he sees flickering lights of smoldering camp fires, on the flat surface of the river beacon lights of patrolling scows. He is almost at his journey's end and at the apex of danger. Lying flat on his back and allowing only his face above water, he drifts with the river's silent current. He feels that the fate of the beleaguered city is in his hands, and he thrills with pride that it is so. On, still on, and yet unseen by Grant's keen-eyed watchers, the turgid waters bear him, and just as Aurora paints with pearly finger the coming dawn, he swings into shore, where "Whistling Dick," that brave old cannon, stands guard over the broad Father of Waters. Eager hands pull him to land, relieve him of his precious burden of caps, divest him of his water-soaked vestments, clothe him with a dry uniform, and an ambulance is summoned to take him to General Pemberton's Headquarters.

The story that a man had floated down the Yazoo River and landed with a hundred and fifty thousand caps tied around his body went the rounds, then was dismissed. The name of the man did not come to my ears. Had it done so, I would easily have recognized it as that of an old-time boy friend.

I returned to my home in Kansas City in 1866. At a Christmas festival that year, given in honor of returned Confederate soldiers, I met a sister of Charles Boorman and asked about him.

"Poor brother Charley," she said, with a quiver in her lips, while tears welled up in her beautiful eyes, "is almost blind. You may not know it, but he is the soldier who took a lot of guncaps into Vicksburg during the siege, by floating down the Yazoo River, passing the Federal pickets at night. The exposure affected his eyes. The doctors give us no hope that they can ever be cured."

### *THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY—SOME OF THEIR AIMS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.*

(That the present membership of the great organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy may be well informed in its history, the following article, written by the late Mrs. A. A. Campbell, of Virginia, then Historian General, U. D. C., is reproduced from the *VETERAN* of March, 1922.)

In response to many inquiries as to when and where the United Daughters of the Confederacy came into existence, the following facts have been collected for the information of the thousands of young members to whom its pioneers are unknown and its early struggles a fading tradition.

Almost twenty-eight years have passed since the date of organization at Nashville, Tenn., September 10, 1894. There are few survivors of those who were present at the meeting when the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Confederate Home and Camp became the nucleus for the Daughters of the Confederacy. Over a quarter of a century had elapsed since "Finis" was written to the epic of the Confederacy, and the waters of oblivion seemed silently engulfing its glory and its grief when this band of women adopted the motto: "Love makes memory eternal." Their purpose is defined as follows:

"The business and objects of the Society are historical, benevolent, educational, and social—to honor the memory of those who served and those who fell in the service of the Confederate States; to protect, preserve, and mark places made historic by Confederate valor; to collect and preserve the material for a truthful history of the War between the States; to record the part taken by Southern women in patient endurance of hardship and patriotic devotion during the struggle as in untiring efforts after the war during the reconstruction of the South to fulfill those sacred duties of benevolence toward the survivors and toward those dependent upon them; to assist descendants of worthy Confederates in securing proper education; and to cherish the ties of friendship among the members of the organization."

The founder and first President was Mrs. Caroline Meriwether Goodlett, of Nashville, and when her active work had ceased, she was designated as Honorary President and Founder. Closely associated with her, and almost simultaneously grasping the idea of a union of all the Ladies' Aid Societies of the South into one organization, was

Mrs. Lucien Hamilton Raines, of Savannah, Ga., who was elected First Vice President. Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie (late Mrs. Muse), of Dallas, Tex., was Second Vice President; Miss White May, of Nashville, was Third Vice President; Mrs. John P. Hickman, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. B. Lindsley was Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. B. Maney, Treasurer. These last were all from Nashville, as Georgia, Texas, and Tennessee were the only States represented, and the advantage of having the officers in close touch with each other was apparent. Mrs. Hickman served twelve years as Recording Secretary in the arduous days when there was much work and a very small allowance for office expenses.

The first convention was held in Nashville, March 30, 1895, Mrs. Goodlett presiding, and it will be noted that in the list of general officers this convention is omitted, for the probable reason that the officers elected in 1894 continued to serve. Another point to be remembered is that the list is of officers elected at each convention. Therefore, while Mrs. Goodlett presided for the second time as President at the Atlanta convention in 1895, one has to turn to the list of conventions to ascertain this fact. She lived to be eighty-one years of age, and a most beautiful memorial of her passing into the beyond was read at the Savannah convention in 1914.

The third convention, held in Nashville in November, 1896, showed development along every line. The President, Mrs. John C. Brown, had resigned, but Mrs. Raines, First Vice President, ably presided. The next year, at the Baltimore convention, the First Vice President, Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, of Maryland, presided in the absence of Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, President. After that, until the nineteenth convention, in Washington, in 1912, when the First Vice President, Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, presided in the absence of Mrs. A. B. White, the President was in her place.

During the first decade the official head was designated as President. In 1905, at the San Francisco convention, all officers were accorded the affix of "general," to distinguish them from State officers of the same style.

With the fifth convention, held in Hot Springs, Ark., in 1898, the work of the Association seemed definitely and securely established. The name of National Daughters had been dropped in 1895, and the name United Daughters of the Confederacy adopted. The badge, designed by Mrs. Raines, bore only the letters, "D. C.," subsequently changed to "U. D. C."

What might be termed the era of local monuments began. State reports teem with the inception of the plan, later reports discreetly edit the preliminary skirmish over the location and a slight divergence of opinion over the design. The South had been mindful of her dead long before this time; however, Mrs. John Logan, in 1868, was impressed with the care of graves upon the battle fields, and from the flower-covered mounds at Hollywood and Petersburg, with a tiny Confederate flag for each soldier, she derived the idea, which General Logan carried out, of National Decoration Day.

The Daughters of the Confederacy continued to scatter the returning blossoms of spring upon these graves, and they added to this pious observance the happy thought of making it a day of cheer for the surviving comrades. Memorial Day dinners appear sporadically in print with the twentieth century, and soon became an institution, affording an opportunity to honor the men who wore the gray which no Daughter who had had the pleasure of assisting on those occasions would willingly forego.

The Richmond convention of 1899 accepted the design for the Cross of Honor submitted by Mrs. May E. Tabbett, of Georgia. The idea of this decoration originated with Mrs. Mary Ann Cobb Erwin, also of Georgia. The bestowal of this Cross of Honor upon veterans has been one of the great privileges of the Association. The office of Custodian was created to preserve the records of the recipients and to secure crosses for State Records. Mrs. Gabbett was first Custodian. She was succeeded by Mrs. Raines in 1906, whose faithful service was terminated by failing health in 1913. Prior to the revision of the constitution in 1913, there was no time limit upon terms of service except the unwritten law that two years of one President General was sufficient.

At the Richmond convention of 1899, the U. D. C. assumed its first great enterprise, the completion of the Jefferson Davis Monument in Richmond. The Jefferson Davis Monument Association was formed, with Mrs. McCullough (later Mrs. Holmes), of Staunton, as Chairman; Mrs. Edgar Taylor, of Richmond, Treasurer. In 1907, the monument was unveiled with impressive ceremonies at a great reunion. The cost was \$70,000, of which \$50,000 was raised by the United Daughters of Confederacy.

The next large undertaking of the U. D. C. was the Shiloh monument. It is one to which we point with exceptional satisfaction. The project was



presented to the San Francisco convention in 1905 by Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Tennessee. The Shiloh Committee, with directors in each State, was appointed in 1906. Eleven years later, on May 17, 1917, a beautiful monument, designed by Frederick Hibbard, was unveiled, the entire cost of \$50,000 paid, and a small balance left, which was used to place a bowlder to mark the long trenches of the Confederate dead upon the battle field.

The Shiloh Monument would have been completed much sooner had not another monument of equal magnitude competed for our efforts. At the Norfolk convention in 1907, Col. Hilary Herbert asked the Daughters to assume the completion of the Arlington monument, and a small sum on hand was turned over to the U. D. C. Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Texas, was elected President General, and was made Chairman, with directors in every Division. The cost of the Arlington monument exceeded considerably the estimate of \$50,000, but no one who sees it can feel that its value can be computed in money. The sculptor, Sir Moses Ezekiel, one of the New Market cadets, considered it his masterpiece, and, in accordance with his request, he was buried near it. One of its beautiful inscriptions might be a fitting epitaph for the Confederacy: *Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni*. There will continually be new Catos who will find in its story much to reverence and admire.

Coeval with these great monuments came the expansion on other lines. Three new general officers were added in 1908—the office of Third Vice President (revived), and the office of Registrar General and Historian General were created. Registration with the Registrar General as a basis for voting strength, as well as payment of the per capita tax, is now incorporated in the by-laws.

The first Historian General was Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, of Richmond. She chose the motto, "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History," inaugurated the Historial Evening at conventions, and gave to it the charm and dignity of her rare personality. Her successor was Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Georgia, one of the most distinguished scholars, writers, and speakers of the South, whose historical addresses were replete with facts and were gems of eloquence.

The Committee on Education, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Chairman, made its first report at Houston in 1909. Under her able management it became one of the great causes for future effort.

Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, our gifted

President General, was a pioneer in advocating scholarships, and suggested our first literary prize, the one hundred dollars annually offered in Teachers' College, Columbia University, for an essay on Confederate history.

In 1911, the Committee on Relief is listed for the first time, with Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Richmond, Honorary President U. D. C., as its beloved Chairman. Some who see our monuments may not realize that our benevolent work, while less spectacular, is our paramount object. Every Division has its own cherished methods of extending aid, and to many men and women of the sixties the small stipend of the Daughters is the sole light at the close of a somber day.

Another Committee listed in 1911 is that of "The War Between the States," Mrs. L. E. Williams, of Kentucky, Chairman. Its object was to secure the adoption of this name for our fratricidal strife, as it defines accurately the fact that it was a war between States, certain of which withdrew from the Union, and others of which objected to their departure and compelled them to return.

A memorial window to the women of the South in the Red Cross building at Washington; the publication of the book, "The Women of the South in War Times," compiled by Matthew Page Andrews, which we proudly term "Our Book"; the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee, of which Miss Decca Lamar West is Chairman; the presentation of a fine collection of Southern literature to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, through the efforts of Miss Elizabeth Hanna, of Florida; and our donation to the Cunningham monument are among our achievements. These represent our united effort, and are supplemented by the various individual projects in which each Division is active.

When the United States entered the World War, the President General, Mrs. Odenheimer, tendered to President Wilson the active support of the Daughters of the Confederacy. The following statistics reported by the Chairman of War Relief, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Birmingham, Ala., attest how that pledge was fulfilled:

Seventy beds endowed in the American Military Hospital, No. 1, at Neuilly, France, at a cost of \$41,600; hospital garments, 3,683,212; surgical dressings, 4,563,192; knitted articles, 100,301. Amount contributed by Chapters and Divisions to Red Cross, \$82,889.68; French and Belgian orphans, contributed by Chapters, \$19,843.10; other war relief, \$29,461.30.

The specific U. D. C. War Memorial is the Hero

Fund of \$50,000 in honor of the Southern boys in khaki, to be used in educational work. The amount is now complete and available. The Confederate Museum of Richmond, the unique treasure house of the South, contains the Solid South Room and a number of rooms to which Divisions have contributed endowments, not all of them, however, fully paid. This noble work of Richmond women and State Regents from each Division is of the highest importance, as the Museum contains priceless relics, rare manuscripts, and letters.

At the St. Louis convention (1921) two great tasks were assumed—the completion of the Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview, Ky., and the fireproofing and enlarging of the Lee Chapel at Lexington, Va. About two years ago we received our first legacy, the gift of Hector W. Church, of Oxford, N. Y. He bequeathed to the Daughters of the Confederacy practically his entire estate, approximately \$10,000, the income from it to be used in promoting the fame of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Jubal Early.

Sixteen Presidents General have directed so far the destinies of the Association, women of varied gifts, united by their love for the great patriotic body of women, now numbering over fifty thousand, who look to them for inspiration and leadership.

The Honorary Presidents, headed by Mrs. Jefferson Davis (*Honorary President General*) include Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart, Miss Mary Custis Lee, Mrs. William Pritchard (daughter of Albert Sidney Johnston), Mrs. Electra Semmes Colston, Mrs. Daisy Hampton Tucker, and many others, chosen to commemorate immortal names or in grateful appreciation of services rendered the Association.

Besides our practical objectives, thus briefly indicated, it is our aim to carry with us some of the fragrance of the flowers of the old South, its ideals of simplicity, courage, and chivalry, and thus most effectively obey the commands of the five-pointed cotton-boll star which is our emblem—Think, Live, Love, Dare, Pray.

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Then let all those who love us love the land that we live in,  
As happy a region as on this side of heaven,  
Where plenty and peace, love and joy smile before us;  
Raise aloud, raise together the heart thrilling chorus.

## PRAYER IN THE CONFEDERACY.

[The following prayers by the Rev. Thomas Atkinson, D.D., Bishop of North Carolina, were contributed by Mrs. Thomas Capehart, of Washington, N. C.]

### A PRAYER FOR THOSE WHO HAVE GONE FORTH TO WAR IN DEFENSE OF THEIR STATE AND COUNTRY.

O most gracious Lord God, our Heavenly Father, we commend to Thy care and protection Thy servants, who in behalf of their country have gone forth to meet the dangers of war! Direct and lead them in safety, bless them in their efforts to protect, and defend this land; preserve them from the violence of the sword and from sickness; from injurious accidents, from treachery and surprise; from carelessness of duty, from confusion and fear, from mutiny and disorder; from evil living and from forgetfulness of Thee. Enable them to return in safety and honor, that we, being defended from all who would do us hurt, may rejoice in Thy mercies, and Thy Church give Thee thanks in peace and truth, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

### A PRAYER FOR THE PEOPLE OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

O Lord, our God, who rulest amid the hosts of heaven and over all the nations of the earth, Thou hast power to cast down or to raise up whomsoever Thou wilt, and to save by many or by few; and we now come to Thee to help and defend us in this our time of danger and necessity. We acknowledge and lament, O God, the many grievous sins by which we have justly provoked Thy wrath and indignation, and wert Thou extreme to mark iniquities, O Lord, we could not abide it. But it is Thy nature and property ever to have mercy and forgive; and we beseech Thee now to extend to us Thine accustomed mercy, and to deliver us from the evils and dangers to which we are exposed. Do Thou, O Lord, remove from our borders all invading armies; confound the devices of such as would do us hurt, and send us speedily a just and honorable and lasting peace. And above every earthly blessing, give us as a people grace to know and love and serve Thee, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

### A PRAYER FOR THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES AND ALL IN CIVIL AUTHORITY.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, the high and mighty Ruler of the universe, Who dost from Thy



throne behold all the dwellers upon earth, most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the Confederate States, and all others in authority; and so replenish them with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit that they may always incline to Thy will and walk in Thy way. Endue them plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant them in health and prosperity long to live; and finally, after this life, to attain everlasting joy and felicity, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

[This last prayer was contributed by Mrs. O. F. Wiley, Historian of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., who adds this note: With the exception of this prayer, the Confederate Prayer Book, in which it was found, is identical with the Prayer Book used in the Episcopal Church today. The Confederate Prayer Book used in the Confederate army during the War between the States was published by J. W. Randolph, Richmond, Va., in 1863. The particular copy from which this prayer was taken now rests in the library of the Diocean House of the Episcopal Church in Boston.]

### THE SOLDIER BOY'S GHOST.

*A True Story.*

BY MRS. B. C. PETERS, OAK HILL, W. VA.

Sherman had marched to Savannah and was headed north. Lee was at Petersburg, and was soon to yield, having for four years warded off the attacks of the Union armies from Richmond, the citadel of the Southern Confederacy.

The scene of our story opens in one of the central counties of old Virginia. On a warm April day in 1865, a young Confederate soldier walked slowly and unsteadily along a deep-rutted country road toward the west. He was as thin as a girl, and although his age was but twenty-one, his face bore the marks of a man of forty. War had seared his once youthful visage with the hardened lines of a veteran. Relieved on a furlough, he was headed toward the mountains, home, and hope.

Barely twenty-four hours had passed since he had been discharged from the hospital in Petersburg with a sixty days' leave granted, but the officer who made out his papers had remarked, "Things are winding up, my boy; you may not need to return." The surgeon had said to him: "Young man, I think you can make it home, but you must rest often and not allow yourself to go without food." When he passed out of the ward, they placed another man in his cot.

Jimmy, as we shall call him, had volunteered at seventeen and for four years had followed Pickett up and down the ravaged soil of battle-scarred States. At Gettysburg, where he was standard bearer for his company, his reckless abandon and inspiring courage were so noteworthy his captain remarked that the only thing that saved him was that he was too thin for a bullet to hit.

Now, as he limped weary and sore-footed, the wide expanse of an older and much larger dead brother's uniform flapped about his limbs and rendered it even more difficult for him to walk. Sometimes in his simple mind arose faint memories of his village home as it was when he left it. His mother had stood at the gate and tearfully bade him goodbye as he marched away to war, full of spirit as a gamecock. Later, when he had passed around the bend and forded the creek, he had choked back a sob. Subsequent days had brought loneliness and heartache to the boy who had never been away from home—the home that was now a distant memory. It was all so much like a dream, and he thought of the peacefulness of it all—the humming of the summer bees, the cattle grazing in the pastures, of other treasured scenes of his childhood and early manhood. But that was four years ago. He wondered if they were still there.

The wound in his shoulder brought him back forcefully to the bitter presence of the moment. In the last hour it had commenced to bleed, and he sat down by the roadside to staunch the flow of blood. The shoulder had been struck a glancing blow by a Minie ball, and the arm hung like an iron weight, numb, devoid of feeling.

A bright red spot burned on either cheek. At times, in his fever, he caught himself muttering and stood up at sharp attention. He drew a deep breath and laughed bitterly. The bleeding subsided and the rest strengthened him. Then he arose and proceeded on his way.

Springtime abounded over the land. At times he paused and looked about at the green countryside. Wheat was knee deep and billowy. Corn and potatoes were up, for this section of Virginia was as yet untrodden seriously by the war god. Here and there stretched canvas sheets over beds of early vegetables. The scent of wild hyacinth pervaded the atmosphere. Birds sang and the light breeze was like the sweetness of balm. It was hard to believe from this peaceful scene that tragedy stalked. Even the soldier almost forgot.

A cloud of dust on the country road was soon followed by the sound of rumbling wheels, and a

cavalcade of wagons, buggies, carts, loaded with country folk and their household effects, came into view. There must have been a dozen or more. The occupants called greetings to him, but moved on hurriedly. He understood. They were fleeing from Sheridan's ravaging hosts.

Early in the morning a young mulatto had passed him riding a swift horse. He had not stopped, but had shouted a warning at the lone soldier, indicating with a motion of his hand a southern direction. Jimmy hardly paid any attention to him, but he knew, nevertheless, that the darky was a messenger sent out by some plantation owner to warn the countryside of impending danger.

Near the middle of the afternoon he came to a bridge under which a small stream flowed deep and amber. Going down to the bank he parted the willows and iron weeds. Kneeling he proceeded to satisfy his thirst. Then he plunged his head under the surface of the water several times.

He sat down on the bank and looked up. A large sycamore reared its giant bulk of limbs and foliage overhead, obscuring the sky and rendering the spot shady and cooling. He was seized with a desire to climb the tree. Yielding to the impulse, he caught hold of a low hanging limb and pulled himself up. He crawled out on a branch that hung low over the creek so that he could just reach down and touch the water. Painfully he pulled off his worn shoes and tattered stockings, placing the latter along with his shoes in his lap, then dangled his tired, aching feet in the water.

Its cooling freshness soothed his feet and brought peace to him. His attention became drawn to the shoes. The soles and vamps had been tied together with some cord he had found on the road. The heels had disappeared. There were holes in the uppers and holes in the soles. No wonder he had sore feet. He grinned derisively at them and, holding them high for a last look, dropped them into the stream where they were swept under the bridge and out of sight. Then he leaned against the trunk of the tree. The gentle swaying of the sycamore lulled him into sleep.

Hours later he awoke to the accompaniment of the crash of thunder. Overhead flashes of lightning swept across the murky sky. Within the gloom under his sycamore tree he could hardly distinguish even the nearest objects, and the wind sighing through the branches made him shiver.

A patter of raindrops was heard and now the rain descended in torrents. The soldier sheltered himself against the bole of the tree the best he could and waited till the storm should abate.

After a time it wore itself out and the broken peals of thunder sounded dim in the distance. The soldier continued to shiver. The wetness had made him cold. Looking down he saw that the creek was rising and he realized that it would soon be upon him. Miserably he dragged himself out of the tree to the far side of the creek and climbed to the road. Barefooted, he continued his journey.

The day had grown dim and hunger began to assail him. How he wished for food! He began to wonder whether, as often in the past warfare, he should have to forego food and rest, finding, perchance, his resting place for the night in a fence corner or in a rat-infested barn.

Straight ahead, in a large open space on slightly rising ground, loomed up the vague outlines of a pretentious country dwelling. Nearer it was seen to have a white-columned portico, shady, grassy lawns, extensive outbuildings, and all about unmistakable evidence of culture and the touch of the aesthete.

The soldier, now almost famished, turned from the highway and slowly approached the mansion. Entering the front gate, surmounted with the coat-of-arms of the owner, he walked up a box-hedge-bordered path to the porch. The unkept lawn was shaded by hoary oaks and magnificent elms. All about was evidence of elegant taste, albeit the surroundings were somewhat in a state of dilapidation, something to be expected in the zero hour of Southern tide.

A massive door stood before him as he crossed the portico, and there was no response as he took hold of the heavy knocker and let it fall several times. Then he called loudly. Still no answer. He waited. The silence of the graveyard permeated the atmosphere. Plainly no one was at home.

He tried the door and it opened with ease. For a moment he hesitated, but he thought of his empty stomach and stepped inside. He was in a large hallway. Doors opened to either side. Cautiously he opened the first door to the right. Inside was a lavishly furnished parlor. Rich tapestries hung on the walls commemorating scenes of classic lore. The lush feel of expensive rugs was under his feet. In an open fireplace a bright fire burned, illuminating the interior. He



approached the fire to warm himself. Then he called loudly. Still there was no answer.

Forgetting his weariness and all else, even the desolation of the mansion, in his hunger, the soldier tossed his cap, gun, and knapsack upon a divan in the hall and began search for food. At the end of the hall he found the kitchen. To his surprise a fire burned in the fireplace there and pots of vegetables hung from hooks in the chimney. On a table sat a pan of yeast dough. Upon shelves were some cakes and pies, and, opening a cupboard, he discovered a cold-boiled ham and a loaf of light bread. These he seized and started to eat ravenously.

Feeling better, he gathered an armful of wood from the kitchen pile and, carrying it to the parlor, threw it upon the fire. Then he lighted a candle, as it was now quite dark, set it upon the mantel and lay down beside the fire. Warmth crept over him, but he could not sleep. There was yet the mystery of the mansion.

Dreams of reverie born of suffering and privation swam through his mind. For an hour he lay watching the flitting shadows play tag in the partial gloom. Suddenly a noise startled him. It came from overhead and was like the tramp, tramp, tramp of heavy boots going from one corner to the other in the room above. He gripped himself and sat up. Then he listened steadily. Could he have been mistaken? All doubt was cast aside, when, presently, he heard the sound again, this time the walker retracing his steps to the original corner.

Jimmy hastily seized his gun and the candle and crept quickly and silently upstairs. Three doors opened to either side of the upstairs hall. The one at the far end of the hall and to the right, he was certain, opened into the room whence the noise had issued. He would find out. Tiptoeing to the door, he opened it cautiously and, holding the candle aloft, peered inside. The chamber was that of a young lady of that period. Through the open door of a closet in the corner her vivid apparel peered forth at the intruder. A veil-draped hat lay on the table and a petite pair of feminine slippers rested under the spotless white bed. But there was no sign of life. Only the mournful call of a hoot owl to its mate came through a partly opened window. But the room was heavy with a personality.

The astonished soldier took in all these details at a moment's glance. Then he hurried to the other chambers. In these he made a circumspect

examination, looking under the beds, searching the closets, and thumping on the walls. These rooms were all handsomely furnished, but devoid of life as the tomb. He then hurried back to the door of the young lady's room, but paused at the threshold.

Returning to the parlor downstairs, he sat down beside the fire. In a moment he heard the noise again. The mystery walker was crossing the upstairs room again. Jimmy sprang to his feet, this time somewhat nervously, and, seizing the candle, literally ran upstairs to the young lady's chamber, throwing open the door violently. It was as empty as before. Quickly he searched the closet, examined the bed, looked behind the pictures on the wall for a possible secret passage, but to no avail. Walking to the open window, he examined the exterior for a porch roof, tree, ladder, or trellis that might furnish footing for escape.

The room looked out upon a lawn beautiful in the early night. No tree, shrubbery, or other avenue offered egress. A few faint stars shone overhead and there was no moon. Silence, save for the chirping of the night insects, hung over the meadow, and an even more deathlike silence pervaded the mansion. Uncertainty that hinged upon dread perplexed his brain.

Though his simple heart was beating faster, he returned to the upstairs hall and sat down in the far corner. He had extinguished the candle, for he had ceased to think of catching the walker, and to tell the truth, felt safer in the gloom. He had forgotten his painful wound in the excitement. Now he wished only to be let alone.

Jimmy sat in the corner for perhaps fifteen minutes, listening, his dread bordering upon fear. Then he heard the walker again, this time downstairs, and, unmistakably, in the parlor. The footsteps began in a corner toward the front of the room and proceeded diagonally across to the opposite corner.

The simple people of the South believed firmly in ghosts. From childhood Jimmy had learned to fear uncanny manifestations. His perplexity had already grown into fear. He now became frightened. Little would it take to precipitate him into headlong flight. Suddenly he heard the noise again from the parlor. The walker was retracing his steps, but had paused midway across the room, making two loud thumps with the heels of his boots, and then proceeding to the opposite corner. This was enough. The soldier who had dared the cannon's mouth sprang to his feet and ran at top speed down the hall to the back room,

dashed to the window and jumped out into dark space.

Like a plummet he hurtled downward and landed on the roof of a low building to the rear of the mansion. Another jump took him to the ground, and he was off like a wild man through thickets, over rocks and stubble, and up a hillside back of the house, halting on a large rock out of breath and exhausted from the terrific exertion.

While recovering his strength, he watched the mansion below. In the black night it loomed up dark and dreadful. He half expected to see a phantom emerge from one of the doors or windows and seek the rude disturber of its placidity, yet no grim apparition came into view. He leaned against a tree and endeavored to be quiet for a while. Then he forgot about the mansion and the ghost walker.

His attention was drawn to the moon coming up over the horizon. Soon a yellow haze covered the landscape of rolling farmland. Dimly he distinguished the fringe of trees that marked the creek bed and looking he began to sing softly:

"O Susanna, don't you cry for me.

I'm just from Alabama with my banjo on my knee."

He became drowsy. A soft breeze fanned his cheek. The moon rose higher in the sky and, as the soldier watched the eerie vista through half closed eyelids, he fell asleep.

What awakened Jimmy were the pangs of hunger, and as he sat up rubbing his eyes the cheery rays of the sun greeted him from the east. He yawned, stretched his legs and got to his feet facing the house. How invitingly it looked and he was hungry. He thought of the pies and cakes and the ham and light bread that he had left in the kitchen, being unable to eat it all; and then of last night's ghost that had frightened him into such fast retreat to the hillside. At the latter incident he roared with laughter. The bright morning had brought with it animation. The night's rest had strengthened his fevered mind and body, and his shoulder pained him no longer. His soldier's courage had returned. As he descended the hillside, he whistled a mountain tune and his eyes were fixed on the kitchen.

Entering it, he saw that someone had been there during the night. The vegetables had been taken from the pots, the pots washed and arranged neatly upon the shelf. Rolls had been baked and laid on a white tablecloth. The ham

and light bread were as he had left them and untouched. The pies and cakes were yet on the shelf. Here in sooth was food for ten men, and he felt that his hunger was equal to the hunger of ten men.

He ate hurriedly, swallowing his food in great mouthfuls, while his eyes roved about the place. He tried to piece together the small bits of evidence that might yield a solution of the mystery—the cozy fires of the night before in the parlor and kitchen, the strange walker, the excellent food all untouched laid out as if placed ready for some person. Truly, someone was about the house, but who was it? Was the occupant a young woman who, being deserted by her negro servants, was fondly and patiently awaiting the return from the war a lover, or perhaps her husband? And seeing that the stranger was not her loved one, had she deliberately set out to frighten him away, only later to experience a change of heart and prepare him a breakfast when she saw his tattered Confederate uniform, his forlorn and weakened appearance, and his abject terror during his flight from the back window and up the hillside?

It must be remembered that few men were left on the plantations during the last sad days of war save negro slaves and old men. The slaves were nervous with the near approach of freedom, and many of them bolted the scenes of lifetime servitude to leave their mistresses helpless with large estates to take care of.

But the heavy boots? Ah, that was easy to explain! The lady must have put them on with the intent of making him think there was a man about, and in his fevered and weakened condition of the night before he could easily have overlooked any slight difference in the tread of a man and woman. He began to feel ashamed of his rudeness. That it was a woman he now was certain, and he pitied her from the bottom of his heart. As to her identity, what of that? He would not unravel this mystery, but would leave it with the house.

Feeling that the food in the kitchen was intended for him, he filled his knapsack with one of the pies and part of the rolls and ham, and, with a tender, thankful heart, passed into the back yard and thence by a path to the front yard. Pausing at the fragrant lilac bush near the front gate, he turned for one last look before departing.



## PICTURES OF LAFAYETTE.

BY MARY C. F. COATES, SALEM, VA.

During this Bicentennial year of our great chieftain, George Washington, when so much is recalled of his glorious history and the part he took in the establishment of the American nation as an independent entity, we quite marvel that so little mention is made of his intimate friend and helper in the accomplishment of the notable end achieved, the Marquis de LaFayette. This distinguished Frenchman, with his motto "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," or "Brotherhood," as we would prefer to translate the latter term—carrying it with him to a country overseas struggling for the same principles—stands out a fascinating picture on the background of the American Revolution.

Let us regard him first in his ancestral Chateau de Chavagnac, near the ancient town of Brionde, in the province of Auvergne. His full name was Marie Paul Joseph Roche Yves Gilbert Motier. As the Marechal de LaFayette, he was once the terror of the British, and in this fact we find reason for his alliance with a country at war with the ancient enemy of France. Although born into the nobility and imbued with the spirit of allegiance to royalty, he was thoroughly in alliance with the spirit of political freedom.

Picture him at the age of fifteen in the elegant regalia of the *Mousquetaires*, a corps instituted for the protection of the royal person, and composed only of young men of illustrious lineage. Previous to this time he had been one of the pages of the Queen of France, the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Such was the expense of maintaining the *Mousquetaires*, that the Count de St. Germaine, succeeded in having it disbanded as one means of reducing the expenditures of the weak monarch Louis XVI and his court.

At the age of seventeen we find this brave young soldier married to Anastasia, a daughter of the distinguished house of Noailles, a worthy mate, who brought to him constancy, happiness, and increased wealth. Such was her devotion that we find her at a later date begging to share with him the hardships of an Austrian prison, and participating in his sufferings.

Suspension of military operations in his own country inspired our young Marechal to follow his star of Liberty to the West, where the American colonies were beginning their conflict with their English oppressors. We find him at this time a noble looking man, with deep red hair,

hazel eyes, receding high forehead, and mouth and chin exhibiting more beauty of line than strength. His polished manners and attractive qualities, his free principles, "neither withered by the sunshine of royalty, nor weakened by flattery and temptation," proclaimed him at once a man of distinction and character.

Among all the nations of Europe none sympathized more with the American colonies than France in their struggle against tyranny, its own councils on the verge of overthrowing monarchical power. The French people approved the American spirit, and even the king rejoiced in a chance to humble England, although compelled by a recent treaty to appear neutral. In consequence of this, it was necessary for him to refuse acknowledgment of the American Ambassadors, Silas Deane and Benjamin Franklin, yet they were privately encouraged to hope that France only awaited the proper moment to vindicate in arms the freedom and independence of America. Ports were opened to America, and military supplies were furnished them. French officers and engineers offered their services. When Burgoyne was captured in 1777, the French government openly acknowledged its sympathy with America, and Paris was exultant over their victory. The Queen was most enthusiastic. Deane and Franklin were at last publicly acknowledged as ambassadors from the United States to the court of France, and, in 1778, a treaty of amnesty was signed between the two nations. Many brave officers from Europe, including the Irish brigade, hastened to America to aid the cause of liberty—Roch du Fermoy, Baron St. Ovary, De Coudry (drowned in the Schuylkill), Chevalier du Plessis Maudit, Lieutenant Fleury, De Buissons, and Baron de Kalb. Germany also added her quota to helpers in the cause.

It was at a time of crisis when the American cause seemed almost lost from desertions, defeats, and financial distress that the brave LaFayette determined to offer his military skill, his wealth and his young manhood to the Great Cause, so, chartering a vessel at his own expense, antagonizing the French King's will, who wished to prevent his departure, he embarked on his mission of help and good will to welcoming shores across the vast Atlantic, thereby exposing himself to loss of his wealth by confiscation and to capture *en route* by British seamen. Leaving his wife in France, and avoiding the West Indies, he arrived in South Carolina April 19, 1777, about sixty miles from Charleston. Here he was en-

tertained by Major Benjamin Huger. Almost his first act was to present to General Moultrie clothing, arms, and accoutrements for one hundred men, so charmed was he by the General's defense of the pass on Sullivan's Island, enabling him to return the fire of the British shipping with such force that they were compelled to retreat. His reception by Congress was most cordial. His high rank, his influence at the court of Versailles, his whole personnel gave him unbounded admiration, and the conferment by Congress of the rank and commission of Major General in the United States Army established him as a leader in the Revolution.

It was at this time that Washington assumed intimacy and friendship with LaFayette. They seemed congenial spirits, and began a delightful social intercourse which lasted until the Great Destroyer came between. In after years, Mount Vernon seemed a second home to the distinguished Frenchman, where he participated in the family life and realized the charms of American society of that time.

Distinguished bravery at the Battle of Brandywine marked the beginning of his military career in America. Although wounded in the left leg, he, together with Baron St. Ovary, Captain De Fleury, and Count Pulaski, boldly attacked the enemy. Closely associated with General Greene in many battles, LaFayette and he acquired a friendship that lasted through life. In 1785, Greene's eldest son was taken to France by the Marquis to pursue his education, and remained there until recalled on account of the dangers of the French Revolution. In December, 1777, La Fayette was made commander of a division of the army. Owing to jealous intrigues, he was ordered to conquer Canada and was to join his troops at Albany, but, on arriving there, found no preparations made, and the expedition was given up as a foolhardy venture. The intriguers had as a motive the separation of Washington and LaFayette and the promotion of some of their own friends. This incident did not deter our hero from his determination to do all in his power to help the Cause, and he showed by many skilful manoeuvres his power to cope with difficult situations, as the retreat from Barren Hill.

On the 2nd of May, a French ship, "LaCensible," arrived, bringing the treaties concluded. LaFayette exclaims, "The King, my master, has acknowledged your independence and entered into an alliance for its establishment." The chaplain offered prayers of thanks to God, and "Long live

the King of France" was the popular cry. In the Battle of Monmouth, LaFayette's conduct was such that Colonel Willett of New York thus speaks of him in a letter: "I have been charmed with the blooming gallantry and sagacity of the Marquis de LaFayette, who appears to be possessed of every requisite to constitute a great general."

Cognizant of the upheaval in his own country about this time, the Marquis considered it necessary for him to return to resume his position of an officer in the French army, so Congress granted him leave, with many expressions of esteem, and ordered a sword made as a parting gift. This was presented to him at Havre by the grandson of Benjamin Franklin.

While in France he used his money and influence to send arms, ammunition, and supplies to help America. Finding himself not needed in the French difficulties, he resolved to return to America, so, in April, 1780, he arrived in Boston in the royal frigate "Hermione," Captain La Touch. He was received with open arms and acclamations of gratitude, especially by his friend, General Washington. About the middle of June, Count de Rochambeau arrived at Rhode Island from Brest with five or six thousand selected troops and Chevalier de Tornay with seven ships and several frigates.

Sent to the South with an army of poorly equipped soldiers, many ready to desert on account of extreme hardships endured, he succeeded in rallying their *esprit de corps*, and, at his own expense, equipped them with necessary clothing and supplies, and arrived at Richmond about the time the British army, led by General Phillips, made its appearance at Manchester on the opposite bank of the James River. In conjunction with the traitor Arnold, General Phillips had made devastating raids in the South, destroying all the tobacco and burning promiscuously where they could not capture, but when they heard of LaFayette's arrival at Richmond, it did not take them long to march back to Bermuda Hundred, where General Phillips re-embarked his troops down the river. The Marquis followed closely until about eighteen miles from Richmond. Phillips was commanded by Cornwallis to take Petersburg, so LaFayette hastened to prevent this design, but was disappointed in the attempt and went into camp a few miles below Richmond and looked after the rehabilitation of his troops. About this time General Phillips was taken ill and died, leaving Arnold in command of the army. Soon after, Lord Cornwallis, with forces far su-



perior in number to those of LaFayette, advanced in pursuit, but LaFayette, by skilful manoeuvring and counter marches and ambuscades, avoided a direct conflict, knowing how destructive it would be to his small army. General Cornwallis remarked of him, "The boy cannot escape me," but it was not long before "the boy" displayed his military skill in effecting the defeat and surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, concluding the war. "General LaFayette ranked amongst the most active and intrepid of the general officers at the siege of Yorktown, and promoted with unswerving perseverance the completion of the scheme to which his efforts had been so long directed. In the orders issued the day after the capitulation, he was particularly mentioned by the commander-in-chief; and when we consider the long series of dangers and skilful manoeuvres by which he finally conducted Cornwallis into the toils of Washington, we must justly bestow upon the youthful warrior a large portion of the glory which attended the extermination of the British flag from the shores of the Union." Thus remarks the Historian, an officer in his army.

(Continued in November)

### THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,  
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,  
Under the one the Blue,  
Under the other the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,  
Those in the gloom of defeat;  
All with the battle blood gory,  
In the dusk of Eternity meet;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,  
Under the laurel the Blue,  
Under the willow the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful bowers  
The desolate mourners go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers  
Alike for the friend and foe;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,  
Under the roses the Blue,  
Under the lilies the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,  
The morning sun rays fall,  
With a touch, impartially tender,  
On the blossoms blooming for all;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,  
Brodered with gold the Blue,  
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth  
On the forest and field of grain,  
With an equal murmur falleth  
The cooling drip of the rain;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,  
Wet with the rain the Blue,  
Wet with the rain the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
The generous deed was done;  
In the storms of the years that are fading,  
No braver battle was won;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,  
Under the blossoms the Blue,  
Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red;  
They banish our anger forever  
When they laurel the graves of our dead!  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,  
Love and tears for the Blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray.

September, 1867.

F. M. FINCH.

(Written in appreciation of the kindly deed of Southern women in decorating the graves of Union soldiers at Vicksburg as well as those of the gray.)

*At Appomattox.*—In a letter to the *Richmond Times Dispatch*, Lloyd T. Everett, now of DeLand, Fla., comments on the proposed marking of the Appomattox surrender field by a government monument, saying: "If Virginia wishes to help celebrate her own conquest by the invader, let her indorse the proposal for a monument at Appomattox, the scene of Lee's crucifixion of the soul. But, let me add, if the idea is honestly to erect a memorial on the actual field of operations, to commemorate (practically) "the end of the war" of 1861-1865, then let us place the monument on the battlefield of Palmito Ranch, Texas—incidentally a Confederate field victory, May 13, 1865, over a month after Appomattox."

## INTERESTING STATISTICS.

The following was sent to the VETERAN some-time ago by W. Thomas Smith, of Los Angeles, Calif., who wrote: "In looking over the *American Manual*, published in 1849 by Joseph Bartlett Burleigh, A.M., President of Newton University and member of the Baltimore Bar, I ran across some 1840 statistics in a way interesting to me as given in the book, some of which I am sending as perhaps of interest to the readers of the VETERAN. The book was to be used as a textbook in schools."

### SOME DATA FROM 1840 CENSUS.

States	Salary Governor	Slaves	Free Blacks	Whites
Maine	\$1,500	....	1,355	500,438
New Hampshire	1,000	1	537	284,036
Massachusetts	2,500	....	8,669	729,030
Vermont	750	....	730	291,218
Rhode Island	400	5	3,238	105,587
Connecticut	1,000	17	8,105	301,856
New York	4,000	4	50,027	2,378,890
New Jersey	1,600	674	21,045	351,588
Pennsylvania	3,000	64	47,854	1,676,115
Delaware	1,333	2,605	16,919	58,561
Maryland	2,000	89,737	62,078	318,204
Virginia	3,333	448,987	49,842	740,968
North Carolina	2,000	245,817	22,732	484,870
South Carolina	3,500	327,038	8,276	259,084
Georgia	3,000	280,944	2,753	407,695
Alabama	2,500	253,532	2,039	335,188
Mississippi	3,000	195,211	1,366	179,074
Louisiana	6,000	168,453	25,502	158,457
Tennessee	2,000	183,059	5,521	640,627
Kentucky	2,500	182,258	7,317	590,253
Ohio	1,200	3	17,342	1,502,122
Indiana	1,300	3	7,165	678,702
Illinois	1,000	331	3,598	472,254
Missouri	....	58,240	1,574	323,888
Arkansas	1,800	19,935	465	55,000
Michigan	1,500	....	707	211,500
Florida	1,500	25,717	817	27,943
Wisconsin	2,500	11	185	30,746
District of Columbia	....	4,694	8,361	64,437

States	Whites over 20 unable to read or write	Printing Offices	Newspapers and Periodicals
New Hampshire	942	36	33
Massachusetts	4,448	104	105
Vermont	2,272	29	33
Rhode Island	1,614	16	18
Connecticut	526	36	44
New York	44,452	321	302
New Jersey	6,385	40	40
Pennsylvania	33,940	224	229
Delaware	4,832	6	8
Maryland	11,605	48	49
Virginia	58,787	50	56
North Carolina	56,609	26	29
South Carolina	20,615	16	21
Georgia	30,717	24	40
Alabama	22,592	22	28
Mississippi	8,360	28	31
Louisiana	4,861	35	37
Tennessee	8,360	41	56
Kentucky	4,861	34	36
Ohio	58,531	159	143
Indiana	40,073	69	76
Illinois	35,394	45	52
Missouri	38,100	40	35
Arkansas	27,502	9	9
Michigan	6,567	28	33
Florida	1,303	10	10
Wisconsin	1,701	6	6
District of Columbia	1,033	12	17

## MRS. ROSE GREENHOW'S BOOK.

The following comes from Capt. S. A. Ashe, of Raleigh, N. C.:

"I have just had the opportunity for reading a book, printed in England in 1863, which I am sure would interest many of the VETERAN'S readers. I had never heard of this book before.

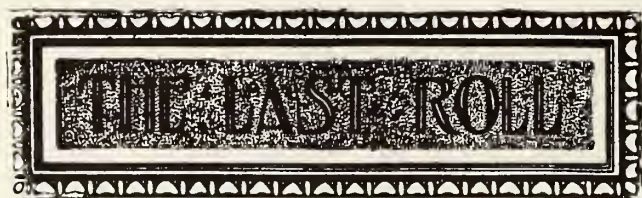
"In the early summer of 1861, there lived in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Rose Greenhow—a sister of Addie Cutts, who married Stephen A. Douglas. She was a great-niece of Mrs. Dolly Madison, who had lived in the White House and for years was the First Lady in Washington. Mrs. Greenhow entertained at her table President Buchanan and other notables, and her house was frequented by many Southerners of note.

"During the summer of 1861, she was arrested for communicating with Confederates, and her house was turned into a jail, occupied by soldiers and guards, and other arrested prisoners were confined there. For eight months this confinement continued, then she was transferred to the Old Capitol Prison and confined there for several months, when she was sent South, and President Davis gave her a mission to England. On the return, she volunteered to reach land in a rowboat from the vessel that brought her, but the boat upset and she was drowned. She was buried in the cemetery at Wilmington, N. C. Mrs. Greenhow had prepared an account of her imprisonment, which was published in England in 1863. It stands alone in that realm of literature—her account of the treatment that was accorded her. It is a story of absorbing interest in a small volume of about 350 pages—which should be reprinted."

Captain Ashe, also sent the following:

"In 1899, there was published by Hon. B. F. Grady, of North Carolina, a small volume entitled 'The South against the North,' that contains more interesting and important information about the two sections than can be found in any other one book dealing with our history. It starts with the Pilgrims in Holland and comes on down to the War between the States. Mr. Grady was a teacher, a Superintendent of Public Schools, a Member of Congress, and his compilation of important facts is far more interesting and valuable than other similar publications. This volume should be in every library in the South. Cannot some arrangement be made for its republication?"





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge. Extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"What though in sorrow must their names be spoken,

'Tis ours to keep the muster roll unbroken.

They are not dead for whom we softly call,

They are not lost for whom our sad tears fall,

They are with God—and God is over all."

#### J. A. MONTGOMERY.

On May 27, in the town of San Marcos, Tex., Taps was sounded for a much loved and honored Veteran of the Confederacy, John A. Montgomery, nearing the century mark of life. He is survived by a daughter.

Mr. Montgomery was born in Mecklenberg, N. C., in 1840. His father moved to the State of Alabama when John was a small boy. He became a member of the Methodist Church at an early age. In 1862, he enlisted in the Confederate Army, at Selma, Ala., as a member of Company J, 28th Alabama Infantry, under command of Col. John Haralson. He was wounded at the evacuation of Corinth, Miss., where he received his discharge. He then served in the Quartermaster's department at Selma, Ala., and was mustered out at that place in the spring of 1865.

After the war, in 1867, John Montgomery came to the new State of Texas, settling at San Marcos, engaging in the mercantile business. In 1870, he married Miss Cecilia Cocker. He moved to Kaegler's Hill, where he engaged in farming, and after thirty-five years he sold his farm and moved back to San Marcos, engaging in real estate, accumulating a moderate fortune, while rearing a large family. His integrity was never questioned, holding the confidence of all who knew him. He was a man never afraid to do what he thought was right, always maintaining the courage of his convictions.

After an impressive funeral service in the Methodist Church of San Marcos, officiated by several of his pastors, who paid high tribute to this splendid Christian man, hero of the Cross and the Confederacy, he was laid to rest by the

side of his wife, with the honors—that a "Prince has fallen this day in Israel."

[Mrs. J. B. Powell, Historian, Mary West Chapter, U. D. C., Waco, Tex.]

#### AMER J. TILLEY.

Amer J. Tilley, one of the oldest and most beloved citizens of Stokes County, N. C., died at his home at Lawsonville on March 3, 1932, following an illness of five weeks. He was one of the most widely known Confederate veterans, and a long and useful life has been his in its span of ninety-two years.

Adjutant Tilley was born July 7, 1837, the son of Aaron and Lockey Tilley. He enlisted in the army of the Confederacy as a young man in 1861, in Company H, Captain Scales, 22nd Regiment North Carolina Troops. He was wounded in a severe battle near Manassas Junction August 29, by a screw out of a bomb shell which cut off the end of his hip bone. He was also badly wounded in the left leg, and was sent to the hospital for several months. He was never in any more battles, but when able he helped to nurse the sick and wounded.

He was married April 12, 1866, to Miss Harriet Hall of a prominent family of Stokes County. He was a farmer, a resident of Stokes County all his life, and a great lover of the Primitive Baptist Church.

Comrade Tilley attended the Confederate reunions when able, and was actively interested in whatever concerned his Confederate comrades. He was laid to rest in his Confederate uniform, of which he was so proud. In his passing the community has lost one of its best citizens, and his family a devoted husband and father.

He is survived by his wife, one daughter and a son. Funeral services were conducted from the home, and he was laid to rest in the family cemetery.

#### GEORGE H. CRAFTON.

George Henry Crafton, who died at his home near Fulton, Ky., after a long illness, was born in Williamson County, Tenn., October 30, 1844. At the age of seventeen, he enlisted in the Confederate army in Company C, Captain Miller, of the 11th Tennessee Cavalry. He was paroled May 10, 1865. In October, 1879, he was married to Miss Fannie Permelia Ramsey. To this union were born two sons and two daughters who survive him.

## EVERETT MEAD PATTERSON.

A familiar figure is missing from the streets of Nashville and vicinity with the passing of Everett M. Patterson, whose death occurred on the morning of the 17th of August at the home of his daughter in Nashville. After services at the Trinity Methodist Church, he was laid away in Mount Olivet Cemetery, where the rites were in charge of his Masonic Lodge. In attendance were his comrades of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac and Forrest Veterans Scouts, and grandsons were the active pallbearers.

Comrade Patterson had reached the advanced age of ninety-seven years, but was actively about up to a year or so ago, and attended Confederate reunions as long as able. He was born near the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, his parents removing to Tennessee when he was but a child, and he was reared near Antioch. At the outbreak of war, he enlisted in the 20th Tennessee Regiment under Col. Joel Battle, but he always spoke of himself as "one of General Bragg's men." After the battle of Murfreesboro, he organized, under General Bragg's orders, a band of scouts, and he became one of the most famous scouts operating in Middle Tennessee. He was said to have induced Sam Davis, boy hero of the Confederacy, to become a scout, and his sister, Miss Eliza Patterson, married John Davis, older brother of Sam.

Four sons and three daughters, also several grandchildren, survive him.

## JEFFERSON HUNTER.

At the old Hunter homestead, nestled in a secluded valley among the West Virginia hills, on Sunday, June 26, 1932, an old Confederate's day ended with the setting of the sun.

Jefferson Hunter was one of twin sons born to Stephen and Margaret Colter Hunter on March 18, 1844, on Hunter Farm, which extended over a great tract of land at Ashton, Mason County, now West Virginia. While they were still young boys, their mother died, leaving nine children. Jefferson was a lad of seventeen when war was declared, and he was one of the 8th Virginia Cavalry, of Capt. W. H. Gun's Company. His brother, Madison Hunter, died during the war, and was buried near White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. Jefferson Hunter fought under General Longstreet, General Early, and Brig. Gen. A. C. Jenkins, and gave active service with them in the Valley of Virginia, in Maryland, and Tennessee.

During the dark days of reconstruction, even in the border State of West Virginia, land was con-

fiscated, and Jefferson Hunter lost the estate he had inherited from his father, but with a brave, pioneer spirit he worked his way to better things, and forgave his adversaries. In March, 1868, he was married to Miss Mahala Vaughn Carroll, and for sixty-four years they spent life devotedly together. They were blessed with six children, of whom three daughters are left, with eleven grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

Jefferson Hunter was "a man who lived by the side of the road and was a friend to man." For long periods, even extending over years, young orphans and the aged found a home with him, and tired and worn friends found a refuge in the quietude and simplicity of his country place. All felt welcome to its hospitality, and on leaving were better prepared for the fight of life.

And there this aged veteran of the Confederacy tasted much of life in a period of almost a century, and there was love and revered as the twilight began to gather. Shrouded in his uniform of gray, which stood as a symbol of all that was best in his life, he was laid to the last long rest, widely beloved and mourned.

[Mrs. Vivian V. Siders, a granddaughter.]

## LUCIAN MAZE FLIPPAN.

Lucian Maze Flippan, a member of Camp 770, U. C. V., Pacific Division, was born in Cumberland County, W. Va., in 1840, and died at his home in Artesia, Calif., on May 20, 1932. The funeral was held at Orange, Calif., and members of the Gen. Thomas J. Churchill Chapter, U. D. C., of Santa Monica, whose privilege it had been to bestow upon him the Southern Cross of Honor on June 29, 1931, and thereafter to place his name upon their roster as an Honorary Member, were present at his interment in Orange Cemetery.

Mr. Flippan, a corporal in Company B, 18th Regiment Virginia Infantry, enlisted April 23, 1861, serving under Gen. Robert E. Lee, and was paroled April 25, 1865.

(May Blanks Killough).

## J. G. BATES.

J. G. Bates, one of the oldest residents of Macon County, North Carolina, died at his home at Otto on July 13, aged ninety-one years. He was a veteran of the Confederacy, having served with Company B, 39th North Carolina Regiment. Funeral services were held at Coweta Baptist Church, conducted by the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Franklin, N. C. Surviving are a daughter and four sons.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. WILLIAM E. R. BYRNE, *President General*

Charleston, W. Va.

MRS. AMOS H. NORRIS ..... *First Vice President General*  
City Hall, Tampa, Fla.

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4469 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo.

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MRS. L. U. BABIN ..... *Corresponding Secretary General*  
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707 West Morgan Street, Raleigh, N. C.

MRS. A. S. PORTER, Hotel Monroe, Portsmouth, Va. . . . . *Registrar General*

MRS. J. W. GOODWIN, Allendale, N. J. . . . . *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. J. L. MEDLIN ..... *Custodian of Flags and Pennant*  
1541 Riverside Avenue, Jacksonville, Fla.

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: I suppose many of you have had your vacations. I hope they have all been pleasant, and you have returned home to take up the work of the organization and, with renewed zeal, bring to a conclusion all the projects undertaken by the time the General Convention meets in Memphis in November.

In a letter received from Miss Edith Pope, Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, she says the subscriptions to the magazine have fallen off woe-fully. A letter urging subscriptions was sent from the Veteran office in June to which the response has been very poor, in spite of the generous offer made to clubs of four. There was also offered an extra complimentary subscription where the club was made up wholly of new subscriptions. I wonder if you realize how seriously this endangers the publication of our very valuable historical magazine? We cannot let this happen. Each chapter should subscribe for a copy for the Chapter, for the public and school libraries, and, in addition to this, each member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy should be a subscriber.

Mrs. T. W. Reed, Chairman of the Committee on Education, has sent me the following announcement of the scholarship awards for 1932-1933.

## GIFT SCHOLARSHIPS.

Washington and Lee Memorial Scholarship, Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., awarded to Mr. Daniel Penick Gholson, Holly Springs, Miss.

Woodrow Wilson Scholarship, School of Law, University of Virginia, University, Va., awarded to Mr. Miles Poindexter, II, Lynchburg, Va.

S. A. Cunningham Memorial Scholarship, Pea-

body Teachers' College, Nashville, Tenn., awarded to Miss Frances Armisted Cate, Nashville, Tenn.

Jefferson Davis Memorial Scholarship, transferable, awarded to Miss Ima Rose Locke, Baker Hill, Ala.

John B. Gordon Memorial Scholarship, transferable, awarded to Miss Charlotte Jean Smith, Fayette, Mo.

Jubal A. Early Memorial Scholarship, transferable, awarded to Mr. James Hillard Perry, Fayetteville, Ga.

Robert E. Lee Memorial Scholarship, transferable, awarded to Mr. Horace E. Harmon, Lexington, S. C.

Cornelia Branch Stone Fellowship, transferable, awarded to Miss Margaret Wakefield York, Pahokee, Fla.

## TUITION AND PART TUITION SCHOLARSHIPS

Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga., awarded to Miss Mildred Beard, Buford, Ga.

Chatham Hall, Chatham, Va., awarded to Miss Emily Ball, Eastover, S. C.

Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C., awarded to Miss Agnes Mansfield, S. C.

Georgetown College, Georgetown, Ky., awarded to Miss Mary Alice Matthews, Georgetown, Ky.

Gulfcoast Military Academy, Gulfport, Miss., awarded to Mr. Thomas Bently Stone, Hickman, Ky.

Louisiana College, Pineville, La., awarded to Mr. Herman J. Duncan, Alexandria, La.

Marion Institute, Marion, Ala., awarded to Mr. Paul James Riley, Hot Springs, Ark.

South Georgia Teachers College, Collegeboro, Ga., awarded to Miss Jeanette DeLoach, Portal, Ga.

South Georgia Teachers College, Collegeboro, Ga., awarded to Miss Mildred Elizabeth Proctor, Summit, Ga.

University of Alabama, University, Ala., awarded to Mr. Percy Hays Speed, Louisville, Ky.

University of Alabama, University, Ala., awarded to Mr. William Lindsey Poindexter, Oblong, Ill.

University of Georgia, Athens, Ga., awarded to Miss Rose Walker Mayme, Athens, Ga.

University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., awarded to Mr. Preston B. Huntley, Cheraw, S. C.

University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C., awarded to Miss Virginia Isenhour, Concord, N. C.

University of Virginia, University, Va., awarded to Mr. Randolph Alexander Brown, Louisville, Ky.

University of Virginia, University, Va., awarded to Mr. John Pilcher Matthews, Wrens, Ga.

University of Virginia, University, Va., awarded to Mr. Henry Haywood Glassie, Jr., Chevy Chase, Md.

University of Virginia, University, Va., awarded to Mr. Edward Eugene Wager, Ellensburg, Wash.

Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C., awarded to Mr. Julian Maxwell Humphries, Walhalla, S. C.

Mrs. Reed and her Committee are rendering a most valuable service to the organization.

A letter received from Mrs. J. F. Terrell, Registrar of the Louisiana Division, says: "The Stone-wall Jackson Chapter No. 1135, of New Orleans, through the efforts of Mrs. Lelita Younge, has been given the privilege of broadcasting Confederate literature, history, and various phases of Confederate organization work.

"This takes place every second Saturday of each month at 1:30 P.M., and members of the various chapters are invited to speak on different subjects, or read poems or gems of literature. There have been two of these broadcastings, and they have proven very successful. At an early date we plan to feature Sidney Lanier."

She is appealing to the President General, the Historian General, and the Chairman of Education for material for this broadcasting. I have written to her of my appreciation of this service, and have also written a letter thanking Radio Station WWL at New Orleans.

Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, President of the Kentucky Division, has notified me that the Albert

Sidney Johnston Chapter, of Louisville, has finished its quota to the Stratford Fund.

It was a great pleasure to me to be the guest of the McComas Chapter, of Pearisburg, Va., on July 28, when it entertained with a tea in my honor at the home of Judge and Mrs. Bernard Mason. Mrs. W. P. Miller, President of the Chapter, presided at the meeting which preceded the tea. Mrs. Lucile M. Worden, of Salem, Va., Chairman of the First District of the Virginia Division, was also a guest of honor, and we both had the pleasure of addressing the Chapters assembled. The following Chapters were guests of the hostess Chapter: Princeton Chapter, Princeton, W. Va., Dr. Harvey Black Chapter, Blackburg, Va., and two Chapters from Radford, Va.

One of the greatest tributes paid to our beloved leader, General Lee, was the Robert E. Lee Week, August 22nd-26th, at the White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. The Management cannot be given too much credit for the success of the week.

On Monday, August 22, was the formal opening of the Presidents' Cottage. As President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, I was Hostess on that day, assisted by Miss Ann V. Mann, President of the Virginia Division, and Mrs. Charles L. Reed, President of the West Virginia Division. Other guests of Honor were Miss Jennie Price, President of the Lewisburg Chapter, Lewisburg, W. Va., Lt. Gen. Harry Rene' Lee, Adjutant General U. C. V.; and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. The Lee room was dedicated and keys to the room were presented to Dr. George Bolling Lee, Grandson of General Lee, to Gen. Harry Rene Lee, for the U. C. V., and to me as President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, by Mr. Henry Waters Taft. At 9:15 P.M., after the grand march, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson unveiled a portrait of General Lee by Natalie Eynon Grauer, of Cleveland, from a photograph made by Brady for Queen Victoria. Time and space fail me to go into all the details of the week.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Mary Blanks Killough, Los Angeles, Calif., has informed me of the death of Mrs. B. F. Shepherd, of the Los Angeles Chapter, who passed away on the 28th of June. Mrs. Shepherd was greatly beloved not only in California but wherever she was known. Our love and sympathy go out to her friends, her Chapter, and her Division.

Faithfully yours, AMANDA AUSTIN BYRNE.



## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Alabama.*—The thirty-sixth annual convention of the Alabama Division was held at Birmingham on May 4-6, with Pelham Chapter hostess and other Birmingham Chapters assisting.

The attendance was excellent and the meeting of unusual interest. Mrs. A. M. Grimsley, State President, presided, assisted by Mrs. Anderson, 1st Vice President, from Selma. Much business of an interesting nature was transacted and reports from all officers and chairmen were gratifying.

Among the delightful social features were the Historians' breakfast at the Tutwiler Hotel on the morning of May 4; luncheons tendered by the hostess chapter at the Church of the Advent; a tea at the home of Mrs. Herbert Stockman; district committee and district officers' breakfast; and a closing tea at the Thomas Jefferson Hotel, honoring Mrs. R. B. Broyles, 3rd Vice President General.

Hon. Bibb Graves, former governor of Alabama, was the guest speaker on Historical Evening, and discussed the life of Jefferson Davis.

Daughters of the Confederacy in Alabama bestow annually the Cross of Military Service upon two men of lineal Confederate descent who served in the World War. This year the awards went to Major Thomas W. Palmer, Jr., and to Major Michael Hamilton Screws.

A one-act play written by Mrs. Nettie F. Puckett, entitled "The First Confederate Flag, and arranged by Mrs. Gustave Mertens, Division Historian, and presented by Chapter members in Montgomery, added interest.

Officers elected to serve the ensuing year were: Mrs. A. M. Grimsley, President; Mrs. R. P. Anderson, Vice President; Mrs. Paul Smith, 2nd Vice President; Mrs. G. B. Ashcraft, Recording Secretary; Miss Mary White, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Kathleen D. Carson, Treasurer; Miss M. Adele Shaw, Registrar; Mrs. J. W. Curry, Historian; Mrs. O. C. Carmichael, Recorder of Crosses; Mrs. John L. Moulton, Chaplain; Mrs. O. L. Cain, Director of Children of the Confederacy; Mrs. John L. Seay, Editor.

*Florida*—Young people from all over Florida gathered at the Hillsborough Hotel, Tampa, for the first annual State Convention of the Children of the Confederacy, June 18, meeting at ten o'clock. Mrs. R. P. Sponenbarger, of Bradenton, Division Director of the Organization, presided, and Mrs. Howard Gray, of Tampa Chapter, and

ex-State Director of the Children of the Confederacy, was General Chairman.

The meeting opened with a prayer by Mrs. Henry Brash and the singing of "Dixie." Mrs. Marion Dickson, President Florida Division, and Mrs. John P. Thorpe, President Tampa Chapter, U. D. C., and Miss Stella Jackson, President Anne Carter Lee Chapter Children of the Confederacy, extended greetings, to which Miss Eleanor Hutchinson, of Lakeland, responded.

Mrs. Sponenbarger gave the report of the junior work in Florida for the past year, and Miss Edwina Abree called the roll of the junior chapters of Florida, to which a large number responded with reports of their local activities.

The main business transacted at the business meeting was that hereafter the scholarship which the organization supports at the Florida State College for Women shall be available only to a member of the organization. Mrs. D. D. Bradford spoke on the scholarships, and Mrs. Marion Dickson spoke on the Lee-Strafford Memorial. Miss Roberta Moore gave a reading, and Mrs. Lucy Howland Sinclair sang and gave whistling numbers.

Luncheon was served at noon at the Hillsborough Hotel as guests of Tampa Chapter, U. D. C., and a ball was given at night at the hotel.

The next annual meeting in 1933 will be held in Lakeland with the Lakeland Chapter hostess.

[Mrs. F. L. Ezell, Chairman Publicity.]

*Kentucky.*—Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, of Louisville, State President U. D. C., has attended all the five district meetings of the State, delightful occasions, all and full of hope for the growth of the work. Maysville, Danville, Morganfield, and Guthrie were held in the spring with splendid attendance. She has also attended many chapter meetings, including those at Lexington, Louisville, and the united meeting of the Northern Kentucky and the Cincinnati Chapters honoring the President General.

At the third District Convention, held at the Confederate Home on June 15, the following chapters were represented: Louisville, Ghent, Eminence, Lagrange, and Pewee Valley. Mrs. Turner gave the address of the occasion, and reports were heard. Delightful music added to the pleasure. Round Table discussion brought out many points of interest.

Apropos of the Home, Hon. Nat B. Sewell, State Inspector and Examiner, reports that

there are now but nine veterans in the Home, their ages ranging from eighty-one to ninety-one. The per capita cost, despite great efforts at economy, is becoming very high. Mr. Sewell recommended that steps be taken to convert the property into an institution for some group of State dependents, and this at an early date. The Kentucky Daughters of the Confederacy have been untiring in their efforts to have the Home maintained for its present uses as long as there is a need for it, but the rapid passing of the "thin gray line" hastens the day when this need will be over.

One of the most important and significant happenings in Kentucky recently is the opening of a room at the Pioneer Museum Mansion at Harrodsburg to be called the "Gallery of the Confederacy," and to be devoted to relics and mementos of the Colonial South and ante-bellum days.

The occasion was the celebration of the 158th anniversary of the founding of Harrodsburg, the "Mother Town of Kentucky," and ground was broken for a \$100,000 Federal Memorial. The D. A. R. have a Consecrated Acre, the Colonial Dames a Memorial Gateway, other organizations have trees and markers, while the original fort is reproduced as in the days of Indian warfare. So it is fitting that the "Gallery of the Confederacy" join the other memorials in this sacred place, devoted to valor and to the glory of such men as Harrod, Kenton, Boone, and George Rogers Clark.

[Mrs. W. T. Fowler, Chairman Press.]

*Missouri.*—Report from the Independence Chapter shows unusual activity and accomplishment during the past year. Its President, Mrs. John Hardin, believes in "doing things."

In September last, a large number of the members attended the reunion and dedication of the Memorial Gateway at the Confederate Home at Higginsville. At Christmas time \$25 was sent to the Home. In February, the Chapter entertained the veterans and women in the Home with a Valentine party, and cushions for the men's chairs have been furnished recently.

The Chapter established a scholarship in the School of the Ozarks, and the proceeds from sale of Christmas cards was the nucleus of this fund. Since then several entertainments have added \$199 to this fund.

A tea was given on January 19 to commemorate the birthdays of Lee, Jackson, and Maury.

Crosses of Service were bestowed at the May meeting on Maj. N. D. Jackson, and Woodfin Kerr,

veterans of the Spanish-American War, and the Cross of Honor for Pickett Jackson, C. S. A., was given to his son, Major Jackson.

Eight Washington Bicentennial trees were dedicated at Stover Memorial Park on Memorial Day.

The Laura Mercer prize of Ten Dollars was given through the English Department of the High School.

The climax was reached in the organization of a Children's Chapter—the Mary Lee Custis Chapter—with a membership of *thirty-three*.

*South Carolina.*—The Charleston Chapter has co-operated with the Committee on Unemployment Relief during the month of July by collecting contributions of clothing and materials. It has also acted as a "motor corps" in distributing bundles and in carrying articles from Headquarters to the various sewing centers where the unemployed women were working. Many donations were made to this cause by individuals, churches, and charitable organizations, and the finished garments were distributed to the needy.

During the month twenty-four women were given work for four days every week, and finished garments to the number of 496 were distributed. The Unemployed Relief Committee, with Mrs. Charles P. Summerall, wife of Gen. Charles P. Summerall, President of the Citadel, as the able director of the women's division, is doing splendid work, and the members of the Charleston Chapter were glad to lend their aid.

[S. J. R. Allan, Corresponding Secretary.]

*Tennessee.*—With the Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer Chapter as chairman-general, a number of Nashville chapters, through a local station, WLAC, have been celebrating memorial days by programs of Southern songs and addresses. The days observed have been a George Washington Bicentennial program with the Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer Chapter as chairman; a Memorial to the Women of the Confederacy, Gen. Robert E. Lee Chapter, chairman; the Birthday of Jefferson Davis, Kate Litton Hickman Chapter, chairman; and the Birthday of Nathan Bedford Forrest, Gen. William Bate Chapter, chairman.

On September 10, Founders Day, a program in celebration of the organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will be observed, the program consisting of Southern songs and a tribute to Mrs. Carolina Meriwether Goodlett.

Dates have been secured for the remaining memorial days of the year's work.



## IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. B. F. SHEPHERD, OF CALIFORNIA.

Occasionally we find among us a woman possessing absolutely no desire for public office preferring always to champion the right and forget a wrong—that ultimate good may abound; whose outstanding personality and sympathetic understanding, together with unfailing generosity, have made for her friends innumerable. Such a woman was Mrs. Bayliss Franklin Shepherd, of the Los Angeles Chapter. Her love and consideration for all activities of the U. D. C. knew no bounds; the CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine was her constant companion. Seeing in our few remaining Confederate veterans our living memorials, each deserving our protection and love, she was ever ready and anxious to make their last days free from care. Belonging to a chapter whose quiet, yet forceful, dignity is respected by all and whose support of our fourfold program of the U. D. C. is unselfish and splendid, she more than did her share. When in convention assembled last May, the Daughters of California Division little realized that the very lifeblood of one of its members was being drawn upon that she might be present throughout the convention. Death came to her on June 29.

Lulu Frances Shepherd was a member of an old and prominent Southern family, the daughter of Jonathan and Cordelia Herring, of Virginia. She was born October 3, 1865, and spent her early life in Missouri, where she attended and graduated from the Baptist Female College at Lexington. In 1885, her marriage to Bayliss Franklin Shepherd took place. Coming to Los Angeles from Colorado Springs about twenty years ago, Mrs. Shepherd allied herself with the noble things of religion, education, society, and State, chief among which was her own United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Surviving her are two sons and a grandson, all of Los Angeles.

Known and loved throughout the organization for her unselfish and splendid support, she will be mourned by all. Her place has been vacated, but her memory will ever remain, cherished by all who knew her.

[May Blanks Killough.]

"She is not dead! Such souls can never die;  
She breathes already a diviner air,  
And those eternal visions vast and fair  
Already stretch before her wondering eye."

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

HISTORIAN GENERAL: Mrs. John Huske Anderson.

AIMS FOR 1932: To know your work—a fuller knowledge of the facts of our Confederate history.

## HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CONFEDERATE PERIOD.

*With Southern Songs*

OCTOBER, 1932.

Six Efforts Toward Peace by the South (VETERAN for August and September, 1931).

The Crittenden Compromise.

Peace Conference of February, 1861, suggested by Virginia.

Peace Commissioners after Lincoln's Inauguration. Again, but in vain!

Peace Commission of Three in 1864.

The Hampton Roads' Conference.

Song: "Maryland." (Southern Marseillaise.)

NOVEMBER, 1932.

The "Great Days" of the Confederacy.

The Summer of Confederate Glory (1862). (From the Story of the Confederacy by Dr. Robert Selph Henry, Nashville, Tenn.)

Leaders in This Campaign.

Reading: "The Apron Flag."

Song: "Cheer, Boys, Cheer" (Morgan's war song).

## CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

OCTOBER, 1932.

War Horses and Their Riders.

Daring Cavalry Raids.

With Stuart, Morgan, Forrest, Mosby, Wheeler, Hampton, Ashby, and Other Leaders.

Song: "Jine the Cavalry."

NOVEMBER, 1932.

Stories of Faithful Slaves.

"Mammy" of the Plantation.

Anecdotes of War Times.

Song: "Suwanee River."

## MUZZY'S HISTORY REVIEWED.

A request is made by the Historian General, Mrs. John H. Anderson, that members of the U. D. C. order copies of a review of Muzzey's History, recently published in Richmond under the auspices of the Southern Confederate Veterans. The printers are bringing out this pamphlet on the basis of securing subscriptions, which the Daughters should take advantage of at once.

Single copies are 35 cents, four for \$1; 25 copies for \$5.

This very fine review of the unfair textbook of Muzzey was prepared by Dr. Matthew Page Andrews, and has been indorsed by the past and present Historian General, as well as by the Commanders U. C. V. and S. C. V.

It is hoped this will help to eliminate the textbook in the South, and that members of every Division will heartily co-operate with the S. C. V. in this splendid effort.

Orders may be sent to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjt. in Chief, U. C. V., Law Building, Richmond, Va.

## DEDICATION OF THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL BRIDGE.

(From report by Mrs. J. W. Howard, Publicity Director S. C. Division, U. D. C.)

On June 3, the new bridge over the Savannah River at Augusta, Ga., was dedicated to the memory of the Confederacy's chieftain—Jefferson Davis. This bridge and its memorials represent a vital link in the great Highway known as "U. S. No. 1."

Four handsome plaques, two on the Georgia side of the bridge and two on the South Carolina side, were unveiled simultaneously as the handsome structure was dedicated the "Jefferson Davis Memorial Bridge."

A small group of gray-clad veterans of the War between the States sat upon the platform, thrilling with pride as the prominent speakers from the sister States praised their dauntless leader. With them sat officials of the Georgia and South Carolina Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mayor Jennings welcomed the guests for the City of Augusta and the State of Georgia, and presented to Mrs. John L. Woodbury, General Chairman of the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee, U. D. C., a beautiful flower-clad "key" to the city.

Following the unveiling of the plaques, Mrs. Woodbury gave a short history of the Highway Committee, and told how it would stretch from Washington, D. C., to cities of the far South, passing through many State capitals, and on out to the Pacific Coast. She then turned over to Capt. J. W. Barnett, Chairman of the Georgia Highway Commission, what she termed "The Roadway of Loving Hearts," on behalf of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Captain Barnett gave an instructive talk on the construction of the

bridge and praised the engineering skill which made it possible.

In bringing the greetings of the Governor of South Carolina, Mr. Alva M. Lumpkin, of Columbia, said that "this great artery of commerce will always stand as a sacred tie between the people of the two States," and that the two plaques, remindful as to how this great section was reconstructed after the dark days of the War between the States, might signify reconstruction again in "these dark days of stress and strife, because we have the brain and brawn of the same manhood and womanhood to do it."

Col. John J. Boifeullet, of the *Atlanta Journal*, made the concluding address, in which he said that "Jefferson Davis' virtues illuminated the pages of American history," that "no figure more noble, more knightly, or more dramatic has ever passed through the drama of American life," and that "Jefferson Davis will always be the uncrowned chief of an invisible army of loving hearts."

One of the most touching and appreciated events of the day was the ringing of the chimes in St. Paul's Church just as the clock was striking four, the hour of beginning the program. Chapter A, U. D. C., of Augusta, complimented the visitors on this occasion with an elaborate luncheon at the Richmond Hotel, and each guest was presented a picture of the Memorial Bridge and tiny Confederate flags, Mrs. Harry Craig, President, presiding. The activities of the day came to a close with a beautiful reception at the Richmond Hotel in honor of these visitors.

The new bridge stands only a short distance from the point where President Davis, just after his capture, was placed upon a small barge and taken to a dungeon at Fortress Monroe, where he was held for two years awaiting trial.

Of the prominent officials introduced were the President of the Georgia Division, Mrs. I. Bashinski, and Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, of Atlanta, President of the Confederate Memorial Association; Mrs. Herbert Gyles, Chairman of the Highway Committee for South Carolina, who first thought of dedicating this bridge to the President of the Confederacy; and Mrs. Fred E. Culvern, President of the South Carolina Division, who presented her committee and the four past Presidents of the Division who were present—Mrs. O. D. Black, Mrs. R. D. Wright, Miss Marion Salley, and Mrs. J. Trosh Walker.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7900 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MRS. BRYAN WELLS COLLIER.....*Historian General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MISS WILLIE FORT WILLIAMS.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUINBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



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ARKANSAS—Little Rock.....Mrs. Sam Wassell  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Augusta.....Mrs. Oswell R. Eve  
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LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
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TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. T. A. Buford  
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WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. ADA RAMP WALDEN Editor Box 592 Augusta, Ga.

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

BY ADA RAMP WALDEN, EDITOR C. S. M. A.

What was probably the most notable feature of the recent C. S. M. A. convention in Richmond was the action taken regarding the proposed Grant-Lee Monument at Appomattox, which was one of decided opposition, and which resulted in a vote condemnatory of such action.

It was in June, 1930, that the bill by Congressmen Claude Swanson and Harry St. George Tucker (now deceased), was recommended, and calling for an appropriation of \$100,000, which appropriation has been deferred because of the depression. Patriotic organizations of the South were not long in voicing their objections to this institution designed to memorialize the defeat of Robert E. Lee and the disgraceful domination by negroes and carpet baggers which followed his defeat, and for which the Grant administration was in a great measure responsible.

Letters galore were sent to representatives urging that their vote would be cast against such appropriation, although the movement has made such progress as to have evolved a design, the seal of the Union to be engraved on one side, the portraits of Lee and Grant on the other. General De Saussure, ex-Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, took up the matter with Congressmen and the War Department, urging that they oppose the appropriation for this monument, "which celebrates the defeat of the Confederacy and the beginning of the Reconstruction Era under Grant, and is an insult to Lee and his followers."

Dr. Tabor, commander in chief, S. C. V., took similar action. "Speaking for over one million Sons of Confederate Veterans," he wrote Sena-

tor Gore, "I ask you to oppose this appropriation for the purpose of commemorating the defeat of the South, which in fact it means, and which is opposed by the remnant of the Southern army and Southern patriotic organization generally."

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Augusta, as an institution and as individuals wrote Congressmen Swanson and Tucker, and to Georgia's representatives, emphatically expressing their objection and urging their co-operation.

The most concerted action to date is that from Miss Mary D. Carter, capable and patriotic historian of Welby Carter Chapter, U. D. C., Virginia who has sent an open letter to all U. D. C. Chapters, urging immediate and intensive action to prevent this "insult to Lee and every Southern soldier who fought and died for the Confederate cause." Miss Carter's letter is brimful of instructive information concerning the humiliations to which the South was subjected during eight years of Grant's administration, closing with General Lee's expression to Governor Stockdale, of Texas, a few months before the former's death:

"Had I foreseen these results of subjugation, I would have preferred to die at Appomattox with my brave men, my sword in this right hand!"

In all probability, the U. D. C. Convention in November will follow in the steps of the mother organization in its efforts to safeguard the name and memory of Lee.

A tribute of appreciation for the work and interest of the beloved president general, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, Sr., was expressed at the C. S. M. A. convention by Mrs. Harry A. Craig, Secretary Ladies' Memorial Association, of Augusta, in the form of the following motion: "That each associa-

tion contribute the sum of one dollar each year toward the expenses of the President General." This action was taken in the absence of Mrs. Wilson, and when Miss Daisy Hodgson, secretary, was presiding, and was entirely without Mrs. Wilson's knowledge. Year after year, Mrs. Wilson has borne all the expenses incumbent upon her as executive, except, of course, the city in which the convention is held, is her host for the several days. She has purchased her own stationery and paid her own railroad fare. This courtesy extended by the contribution mentioned is in keeping with that enjoyed by all others holding similar offices.

#### RICHMOND REUNION INCIDENTS.

Connected with this reunion were many occasions of interest—dedications, presentations, receptions, teas, luncheons, garden parties, balls—until it seemed there was scarcely a moment of time not filled with something. So many interesting places to visit—the Confederate Museum, the Battle Abbey, the churches, and many other historic buildings. The Confederate Museum was a popular place, and two presentations there drew even larger crowds. The presentation of the anchor of the Virginia (Merrimac), which was made by the family of the late Mrs. Mary Maury Werth, of Richmond, daughter of Commodore Maury, was in special tribute to her, and the presentation was by her lovely young granddaughter, Miss Mary Maury Fitzgerald, with acceptance for the Museum by Miss Sally Archer Anderson, President of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society of Richmond. A picture of Gen. Stand Watie, the only Indian Confederate General, was another gift to the Museum, and came through Mrs. Helen Mason Gorman, President of the Oklahoma Division, U. D. C.

On the granite steps of the Washington monument, Capitol Square, a marker was placed in honor of President Davis, and was dedicated at this time. The inscription reads:

"On a platform erected on this spot, Jefferson Davis was inaugurated as the regularly elected President of the Confederate States of America, February 11, 1862."

The opening of the splendid new home for Confederate women furnished an occasion of special interest, and tribute was paid to the untiring efforts of Mrs. Andrew Jackson Montague by which it was secured. Senator Thomas Connally pro-

nounced it "a shrine to the ideals of the South . . . a place permeated and dedicated to the nobility, the valor, and the courage of the women who suffered and lived through a mighty struggle."

#### TO GEN. ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

Knight at arms, we con your deeds and crown  
your name with glory,  
You who never sought to win men's plaudits or  
men's praise;  
Every word that echoes in your proud and gallant  
story,  
Thrills us like the music which immortal singers  
raise.

Ardors of the fighting days and age-long nights  
of waiting,  
Triumph of defeat that far outshines the vic-  
tor's hue;  
Hazard, hope, and heart-break, with grief and  
glory mating,  
We would live them o'er again and share their  
zest with you.

Knight at arms, the sabers ring, the smoke of  
battle rises,  
Ranks are thinned and roads are blocked by  
custom's cumbrous gear;  
Still the foes of fresh crusades with arts that war  
devises,  
Strive for ancient strongholds ere succor can  
appear.

Tell us that the sword of truth will never rust in  
wearing,  
Touch us with your courage in every noble  
cause;  
Bid us to the battle line and send us forward  
faring,  
Strong with faith and hope serene in God's  
abiding laws.

When we reach the last camp ground beyond the  
silent river  
Where the trees of spreading peace give forth  
a gracious shade,  
May we hear your comrade call from out the Fair  
Forever,  
Bidding us to soldier's rest and joy that will not  
fade.

—Barbara Ross McIntosh, Glasgow, Scotland.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

DR. WILLIAM R. DANCY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, SAVANNAH, GA.

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to Edmond R. Wiles, Editor, 1505 W. 22nd St., Little Rock, Ark.

## GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

*To Be Read Before All of the Camps of the Confederation.*

I. By virtue of my election as Commander-in-Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans at the 37th Annual Convention of the Sons' Organization, held in Richmond, Va., June 21-24, 1932, I have assumed command of the Departments, Divisions, Brigades, and Camps comprising the Confederation. This is done with a profound sense of the weighty responsibility and with a deep feeling of gratitude for the sentiment which has generously called me to the high position of Commander-in-Chief.

II. I hereby officially announce the re-election by the Executive Council of Walter L. Hopkins, 609 Law Building, Richmond, Va., as Adjutant-in-Chief. At the request of the Adjutant-in-Chief, he has been bonded in the Fidelity and Casualty Company in the sum of Five Thousand Dollars (\$5,000). Camps will make all checks payable to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant-in-Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

IV. It is with pleasure I announce the election by the Convention of Major Jere C. Dennis, Dadeville, Ala., as Vice Commander-in-Chief, from the Army of Tennessee Department; Major Robert S. Hudgins, Richmond, Va., Vice Commander-in-Chief from the Army of Northern Virginia Department; Walter H. Saunders, St. Louis, Mo., Vice Commander-in-Chief from the Army of

Trans-Mississippi Department; H. L. Clinkscales, New York City, member of the Executive Council from the Army of Northern Virginia Department; and C. E. Gilbert, Houston, Tex., Historian-in-Chief.

V. I desire to call the attention of the members of the Confederation to the wonderful progress made under the administration of the retiring Commander-in-Chief, Dr. George R. Tabor. Under his leadership a great deal of constructive work was accomplished. It is the hope of your Commander-in-Chief that each member of the Confederation will give the present officers the same loyal support and co-operation which was rendered by him to the officers for the past year.

VI. The Commander-in-Chief avails himself of this opportunity to thank his comrades throughout the entire organization for the confidence in him as expressed by unanimously electing him to the highest office within their gift. He earnestly hopes that the members and officers of the Confederation will carry the message of the high principles and ideals for which our organization stands to the people throughout the country, that all may hear it and understand the position the Sons of Confederate Veterans have taken in the affairs of the nation and the work it is accomplishing for the good of the South and our reunited country.

By Order of:

WILLIAM R. DANCY,  
Commander-in-Chief, S. C. V.  
Savannah, Ga.

## A PATRIOTIC BEQUEST.

The friends and comrades of Past Commander-in-Chief Colonel Biscoe Hindman were deeply grieved to learn of his death, which occurred on June 17 at his home in Chicago.

Colonel Hindman was an outstanding member of our organization, having been elected Commander-in-Chief in Dallas, Tex., at the Fifth Convention S. C. V., it having been the pleasure of the writer to be present at the time of his election.

Colonel Hindman was the son of the distinguished Confederate General, Thomas C. Hindman, one of the seven generals serving the Confederacy from Helena, Ark. In order to honor the memory of his distinguished father, Colonel Hindman provided in his will that five years after the death of his widow and his brother, the City of Helena would receive \$250,000 as a memorial to his father; \$100,000 was set aside to erect a memorial at the battle field of Prairie Grove to General Hindman and his men; and \$50,000 to the City of Little Rock for another memorial to his father; and the remainder of the estate, after all bequests had been provided for, should go to the University of Arkansas. The will showed his estate to be valued roughly at \$1,200,000.

In order to express on behalf of the State and the Confederate organizations in a proper way the appreciation felt for such an unusual and outstanding bequest as was provided for in Colonel Hindman's will, an Honorary Commission was named on August 10 by Governor Harvy Parnell, representing the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the United Confederate Veterans, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the following:

Major Edmond R. Wiles, Past Commander-in-Chief, S. C. V.; Honorable J. S. Utley, former Attorney General, Commander Arkansas Division, S. C. V.; Honorable C. P. Newton, Commander Robert C. Newton Camp, S. C. V. of Little Rock; Gen. J. P. McCarthur, Russellville, Commander Arkansas Division, U. C. V.; Mrs. Brown Rogers, Russellville, President Arkansas Division, U. D. C.

The Honorary Commission met Wednesday, August 17, in the reception room of the Governor and formed a permanent organization for the purpose of expressing to the family of Colonel Hindman the appreciation of the State and the Southern organizations represented for this very fine bequest to the State, and to form a permanent organization looking to the administration of the funds and carrying out the purposes of Colonel Hindman's will when made available later.

## VIRGINIA DIVISION.

We are in receipt of an interesting communication from Gen. R. M. Colvin, Commander of the Virginia Division, containing the address of Secretary of War Hurley, delivered at the recent reunion of the 80th Division held at Harrisburg, Va.

In his address Mr. Hurley pointed to Gen Robert M. Colvin, that valiant Confederate soldier and Commander of the Virginia Division, S. C. V., and said there is not in the United States today an element more faithful and loyal to their nation than those states which comprise the Confederacy. He added he was glad the reunion was being held in Virginia because no State has contributed as much to the greatness of America as the Mother of States. The article goes on further to state that General Colvin, when he was introduced to the Veterans of the 80th Division, received a most unusual and touching ovation.

## TEXAS DIVISION.

The editor is in receipt of a very interesting communication from Honorable C. E. Gilbert, Commander of the Texas Division, S. C. V., reviewing his recent experiences at the 42nd Confederate Reunion held at Richmond, and outlining plans for the next Texas convention of the S. C. V., to be held October 6, 7, and 8 at Paris.

Comrade Gilbert is one of the faithful few who have stood by our organization through thick and thin, never faltering, never losing hope. It is interesting to note that the Texas Division, of which Comrade Gilbert is Commander, at the present time stands second to Virginia in number of camps and total membership.

## SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

We are pleased to acknowledge receipt from Comrade William J. Cherry, Commander of the South Carolina Division, of a full and complete account of the convention held at Rock Hill, June 9, 1932, of the South Carolina Division.

The minutes as submitted by Adjutant Fred M. Johnson reflect careful and painstaking consideration of all matters coming before the convention, and certainly indicate that South Carolina has in Comrade Cherry one of our most loyal and outstanding commanders.

After the consideration of all important matters coming before the convention, the election of officers was held with the following results:

William J. Cherry was nominated for re-election as Commander of the Division after the nomination by Comrade J. M. Bell was seconded by



several distinguished comrades present. No other nominations were offered, and Comrade Cherry was elected without opposition.

All Brigade Commanders were unanimously re-elected for the ensuing year, as follows: W. Rothrock, Aiken, First Brigade; Samuel Lanham, Spartanburg, Second Brigade; Dr. W. E. Anderson, Chester, Third Brigade; E. O. Black, Columbia, Fourth Brigade.

Comrade Thomas L. Johnson, Rock Hill, was elected as a member of the Executive Council.

In passing, permit us to say that if all Divisions of the Confederacy held conventions as interesting and full of real achievements as the South Carolina Division recently held in Rock Hill, there would be no question as to our ability to build up our membership to the point where it would be a credit to the great organization we represent.

#### *REPORT OF THE TEXTBOOK COMMITTEE, S. C. V.*

This pamphlet embraces a broad conception of the fundamental principles which should underlie an acceptable history of this country. In a fair-minded way, the writer clarifies doubtful points and elucidates a broadly conceived plan to the effect that history should feature all sides of a disputed subject or incident in order not to be biased. It criticises certain features of books in popular use, explaining in a fearless manner the specific reasons for so doing, and likewise commends them when merited.

This report of the textbook committee is recommended, brief as it is, for the study and careful consideration of all who are interested in correct history.

In no instance can the contents be construed as being partial or biased in favor of any section of the country. The author firmly impresses the fact that this organization demands a history of facts, free of sectional prejudice, that the world at large may have a true conception of our great country both as a whole and of its component sections.

WILLIAM R. DANCY, M. D.,  
*Commander-in-Chief, S. C. V.*

Copies of the foregoing report of the Textbook Committee, S. C. V., entitled "A Protest Against Provincialism," may be obtained from the office of the Adjutant-in-Chief, Walter L. Hopkins, Law Building, Richmond, Va.

Single copies are 35 cents, four for \$1.00; 25 copies for \$5.00, and 100 for \$15. Checks should be made payable to Sons of Confederate Veterans.

#### *THAT OLD GRAY COAT.*

Ragman, leave that Old Gray Coat,  
Touch not a single fold;  
It served me well when it was new,  
I'll save it, now 'tis old.

Through sunshine, storm, and battle's rush,  
Where shell and shrapnel flew;  
In camp where slumber gave sweet rest,  
When winter's tempest blew;

In hospital where anguished groan  
Expressed the sufferer's pain;  
On firing-line where death came near,  
And deep wounds left their stain—

It was to me protector, friend,  
A comfort, shield and joy,  
And 'though 'tis torn and tattered now,  
You shall not it destroy.

So keep it well, save skirt and sleeve  
From dust, and moth, and gorm,  
And when in death's cold arms I lie,  
Just wrap it round my form.

—James Edward Payne.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

#### *THE OLDEST SUBSCRIBERS.*

The oldest Veteran subscriber to the VETERAN is Rev. John Huske Tillinghast, of Eastover, S. C., who will be ninety-seven in September. He was Chaplain of the 44th North Carolina Regiment, Pettigrew's Brigade, and is also the oldest living ex-Chaplain of the Confederate army. He was born September 19, 1835, at Hillsboro, N. C., and was educated at Bingham's School, the University of North Carolina, and Hampden-Sidney, graduating from there in 1857. He was in the active ministry of the Episcopal Church for fifty-eight years.

Mrs. M. E. Grinstead, of Sedalia, Mo., ninety-nine years and six months—enjoys every page of the VETERAN; has her volumes bound. Wishes the VETERAN continued life and improvement.

D. D. Mullins, of Antlers, Okla., renews subscription, and writes: "Am ninety years old, and want to read the VETERAN while I live. Had a great time at the Richmond reunion, and got much inspiration from the trip."

J. Churchill Cooke, of Beaver Dam, Va., a ninety-three years young subscriber, writes: "Let me know when my subscription expires; don't want to miss a number."

## PICTURES OF CONFEDERATE LEADERS.

The following pictures are commended as being most suitable for presentation purposes, as their good quality is fine insurance. These pictures are:

**THE THREE GENERALS.**—Group showing Generals Lee, Jackson, and Joseph E. Johnston. A fine steel engraving some 19 by 22 inches, price \$10. With an order for this picture, a year's subscription to the *VETERAN* is allowed.

**PICTURE OF GEN. R. E. LEE.**—A fine steel engraving printed in soft brown tones; in good size. Picture highly commended by General Lee's daughter as a good likeness. Price, \$5.

**PICTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.**—A handsome print, showing him in the flush of maturity, just before the war. Can be had in different sizes, as follows: 16 x 20 inches, double weight paper, \$4; mounted on cardboard, \$4.50; 20x30 inches, \$7; mounted, \$7.50; 30x40 inches, \$10; mounted, \$10.50.

Address the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, Nashville, Tenn.

*Confederate Literature Wanted.*—The American Legion Post, of Watertown, Dakota, is assembling a Memorial War Library and Museum in the new courthouse of that place, and the Post Adjutant, Wright Tarbell, writes that they are very anxious to get material on the War between the States from the Southern side, and any such contributions will be highly appreciated. They have nothing so far but a life of General Lee. This is a fine opportunity to place before the World War veterans a true presentment of the South's struggle for independence in the sixties.

## ADDITIONAL LIST OF BOOKS AT REDUCED PRICES.

*Library of Southern Literature.* This splendid work is in sixteen volumes, three-quarter red morocco binding, and every volume in fine condition except two, which are stained by dampness on one cover each. This is the DeLuxe edition which originally sold at \$150. This is an exceptional offering at .....\$ 35 00

*The Confederate Military History.* Gives the history of each Southern State in the Confederacy as written by a leading man of each State, the whole edited by Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia. One set in half leather binding, fine condition, at ..... 25 00  
One set in cloth at ..... 20 00  
This work originally sold at \$60 and \$45 per set. Now offered at a bargain.

*Messages and Papers of the Confederacy.* A valuable work compiled by Hon. J. D. Richardson ..... 6 00

*Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston.* By his son, Col. William Preston Johnston. Cloth, fine condition ..... 4 00

*Matthew Fontaine Maury, Admiral Franklin Buchanan.* Two splendid biographical works by Charles Lee Lewis, of the U. S. Naval Academy. Both handsome volumes, as new ..... 4 00

*Light Horse Harry Lee.* By Thomas Boyd. In this volume is given the story of the good and ill fortune of this friend of Washington and the father of Gen. Robert E. Lee. A handsome volume, new ..... 4 00

*Bible Defense of Slavery, or the Origin, History, and Fortunes of the Negro Race.* By Joseph Priest, A.M. With an addition giving a Plan of Colonization by Rev. W. S. Brown, of Kentucky ..... 3 00

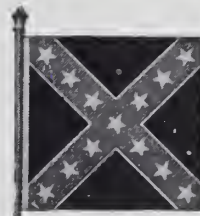
*Regulations of the Army of the Confederate States.* Authorized editions of 1861 and 1862. Printed by West and Johnson, Richmond, Va. One volume carries the name of "Brig. Gen. Martin," the other that of "Greynard Richardson, Lucas' Battalion Artillery, C. S. P. A., Feb. 13, 1862." Each ..... 2 00  
Regulations for Quartermaster's Department ..... 1 50

*Two Wars—An Autobiography.* By Gen. S. G. French, giving sketch of his life and experiences in the Mexican War and the War between the States. Cloth ..... 2 25

*The Story of Camp Chase.* By Col. W. H. Knauss, the friend of the other side who was so interested in beautifying the Confederate Cemetery at Columbus, Ohio, where were buried the Confederate dead of Camp Chase Prison ..... 2 00

*Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings.* By Joel Chandler Harris. Stories that never grow old ..... 2 00

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## DUTY IN BUSINESS.

This question of unemployment I regard as the greatest economic blot on our capitalistic system. There is no answer except that the managers of business have not yet learned how to make their system function so that men willing and able to work may do so. We cannot wear more than so many clothes, and so we may have overproduction in individual lines. But there are innumerable wants of men yet unserved, and as long as culture grows these wants will outrun our capacity to produce the things to satisfy them. The world does not owe men a living, but business, if it is to fulfill its ideal, owes men an opportunity to earn a living.—Owen D. Young.

Arnold: "Do you still attend the same place of worship?"

Dick: "Yes, I am on my way to see her now."—*The Bug*.

Professor: "Tell me one or two things about John Milton."

Plebe: "Well, he got married and he wrote *Paradise Lost*. Then his wife died, and he wrote *Paradise Regained*."

Teacher: "We borrowed our numerals from the Arabs, our calendar from the Romans, and our banking from the Italians. Can anyone think of any other examples?"

Charlie: "Our lawn mower from the Smiths, our sewing machine from the Joneses, and a pair of steps from Miss Evans."

A small boy, leading a donkey, passed by an army camp. A couple of soldiers wanted to have some fun with the lad.

"What are you holding on to your brother so tight for, sonny?" said one of them.

"So, he won't join the army," the youngster replied, without blinking an eye.—*The Baptist*.



## **Special Prices on Books**

The VETERAN is having to close out its stock of old books, and the following list is offered at reduced prices for quick sales. Send second and third choice, as most of these are one copy only. This is the list:

Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest. By Dr. John A. Wyeth.....	\$ 12 00
This book is out of print, and has sold as high as \$20.00. The copy offered is in fine condition.	
Life and Campaigns of Gen. N. B. Forrest. By Jordan and Pryor. One copy rebound.....	4 00
Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. J. William Jones .....	3 50
Personal Reminiscences of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Dr. J. William Jones .....	3 50
Gen. R. E. Lee. By John Esten Cooke. Fine copy.....	4 00
Life and Campaigns of Gen. R. E. Lee. Illustrated. By James D. McCabe.....	4 00
Lee and His Generals. By William Parker Snow. One of the earliest books of the kind.....	4 00
Memoirs of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Gen. A. L. Long, who served under "Mars Robert".....	4 00
Life of Jefferson Davis. By Frank H. Alfrend.....	3 50
Lee's Sharpshooters, or The Forefront of Battle. By Maj. W. S. Dunlop .....	3 50
Early Life and Letters of Gen. T. J. Jackson. By T. J. Arnold .....	1 25
The American Bastile, a History of the Illegal Arrests and Imprisonment of American Citizens during the War. By John A. Marshall, one who suffered such imprisonment...	3 50
U. S. Bonds, or Duress by Federal Authority. Imprisonment at Fort Delaware. By Isaac K. Handy, D.D., a victim .....	3 50
The Women of the Confederacy. By Rev. J. L. Underwood..	4 00
See page 367 for additional list.	

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**THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN**  
NASHVILLE, TENN.

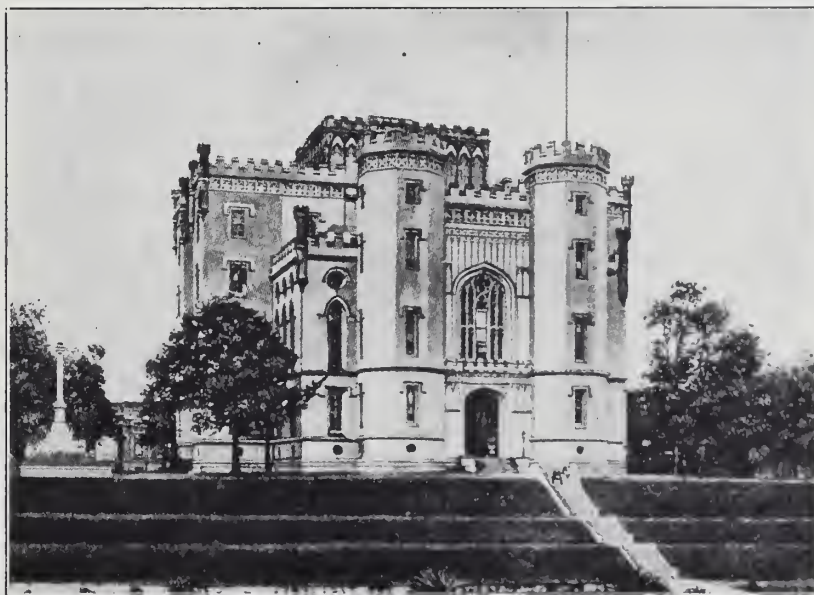


# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XL

NOVEMBER, 1932

NO. 11



THE OLD STATE CAPITOL AT BATON ROUGE, LA.

As many other States of the South have done, Louisiana has erected a handsome State Capitol building, modern in design and equipment, yet the old building at Baton Rouge, unique in design and beautiful in its setting, will be preserved for some good purpose. Baton Rouge was the capital city of Louisiana in the years from 1849 to 1864, and there the secession ordinance was passed, January 26, 1861. The city was captured by Union forces May 2, 1862, and then the State government was carried on at Shreveport, while the Unionists in 1864 made New Orleans the seat of government. In accordance with the State Constitution of 1879, Baton Rouge again became the capital city, and this old building was erected in 1880-1881 to replace the building destroyed by the Federal troops. It follows the artistic lines of the Tudor period, with early French Gothic embellishments. The stately white building against the green of grass and trees is a picture of beauty.



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## GRAY CAPS

By Rosa B. Knox

A Story of Southern Plantation Life.  
Authentic History for Juveniles by the  
Author of "The Boys and Sally,"  
"Miss Jimmy Deane," etc.

For Schools or Beautiful Gift Book for  
Christmas.

Published by

Doubleday Doran Company  
Garden City, N. Y., \$2.00

W. L. McJunkins, Superintendent of County Schools, of Ash Flat, Ark., wants to get a copy of the "Confederate Scrap Book." Who knows of it?

WANTED.—Copy of a book on the life of Gen. John H. Morgan is inquired for by R. E. Moody, of the Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va. Anyone having such a work or knowing where it might be procured will please respond.

Mrs. J. H. Kinney, 701 Emerson St., Evanston, Ill., is trying to get the war record of John Smithwick, who lived in Georgia (Milledgeville), but does not know whether he enlisted in that State or not. Any information will be appreciated.

Mrs. Mary V. Plant, 1730 Melrose Place, Knoxville, Tenn., wishes to get Volume 34 of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and anyone having this for sale will please write to her.

Charles H. Love, Commissioner of Labor, Nashville, Tenn., wishes to get a "History of the 1st Kentucky Regiment," by Hackett. Anyone having this will please write him.

Charles J. Epps, Conway, S. C., would like to get two copies of "The Immortal Six Hundred," by Maj. J. Ogden Murray. Write him as to price, etc.

Mrs. Nina O. Stalney, widow of Edward Marshall Stalney, is trying to establish his record that she may get a pension. He enlisted from Wilkinson County, Ga., in 1864, at the age of sixteen, and was with Johnston's army in the fighting about Atlanta, and was honorably discharged in that city at the close of the war; he died in Laurens County, Ga., in 1917. Anyone knowing of him as a soldier of the Confederacy will please write to W. S. Collins, County Judge, Titusville, Fla., who is interested in helping her get a pension.

## EVERY MEMBERSHIP HELPS.

World-wide depression and the economic situation in the United States have not abrogated the Treaty of Geneva. The American Red Cross has rescinded none of her obligations; she has not ceased to function.

In no less than 60 domestic disasters, affecting 31 States, the Greatest Mother has piloted the victims back to normalcy, aiding in rebuilding and refurnishing homes shattered by tornado, cyclone, and flood. By the distribution of trainloads of food and stockfeed, tons of shoes and clothing and quantities of medical supplies she has alleviated the lot of at least 3,000,000 victims of the disasters of nature. To these she has also dispensed garden seed in amounts sufficient to plant with a score of varieties of the best tested seed 100,000 acres of land.

In some two-thirds of her nation-

wide network of chapters and branches she is now coping with the unemployment problem by means of job campaigns; Red Cross shops, stimulation of public works, etc. As dispenser of 40,000,000 bushels of Federal Farm Board wheat and 500,000 bales of Government cotton, she has been instrumental in the relief of no less than 12,000,000 farm citizens. An army of approximately 90,000 volunteers in thousands of Red Cross work rooms in every State in the Union will convert into garments for the destitute textiles manufactured from this cotton.

Membership dues subscribed by the American people during the annual Roll Call, from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving, make possible these Good Samaritan deeds. Never was the need among our fellow-Americans more acute. Every dollar helps.

FINE RECORD FOR BOY SCOUTS.—The warden at Sing Sing prison says no boy scout has ever been imprisoned there. At Elmira Reformatory but one inmate there had ever taken the scout pledge. A well-known criminal judge declares that he has never had a boy scout brought before him charged with an offense.—*Kablegram*.

"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," said the youthful agricultural college graduate to the old farmer. "Why, I'd be astonished if you got even ten pounds of apples from that tree."

"So would I," replied the farmer, "It's a pear tree."—*Chaser*.

MUSEUMS INCREASING.—According to the American Association of Museums there are now 1,400 museums in the United States, most of which are regarded as important and necessary sources of education. Small-town museums favor history, larger cities give art first place.—*Kablegram*.

"What is an optimist?"

"A man who doesn't mind what happens so long as it doesn't happen to him."

## MONEY FOR YOU.

Search your old trunks and send all old envelopes used before 1880. Highest prices paid. George Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York.

# Confederate Veteran

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. } VOL. XL.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1932

No. 11

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

### GENERAL OFFICERS.

GEN. HOMER ATKINSON, Petersburg, Va.....*Commander in Chief*  
GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn...*Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*  
MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 1728 Audubon Street, New Orleans, La.

*Assistant to the Adjutant General*

REV. J. C. REED, Blackstone, Va.....*Chaplain General*

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GEN. SIMS LATTA, Columbia, Tenn..... *Army of Tennessee*  
GEN. R. D. CHAPMAN, Houston, Tex..... *Trans-Mississippi*

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ARKANSAS—Russellville.....Gen. J. P. McCarther  
FLORIDA—.....Gen. W. E. McGhagin  
GEORGIA—Savannah.....Gen. William Harden  
KENTUCKY—Richmond.....Gen. N. B. Deatherage  
LOUISIANA—LaFayette.....Gen. Gustave Mouton  
MARYLAND—.....  
MISSISSIPPI—Liberty.....Gen. W. R. Jacobs  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Gen. W. A. Wall  
NORTH CAROLINA—Ansonville.....Gen. W. A. Smith  
OKLAHOMA—Okmulgee.....Gen. A. C. De Vinna  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Sumter.....Gen. N. G. Osteen  
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### HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va.....*Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. M. D. VANCE, Little Rock, Ark.....*Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. R. A. SNEED, Oklahoma City, Okla...*Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. L. W. STEPHENS, Coushatta, La...*Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. C. A. DESAUSSEURE, Memphis, Tenn. *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Matthews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## IN TRIBUTE TO MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

In the "Open Air Westminster of the South," at Fletcher, N. C., on the 9th of October, a handsome boulder was dedicated by North Carolina Division, U. D. C., in tribute to Matthew Fontaine Maury, great Southern scientist.

## GOOD FRIENDS AND TRUE.

Among the subscribers to the VETERAN there are many who have reached great age, as revealed by the recently published list of "oldest subscribers," and there are many others who could be included in that list, steadfast friends throughout the life of the VETERAN. To them the VETERAN renders grateful homage and appreciation of their loyalty and devotion which has helped to sustain this journal of Confederate history.

Of these good friends is Miss Nannie Davis Smith, of Baton Rouge, La., a grand niece of President Davis, who, on October 6, passed her ninety-first milestone. She is the oldest living relative of the great Southern leader, and in her early life was much in the Davis home, and her reminiscences of that association as culled from the "treasure house of memory" reveal great love and veneration for her distinguished relative.

"Miss Nannie" is a gifted writer, and even on this ninety-first anniversary used her pen to add to her reminiscences. She has contributed to the VETERAN some of her memories of the Davis family. She was made a member of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association and was honor guest during the reunion in Biloxi in 1930; a member of the Joanna Waddell Chapter, U. D. C., of Baton Rouge, and Honorary President of the Louisiana Division. A silk Confederate flag was the gift of her Chapter on this anniversary.

Textbook Changed by U. D. C. Protest.—As a result of the agitation against Muzzey's History of the United States by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Lebanon, Tenn., the Board of Education dropped it from the list of textbooks for Wilson County. Good work for the Daughters!



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## SHALL THE VETERAN CONTINUE?

The financial depression in this country has seriously affected publications generally, even the most prosperous showing a reduction in advertising patronage, which means a great loss in receipts. With the VETERAN it means a loss in subscription patronage, for even the small amount of \$1.50 per year is counted as worth saving by some who doubtless need every cent to furnish the necessities of life. Yet it is difficult to realize that there are many among its patrons who could not spare that pittance to help carry on a work which has meant so much in the interest of true history.

The loss in this way has reduced the VETERAN'S dependence to less than a sustaining list, and if it is to be continued that list must be built up by several thousand additions. Dependent upon receipts from subscriptions, the VETERAN is not able to make such attractive offers to agents as other publications, which build up their circulation by giving away practically the subscription price in commissions and premiums, for their advertising patronage depends upon the circulation. Founded on faith and hope, the VETERAN has had to depend upon the response from a loyal patronage which has decreased with the years, and that patronage must be built up in some way to make it self-sustaining.

A few years ago one of the interested friends of the VETERAN presented to the convention of United Confederate Veterans a resolution proposing the establishment of an endowment fund through bequests from veterans as they passed away, such bequest to be but a minor part of the estate, but not a cent has ever come in that way, yet many of our veterans have left handsome estates to their families, some of them rating as millionaires.

In the interest of continuing this patriotic work, appeal is made to all patrons of the VETERAN who are in arrears on subscription to remit at once the amount that will set them a year ahead, and those who are paid in advance can co-operate by securing at least one subscription each to help build up the circulation. And all are asked to send any suggestions for the benefit of the publication. Upon the financial response to this depends the future of the VETERAN. Shall it be continued?

## VALUE OF THE VETERAN.

In preparing some historical articles, Mrs. W. T. Fowler, of Lexington, Ky., found in the VETERAN much of the desired information, and she writes of it: "This fall I am more than ever convinced of the extreme usefulness of the VETERAN. My daughter and I tried for several of the general prizes. We got together quite a lot of data and material, but the files of the VETERAN for the past twelve years, which I have kept, afforded us by far more material than we found elsewhere—and there were references to many valuable books for certain data. I wonder if it has occurred to our readers how very many reminiscences of eye-witnesses, the best evidence in the world, appear in the VETERAN. It is by going through the volumes as a whole that we see the great historical value more clearly."

In renewing his subscription, James H. White, Commander of the Missouri Divisions, Sons of Confederate Veterans, writes: "In sending this, I feel that I am helping to keep alive one of the best, if not the only one, of the publications that hold true to the traditions of the Old South. Also the only one giving the true story of the cause for which our fathers fought and many of them died on the battle field—a cause that was not lost and one that will never die—one that is the most alive cause of the American people today—States Rights, home and Southern womanhood. . . . In trying to arouse our Sons, Daughters, and the few veterans at our Missouri State reunion at Higginsville in September, I stressed the importance of this publication to our beloved Southland and its traditions."

A long-time friend and subscriber, Mr. W. W. Hunt, of Little Rock, Ark., expresses surprise that so many veterans and members of all the Confederate organizations are not subscribers to the VETERAN, yet they profess to be devoted to the cause of the Confederacy. "I have been taking the VETERAN for years and years," he says, "and when it comes I read it from start to finish. I would be willing to deny myself the luxuries of life rather than do without the VETERAN; just don't know how to get along without it. Now, friends, let us show our faith by our work and have no shortage along any score."

*A Southern Statesman.*—In the recent death of John Sharp Williams, former United States Senator from Mississippi, at his plantation home near Yazoo City, Miss., the South has lost one of its most patriotic defenders.

THE REBEL YELL.

Send its echoes down the ages!  
Let its martial challenge ring,  
Born amid the battle's rages,  
Soaring on exultant wing!

From Fame's battlement revealing  
Dauntless courage to all earth,  
Stern the lips that sent it pealing,  
Pure the Cause that gave it birth.

Let it live, proclaiming loudly  
Tramp of armies in advance  
'Neath that banner streaming proudly,  
Led by Lee's imperial glance!

Tell its story to all nations!  
Down the trail of unborn feet,  
Let it thrill new generations,  
Still triumphant in defeat!

Where embattled hosts lie sleeping,  
Sounds the Rebel Yell no more.  
Who shall say what dreams they're keeping  
Safe beyond the cannon's roar?

Pledged to conquest or death's pallor,  
Martyr's in unequal feud,  
On the hallowed urn of Valor  
Gleams the tear of gratitude.

Shall the South forget? Nay, never!  
Let that clarion call resound  
Immemorial endeavor  
Echoed all the world around!

—Lilita Lever Younge.

LINCOLN'S STRATEGY.

(Comment by Captain Ashe)

I have read with interest an eight-page pamphlet, "Abraham Lincoln—Strategist," by Dr. T. N. McIntosh, Thomasville, Ga. It is a most valuable composition. There is, however, one statement that escaped his attention. It is "Nickolay and Hay," Vol. 4. They wrote as of April 1st, p. 442, Vol. 3: "Congress had neglected to provide measures and means for coercion. The conservative sentiment of the country protested loudly against everything but concessions. His own cabinet was divided in Council. Public opinion was 'awry.' Treason was applauded and patriotism rebuked." Then "the President determined on war, and with the purpose of making it appear that the South was the aggressor, he took measures. He sought to bring about the Confederate attack on Fort Sumter. The President was looking

through and beyond the now inevitable attack and the response of the awakened and united North. . . . He was looking through Sumter to the States, beyond the insulted flag to the avenging nation." N. & Hay, Vol. 4, p. 28-45.

So Fred Seward, the assistant Secretary of State, records that the firing on Sumter was not unexpected (p. 587).

A MASTER STRATEGIST.

Frank H. Camperson, Jr., of Seattle, Wash., sends copy of an editorial from that city's leading journal, the *Seattle Daily Times*, and said: "I find it highly significant that such a powerful paper, in the midst of a colorful election campaign and so far from the South in distance and influences, should take occasion to write the following:"

"TRIBUTE TO JACKSON.

"British strategists recently paid a high compliment to the memory of Stonewall Jackson, famous Confederate general. Large bodies of troops re-enacted at Aldershot the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, where the Civil War commander led a ragged force to a series of brilliant victories.

"The struggle between the States, has, for the American, so many high spots and involves the activity of so many able men, he, perhaps, is not so disposed as the foreigner to pick out one soldier or one campaign as distinctive from all the others occurring during the years of fratricidal strife. To the Britisher, the Shenandoah Valley campaign is a classic, embodying many vital lessons in the use of troops in the open against superior enemy forces.

"The silent, intensely religious, hard-fighting Jackson was one of the 'mystery men' of the Civil War. He shunned publicity; by nature he was extremely retiring; yet at the first battle in which opposing forces were engaged—Bull Run—he became the outstanding figure on the Confederate side. Nevertheless, it was not until later in the war that he emerged from comparative obscurity as the defender of the Shenandoah Valley against a determined Federal attack involving all or part of several columns of Union troops.

"His death, through a mistake of his own men, who fired upon his army staff in semidarkness, ended the career of a master strategist. That his brilliancy should be appreciated at home is logical; that it should be so highly esteemed abroad is the highest of compliments to an extremely able American soldier."



## DID THE SOUTH UNDERSTAND?

(The following article is reproduced from the *News and Observer* of Raleigh, N. C., to which paper it was submitted by Capt. S. A. Ashe in response to an editorial appearing in that paper. In approving some publication by Dr. Dodd, Historian, University of Chicago, the editor made some remark that led Captain Ashe to present a different view.)

"Neither Lincoln nor Douglas was understood in the South between 1858 and 1861," you quote from Dr. Dodd in your editorial of September 10th and, "one of the most cruel and useless of wars followed." Apparently the suggestion is that because the South did not understand these two Northerners, the cruel war resulted—due to the ignorance of the South. Then you say, "To-day the South is beginning, and only beginning, to emerge from the clouds of ignorance deliberately put upon it by the economic overloads of the Old South." Exactly what you mean I do not know.

In the winter and spring of 1860-61, seven Southern States withdrew from the Union. Congress being in session did not resolve that they had no right to do that, but, instead, Congress passed a resolution intended to bring about their return to the Union. However, without waiting for that, some persons up North said: "With us it is no longer an abstract question. One of Constitutional construction—or reserved—or delegated powers of the States to the Federal Government, but of material existence and moral position both at home and abroad." Not a matter of right, but of interest. So the powerful Northern States asserted dominion over the seceded States.

And the South did not understand Douglas and Lincoln! May I ask, "Did the South understand John Brown?"

"Did the South understand Emerson when he proclaimed that 'Brown had made the gallows as glorious as the cross?'"

"Did the South understand Wright, the principal speaker at the great meeting at Natick, when he declared that 'the people of the North look upon Jesus Christ as a dead failure, and we would rely on John Brown and him hanged.'"

"Did the South understand the Republican leaders when they distributed throughout the North 'The Impending Crisis,' saying to the slaveholders: 'Indeed, it is our honest conviction that all the pro-slavery slaveholders deserve to be at once reduced to a parallel with the basest criminals

that lie fettered within the cells of our public prisons.' 'Were it possible for the whole number to be gathered and transformed into four equal gangs of licensed robbers, ruffians, thieves, and murderers, society would suffer less from their atrocities than it does now.'"

And, addressing the slaveholders: "Henceforth, we are demandants—not suppliants." . . . "Do you aspire to become victims of white non-slaveholders' vengeance by day and of barbarous massacres by negroes at night?"

Did the South understand what this meant when the Northern Republicans, who distributed this book in immense quantities throughout the homes of the North, at the election nearly doubled their number of Congressmen?

As early as 1831, Governor Stokes, of North Carolina, had called the Legislature's attention to efforts being made at the North to excite servile insurrections at the South, and now a new crusade was threatened. When Congress met in December, 1859, the Republicans, who did not have quite a majority, proposed one of their number for speaker. At once a Democrat offered a resolution that no man who had assisted in the distribution of that abominable book suggesting negro insurrection was fit to be Speaker, and, thereupon, a riot ensued that virtually lasted until February 22, 1860. At length, Pennington, a Whig, was elected Speaker. Then at the ensuing election for President, the candidate of these men was elected by the Northern States in a whoop.

Did the people of Fayetteville, N. C., in October, 1860, understand the situation when they asked the War Department to station a company of soldiers at Fayetteville for protection, and the soldiers were sent? When President Lincoln, in September, 1862, issued his proclamation threatening the emancipation of the Southern slaves, that subject of slave insurrections was discussed in the public newspapers of the North. Mr. Lincoln said that it was a moral question that did not concern him. Then did the people of the South understand what Lincoln's soldiers meant when they proclaimed that "John Brown's soul was marching on"?

And, as if to prove that, on May 12, 1864, a plan for a general uprising of the negroes throughout the South was formulated at Washington City and was to be submitted to the Federal officers in command at the South. It was to go into effect on August 1, 1864. When approved, it was sent South to be agreed to. The Federal Governor of North Carolina agreed to it, and it

was dispatched to go on to others; but, fortunately, the vessel carrying it was captured, and that stopped that proceeding. It was not that the Southern people were ignorant that the seven Cotton States left the companionship of the Northern States then threatening them with negro insurrections. It was because they preferred to escape negro insurrections that they sought safety by withdrawing from the Union. However, it was said by such men as Mr. Edward Ruffin and Gov. Henry A. Wise that the movement was not by the public men, but by the ordinary citizens.

### INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE.

BY J. A. OSGOOD, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Wasn't it Mark Twain who remarked that some people have so devout regard for the truth that they seldom or never employ it? Countless cases in point are to be found if we turn to certain most important, but none the less disregarded, Northern records of the War between the States, and the leaders engaged therein.

Foremost, perhaps, stands the unfinished autobiography of Gen. U. S. Grant. In the latter part of this work, the distinguished author argues that the notion that the Federals outnumbered the Southern forces in battle is a false one. The emphasis with which he insists on this statement is the more remarkable in the light of the following passages from Vol. II of his autobiography. On page 97 we find this statement:

"The artillery was commanded by Gen. Henry J. Hunt. This arm was in such abundance that the fourth of it could not be used to advantage in such country as we were destined to pass through."

On page 144 General Grant records: "The Wilderness and Spottsylvania battles convinced me that we had more artillery than could ever be brought into action at any one time. . . . Before leaving Spottsylvania, therefore, I sent back to the defenses of Washington over one hundred pieces of artillery with the horses and caissons. This . . . still left us more artillery than could be advantageously used. In fact, before reaching the James River, I again reduced the artillery with the army largely."

To this, on page 183, "The Silent One" has added: "Besides the ordinary losses incident to a campaign of six weeks' nearly constant fighting or skirmishing, about one-half the artillery was sent back to Washington."

In the face of evidence so convincing and authoritative, who will dare question General Grant's contention that there was no material disparity

between the Northern and the Southern forces? How could any government which so overloaded its troops with heavy artillery afford to maintain other arms of the service superior in number to those of its opponent? Perhaps this was why the heavy guns were needed, right on to the end of the war, for the "defenses of Washington," which he mentions.

General Henry J. Hunt, mentioned in the foregoing as commander of General Grant's artillery, contributed to the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" a series of articles which are to be found in Vol. III of that work. On page 303, after giving to General McClellan credit for organizing the formidable Federal Artillery Reserve, which, he states, won for the North such battles as Gettysburg, Malvern Hill, and Murfreesboro, he adds (page 303):

"When, in 1864, in the Rapidan campaign, it was 'got rid of,' it reconstituted itself without orders, and in a few weeks, through the necessities of the army, showing that 'principles vindicate themselves.'"

According to General Hunt (page 301), the fighting spirit of Meade's army at Gettysburg was incalculably increased by a rumor that McClellan had been reappointed and was on his way to resume command of them, which spread through the ranks on the second day of the battle.

Significant also is the following passage, descriptive of McClellan's farewell to the Army of the Potomac, immediately after Burnside's appointment ("Battles and Leaders," Vol. II, page 104):

"The moment was critical. A word, a look of encouragement, the lifting of a finger, would have been the signal for a revolt against lawful authority the consequences of which no man can measure."

Evidently the troops trusted McClellan rather than Lincoln.

The writer of the article on General Grant in the Encyclopedia Britannica apparently desires to convince his readers that besides operating in person against Lee in Virginia, Grant directed the operations of Sherman, Thomas, and other Northern commanders in more distant fields. It need hardly be argued that Sherman "ran his own show" throughout the campaigns of 1864-65. As for Thomas, according to his cavalry commander, General Wilson ("Battles and Leaders," Vol. IV, pages 455-6-7), Grant had sent Logan to supersede General Thomas just before the battle of Nashville was fought; and the resulting victory



alone saved General Thomas from being removed from command merely to satisfy Grant's unfortunate prejudice against an abler subordinate. On page 467, General Thomas is quoted as follows:

"Wilson, they (meaning General Grant and the War Department) treat me as though I were a boy and incapable of planning a campaign or fighting a battle."

But, it may be rejoined, these are minor matters, after all, and the Southern Confederacy was doomed from the first to succumb to the prowess of the forces arrayed behind (?) the fighting, rail-splitting President, Abraham Lincoln. Now it happens that, by his own testimony, Lincoln was neither fighter nor rail-splitter. If anyone doubts this, let him consult an article, "Reminiscences of Lincoln," published in *Scribner's* of March, 1878, by Lincoln's friend and admirer, Noah Brooks. According to this friendly witness, Lincoln said to him:

"I believe I have enough moral courage to do my duty. But I feel sure that if I were facing the enemy, and they began firing, I would turn and run—I know I should."

Mr. Brooks states positively that "rail-splitting was not in the President's line"; and that when an admirer undertook to remind him that he had admitted at the Chicago Convention that he had split rails, Lincoln rejoined:

"No, I didn't. They brought the rails in where I was, with a great hurrah, and asked me if those were not rails I had split. And I said that if I had ever split rails on the ground where those rails came from—and I wasn't sure that I ever had—I was sure that those were the rails."

From which it would appear that, whatever Lincoln's skill as a rail-splitter, he was an adept at hairsplitting; and doubtless his ability in that direction had its share in "winning the war" between the States.

#### ABBEVILLE'S SECESSION CLAIM DIS- PROVED.

BY MRS. LOUISA CHEVES STONEY, CHARLESTON, S. C.

To shatter a community's faith in her own tradition is a grievous responsibility, but to render unto Abbeville the things that are truly her own should not be incompatible with justice to the rest of the State and to the South.

In an article published in the *News and Courier* of August 10, last, Lewis Perrin, Esq., with commendable patriotism claims that "the First Secession Meeting" was a Public Meeting held in

Abbeville, S. C., on November 22, 1860, and that there "the die was cast . . . which resulted in four long years of bloody war." In substantiation of this he states in correspondence with the writer that "Colonel Thomas Childs Perrin presided at this meeting and, as an acknowledgment of the fact that he had presided at the first meeting held for Secession, he was accorded the privilege of being the first to sign the Ordinance of Secession."

Mr. Perrin's article gives an interesting account of the Abbeville District gathering, of the militia parade, the speeches, the presence of the leaders and the fair of the countryside, and of the Hon. A. G. Magrath of Charleston, who seems to have given the keynote speech of the day; but it does not give the chronology of similar actions which were then taking place, nor the crowding events that led up to them. It might seem to a casual reader that the idea of Secession had sprung full-armed from the oratory of that late November day in little Abbeville.

The doctrine, as everyone knows, however, was not even Southern in its origin. The much-quoted actions of Massachusetts and Connecticut in the years preceding the War of 1812 were probably the first serious approaches to the exemplifications of both Nullification and Secession.

Equally famous is the conduct of South Carolina in 1832 when that State carried Nullification threats into action. By then Secession was in the Southern air.

Mr. Perrin boasts that Abbeville District was the birthplace of John C. Calhoun, as "one of the earliest advocates of Secession," but Calhoun was a Nullifier. On the contrary, Langdon Cheves, also born in Abbeville District, was never a Nullifier; he did not think "that one-twenty-fourth part of the Sovereign power can at pleasure stop the wheels of Government (1832)," but he was forced to become a Secessionist by the injustices of that Government. Just after Calhoun's death, the South held a huge Southern Rights meeting at Nashville, which Cheves attended, but the month before he spoke before the delegates appointed to attend. His message that concerns us is that "of the right of a State to secede from the Union, I have never had the shadow of a doubt. For myself, I think we ought to secede, but not alone. We cannot exist under the present Government of the United States without being a degraded and oppressed people." At that time, California had been admitted to the Union without trial as a territory, and with a law of Mexico's

tied to her constitution, Mexico having later done worse in substituting peonage for slavery. Texas, which had won her independence in great measure with the help of Southerners, and was slave territory, had been shorn of immense tracts given to New Mexico and Indian Territory, which had no slaves; the prohibition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia was being carried out, and the Fugitive Slave Laws were entirely unsatisfactory.

In 1852, a State Convention was held in South Carolina for the purpose of asserting her right to secede, and the whole South continued to grow more restive under the tariff laws and the slavery interference every year, until the election of Lincoln became the determining factor in the Secession of the Southern States.

In 1860, according to Snowden's "History of South Carolina," Governor Gist, anticipating the election of Lincoln, called the Legislature into session on November 5. To it he recommended the bringing together of a Convention of the people of the State "to consider the policy of the party assuming power, for, he said, "the only alternative left, in my judgment, is the secession of South Carolina from the Union."

On November 7th, in the United States District Court in Charleston, another movement was made towards Secession. The presiding judge, A. G. Magrath, who, two weeks later, was to address the meeting at Abbeville, called on the Grand Jury for their presentment. Their foreman, Robert N. Gourdin, replied that "the verdict of the Northern section of the Confederacy, solemnly announced to the country through the ballot box on yesterday, has swept away the last hope for the permanence or the stability of the Federal Government. . . . The issue involves the existence of the government of which this court is the organ and minister. In these circumstances, the Grand Jury respectfully decline to proceed with their presentment."

Whereupon Magrath arose and, dramatically casting aside his robe of office, declared that for the last time, he, as a judge, administered the laws of the United States within the limits of the State of South Carolina; and that, so far as he was concerned, the Temple of Justice, raised under the constitution of the United States, was closed.

The Legislature on the 12th of the month passed a bill calling for a Convention of the people of the State, which was confirmed the next day. The date of election of delegates was fixed for the 6th of December. It was to nominate members to this

convention that the meeting at Abbeville was held on November 22.

There were two newspapers published in Charleston at the period which carried a very fair amount of news from other parts of the State as well as of the outside world. It is interesting to note the diversions of the time. Adelina Patti was staying at the Mills House in Charleston, singing in concerts such favorites as "Comin' through the Rye" just at the time of Lincoln's election. The "Baron Renfrew" of that date was touring the country, and the young and old girls were as excited then as they would be now. But the South was on edge, and these two newspapers reflect the anxiety, the excitement of every Southern State.

Compared with our modern papers, the reports of State affairs in the *Courier and Mercury* are meager, but a good many hours spent in poring over the small type of their old issues have given information of a number of public meetings in the election districts, at each of which resolutions with reference to Secession were passed. A summary of their dates and the principal events that came with them will show the status of the Abbeville meeting:

September 22, St. Paul's Parish Meeting; 24, Christ Church Parish Meeting at Mt. Pleasant; 28, Charleston Meeting; 29, St. James Santee Meeting.

November 5, The Legislature convened; 7, Lincoln's Election announced.

In the Legislature, Mr. Buist, of Charleston, gave notice of a bill to call a convention of the People of South Carolina. Judge Magrath closed the United States Court in Charleston. A Lone Star flag was floated from the masthead of the ship, "James Gray," in Charleston Harbor. The Washington Light Infantry of Charleston voted to remove all the stars from their colors save one and to add others as each Southern State seceded.

November 8, a meeting of the Southern Rights Association was held at Kingstree, which called for volunteers for the military service of the State.

November 9, the State Senate passed resolutions to the effect that they were satisfied that Lincoln was elected. That as his election was based upon an open and avowed hostility to the social organization and peculiar interests of the slaveholding States, it was the sense of the General Assembly that South Carolina was ready to dissolve all connection with the General Government of the United States. As the State earnest-



ly solicited and desired the co-operation of her sister slaveholding States, the Governor should forward copies of this resolution to their Governors with the request that it be submitted to their several Legislatures. In Charleston, a grand Secession rally was held in the Institute Hall (where the Ordinance of Secession was afterwards signed). A president, fifty vice-presidents, and four secretaries were elected.

November 11, a public meeting in Saint Thomas and Saint Denis passed resolutions which stated that they had been Revolutionists in 1832; Disunionists in 1851, and were Secessionists now.

November 12, a public "Secession" meeting in Charleston, in Institute Hall, with Judge Magarh in the chair, elected 182 vice-presidents and 10 secretaries, and an overflow meeting was held on the other side of Meeting Street. Edgefield held a meeting with Chancellor Wardlaw in the chair.

November 13, the bill for holding a convention of the People of the State was confirmed. Delegates to the convention were nominated in Charleston (for Saint Philips and Saint Michael's).

November 15, Richland, Saint Peter's, and Sumter held meetings, passed resolutions in favor of Secession and nominated delegates to the forthcoming convention.

November 19, Chester held a meeting which passed similar resolutions and nominated delegates. At a meeting of militia at Cheraw those who were in favor of Secession were asked to step five paces to the front. Not only the men in ranks, but the surrounding civilians stepped forward.

November 20 (?) or 22, the meeting in Abbeville occurred. This is not reported, however, in the Charleston papers.

Mr. Perrin's claim of precedence given to the Abbeville delegation is easily explained. The members voted individually in alphabetical order, but by resolution of the Convention the Ordinance of Secession was signed by them in the alphabetical order of their election districts. (Journal of the Convention, pp. 49, 50.) So "Abbeville" came first, "All Saints" and "Anderson" followed, and the list ran on through "York." As a leader of his delegation, Thomas Childs Perrin's name led all the rest save the President's.

So much for Abbeville's claim of being the "Cradle of Secession." As to her further claim of being the grave of the cause, we believe that Washington, Ga., must be heard from.

## THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT AND ITS ACTUAL MEANING.

BY WOLF A. LEDERER, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." (*Fr. Section 1, Amendment 14.*)

Adopted July 21, 1868, and declared ratified by "three-fourths and more of the several States of the Union," this Amendment was declared by the Secretary of State to have been ratified by thirty of thirty-six States, July 28, 1868. While seemingly an Amendment giving citizenship to the negroes, upon further study it proves to be of a well-nigh revolutionary character in its declarations.

Heretofore existed a single citizenship in due subservience to the constitutional rights of the State, which were so jealously guarded. Article IV, Section 2, of the Constitution reads as follows:

"The Citizens of each State shall be entitled to all Privileges and Immunities of the Citizens in the several States." This clearly indicates that the "Nation" as such was still non-existent. (I have purposely used the word "Nation" instead of "Union," as to all *outward* appearances, for instance, in its foreign relations, it appeared as a Nation.)

With the passage of the Fourteenth Amendment, we have suddenly become "dual" citizens. Calhoun rightly emphasized the fact that there existed no "National" Citizenship, as Section 2, Article IV, merely referred to State citizenship. But the Fourteenth Amendment changed this entirely: "are citizens of the United States and of the State." It automatically made the State subservient to the Union; it diminished its power by suddenly instructing the States what NOT to do. In its contents it is a mere NEGATION.

The Constitution had enjoyed a life of over eighty years, a life which gave each State fullest power and strictly limited those of the "Nation," implying the inherent *ability* of self-government of the people. In its entirety, the Constitution served efficiently as guardian over all States, imposing certain burdens, such as taxation, duties,

imposts, and excises, and other matters of equal importance. These burdens were distributed fairly and uniformly. The authors of the Constitution believed that the States could be trusted to administer justice rightly and capably. Every governmental power not given to the Union, and not expressly prohibited to the States, was implicitly granted to the States.

Before entering upon a further discussion of the Fourteenth Amendment and its effects upon the Sovereign Rights of the States, it seems necessary to digress somewhat and enter the field of Statesmanship. The first question with which we are confronted is the actual meaning of Sovereignty.

Cooley, in his "Principles," has defined Sovereignty as the supreme, absolute, and uncontrollable power by which a Nation or State is governed. This is the absolute right to govern and the only source of governmental authority. It matters little what kind of government a people have, the power is NOT invested in the person, but in its own power. Legally, this power or sovereignty rests in the people in a republican form of Government.

Sovereignty implies an established government in a State or Nation, but it does not apply to a province or a lesser unit of a state. Cooley expressed himself upon this question, as follows: "Every State possesses sovereignty, and, possessing it, a state is, in the largest sense, independent of all other States, as this power is inconsistent with dependence. Sovereignty is single and indivisible, as it could not be supreme and uncontrollable if capable of being divided and one portion pitted against another."

This fact was recognized and emphasized by John C. Calhoun. His contention was that thirteen States, sovereignties, cannot create another Sovereignty. When a Federal Government was established, its Sovereigns, the people, apportioned certain rights to it, while reserving others to their respective States. And what were the rights reserved by the States? Practically all Sovereign rights, except that they could not have foreign relation, "nor could they do anything which interfered with absolute free trade among themselves." (George A. Rankin, "An American Transportation System.") Its own powers were greatly curtailed by the "Nation." Religious freedom, freedom of speech, etc., are restrictions imposed upon the Federal Government, while permitting the States to legislate upon these questions.

This balance of power was suddenly overthrown by the Fourteenth Amendment. Heretofore the Constitution expressed fullest confidence in the abilities of the States to govern themselves. This trust vanished completely with the passage of the new Amendment. Rankin, in his "American Transportation System," expresses himself in the following manner:

"Primarily intended as a protection to the recently liberated negroes, the Fourteenth Amendment was so broad as practically to make subject to review any legislative act and judicial decision of State authorities."

The proviso in the Amendment, Section 1, as quoted at the opening, was an open insult to the States. It was needless, as it was a Constitutional law in all States, in their own Constitutions. Its purpose was to annihilate the South, but it destroyed State Rights throughout the Union. It openly implicated the States' incapability of internal administration. It publicly and frankly contended that the people of the "Nation" were unable to govern themselves. It established the principles of a "patriarchal government" at Washington, which Capital City was to become a dictator. The principles of State Rights, guaranteed by the Constitution, were abolished with a stroke of pen.

The power to legislate in purely internal affairs was taken from the States and transferred to the Federal Government and Federal Courts. The Federal judges, therefore, possess more justice and wisdom than the State courts and tribunals. Such, at least, is the implication, degrading in its effects. Individuals and corporations, the latter owing their existence to State laws, hasten to Federal courts under the provisions of this Amendment. The State is a mere secondary institution, almost a mere "figure-head," while the Federal Government assumes the powers which rightfully belong to the State, internal management of the State's affairs. State sovereignty, the only recognized sovereignty, has slowly diminished since the War between the States, until today, the State has almost sunk to the levels of a mere Province, lacking sovereign powers.

"The Fourteenth Amendment gives the court the power to say, Thou shalt not. It confers upon no legislative body and no court the power to say what shall be. It merely suspends the power of the State. It takes the power from the State and does not confer it upon the nation. . . ." (George A. Rankin, "An American Transportation System.")



A peculiar situation arises when the Federal Government makes an international treaty, which may be unconstitutional and nullified by the State. Mr. Rankin cites the case of California in relation to the treaty with Japan. Education and land ownership are purely State matters and not Federal (at least, not at the present time); wherefore, a treaty affecting these two subjects may be nullified.

A historically interesting case of the Government utterly disregarding the Constitution presents itself in the formation of a new State out of an old State, viz., the "creation" of the State of West Virginia. Article IV, Section 3, of the United States Constitution reads:

"... but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State . . . without the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned as well as of the Congress."

But the War President, sworn-in to uphold the Constitution, saw fit to ignore it, opportunist that he was, and thus we find the anomaly of fighting for the Constitution and the Union prescribed, or supposedly prescribed by the Constitution, and at the same time openly disregarding it when it was a political advantage. We, therefore, find West Virginia admitted as a separate state, June 19, 1863, merely upon the request of a few "loyal" elements of Virginia's outlying counties. A glaring instance of openly flaunting the Constitution.

We have previously seen that the Fourteenth Amendment was primarily intended to destroy the South, while incidentally making the negro a citizen, although the Indian was never found worthy to become a citizen until political conditions were such as to make it advantageous to the Administration to do so. That the contention of the writer, the intended destruction, is not a mere machination or distortion of an "unreconstructed" can be seen upon a study of the remaining three sections, two of which, namely, Section 2 and 3, particularly emphasize the disfranchisement of all who were connected with the late War between the States . . . "shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof."

Section 4 applies to public debts, legalizing all debts "incurred for pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion." On the other hand, declaring invalid any and all debts "incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion

against the United States, or any claims for the loss or emancipation of any slaves."

The powers of Congress and the Federal Government increase as each new Amendment is passed, to the detriment of the States, who created the Federal Government. The South fought for State Rights, for her freedom and liberty, but when she lost, these watchwords of true Americanism were all lost on the path of progress and commercialism. The North, too, lost, for it lost its precious heritage of the past.

#### GEORGIA IN THE CONFEDERACY.

[In locating places of Confederate interest in Georgia, such as gun manufactories, mills, etc., the Daughters of the Confederacy of Terrell County have brought to light some valuable bits of that history, some of which is told in the following article contributed by Mrs. Ivey C. Milton, President of the Mary Brantley Chapter, U. D. C., of Dawson, Ga.]

#### CONFEDERATE GUN SHOPS, 1864-1865.

Governor Shorter, of Alabama, and President Davis of the Southern Confederacy induced Maj. O. O. Nelson, of Tusculum, Ala., to organize a Company to erect gun shops, as Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia had run short of arms. These shops were first erected at Dickson, Ala., subsequently removed to Rome, Ga., thence to Adairville, Ga., for several months, and then moved to Dawson, Ga.

We find on record in the Court House in Terrell County that Dickson, Nelson & Company purchased, in March, 1864, twenty-two acres of land, part of lot Number 225 in 12th District of Terrell County, for \$2,200, from William H. Bailey of that county. Upon this tract of land they erected what was known as the Gun Shops, which were working in full blast at the close of the war, being still operated by Dickson, Nelson & Company. The following men composed what was known at that time as the "Gun Shop Squad": William Young, P. H. Hobbs, William Norman, Dr. William A. Peet, Reuben Geise, William Sowell, Dr. Abernathy, Thomas J. Hart, John McLain, Henry Atkinson, Vice-President.

They had a large foundry and built many large wooden buildings, which were ever after known as the "Armory Buildings." There are at this time, January, 1932, about five unfinished gun stocks made by the Gun Shops in 1864-65.

Dickson, Nelson & Company sold eighteen acres of the land to the Dawson Manufacturing

Company for \$12,000, which transaction is recorded on the Court House records as of June 12, 1866.

## CONFEDERATE POTASH MILLS.

Evans' Potash Mills of 1861-65.

One of the strong factors for the South's defense in her conflict with the North was the Evans' Potash Mills, operated during the War in the 11th District of Terrell County on lot of land No. 150 owned by Benjamin Gause Christie. This mill was operated under the supervision of a company composed of Captain Evans, Mr. Edwards (enrollment officer), Thomas Taylor, and George Christie.

This mill produced potash to be used in manufacturing explosives needed by the Confederate army. Benjamin G. Christie, on account of a broken hip, which caused his death in 1872, could not give a fighting service, but he was as brave and patriotic as was the soldier on the firing line.

He gave the timbers needed to make the potash, furnished the teams to haul it, and the service of five slaves.

George Christie gave his personal service and the labor of his slaves. He enlisted later in the "Bartow Avengers" of Terrell County, and proceeded to Northern Virginia.

There is nothing left to mark this historic spot but a few brick scattered here and there. It would be interesting to learn the part this mill had in supporting the Confederacy.

## THE CONFEDERATE EXILE CAMP.

In July, 1864, when Sherman entered Atlanta and ordered all the inhabitants to leave at once, over 1,600 people were forced to abandon their homes.

The State of Georgia purchased a part of lot of land No. 32 in the 11th District of Terrell County, and Joseph E. Brown, Governor of Georgia at this time, furnished transportation for three hundred of those Atlanta refugees, who went by the Central of Georgia Railroad to Dawson, and were placed on this tract of land of forty-seven acres.

At first, these poor, unfortunate creatures were cared for in tents, but as soon as possible, the State built sixty houses in order that they might be more comfortable. Here they remained until several months after the war closed. The good people of Dawson and Terrell County carried

them food and other necessities, and did all in their power to carry sunshine and cheer to these less fortunate ones.

This lot of land has been ever afterwards known as "The Exile Camp."

We find on record, January 10, 1866, that the General Assembly of the State of Georgia passed an Act authorizing the Inferior Court of Terrell County to sell and dispose of the "Exile Camp," with all its appurtenances. Then again we find on record, February 20, 1866, that the Inferior Court—S. L. Williams, James R. Knott, James M. Simmons, and Eli Hill—acted in obedience to a Resolution of the General Assembly of the State of Georgia "that the Exile Camp in Terrell County be sold on the first Tuesday in April, 1866, and the proceeds of such sale be paid into the Treasury of the State of Georgia."

Sharp and Brown purchased the Exile Camp.

In a few months after the war closed the Atlanta exiles had returned to their homes, and the "Exile Camp" during the Reconstruction period was occupied by a detachment of fifty men from the Federal troops. The Federal soldiers sent to the different counties to preserve order and fair play at the ballot boxes during the elections refused to be used by the Radicals in the dirty work of controlling the polls in the interest of the carpet-baggers, scalawags, and negroes, "and the vile herd have set upon them like a pack of hyenas and are wilfully misrepresenting their conduct in the hope that they may suffer thereby in the estimation of their superior officers and the public. These soldiers have behaved with the utmost prudence and fairness. Their presence at the polls was not intended to be in the interest of either party, but to aid the civil authorities in preserving order and securing to every man the privilege of voting as he pleased. Sergeant Barker and detachment of soldiers left April 30, 1868. The best of feeling existed between the soldiers and the citizens during their stay. They were as orderly and gentlemanly a set of soldiers as could be found in any service." Among the second fifty soldiers who were stationed at Exile Camp were a number of Germans who had but recently qualified as citizens and Federal soldiers. The duties of these two detachments were light, as they had no uprisings to control and very little friction to overcome in our county. The Federal men were socially disposed and mingled with the village life. Friendships were formed which today are treasured in a strong and beautiful memory.



## BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE.

The following comes from Dr. John N. Ware, head of the Department of Romance Languages in Shorter College, Rome, Ga., but a son of the "Old Dominion." He writes: "A notice on page 267 of the *VETERAN* for July is the cause of this suggestion. It is a brief notice of the death of Lieut. John Russell, of Berryville, Va., and surely John Russell should not be dismissed with such brief mention. If I had the information, I would do it myself, but all I know of him was collected at different times from former Mosby men and old soldiers in Clark County and territory around. His war record was one of the most remarkable in the Confederacy, and his authenticated exploits were almost incredible. Mosby himself said once, when asked who was the bravest man in his command, "That is a hard question to answer where they were all brave, but if I had to pick out just one, I would say without hesitation, John Russell. Such a man as that should not be dismissed with a brief paragraph, and this is a challenge to the Clark County people to give a detailed account of one of the most remarkable figures in the Confederate army. He was a mouselike little man in private life, but Mosby and his former associates and any Yankee with whom he came in contact can all tell you that he was a lion in action."

Appropriately following this tribute from Dr. Ware is a letter written by Col. John S. Mosby to Lieut. John Russell, from San Francisco, Calif., August 28, 1899, recently sent to the *VETERAN* by the daughter of Lieutenant Russell:

"Dear John: I hope that you have not forgotten me. I can never forget you. I have often said that you did double duty and more work than any man in my command, for you not only scouted and found out where there was a weak point to strike, but you were with me and one of the first to strike. This was particularly the case at Berryville. We had halted at Colonel Ware's barn, and you were sent over to the pike to find out what was there. When you came back, I was asleep. You woke me up and told me Sheridan's train was passing. The command was ordered to mount. You and I rode on to reconnoiter. When we saw the long train moving in the morning mist, I sent you at a gallop to tell Chapman to move up quickly. The world knows the result. *You* are entitled to more credit for our success that day than any one else. You may remember that on the same day, when we got to Rectortown, I had you made a Lieutenant. You had worthily won the rank. My last order to attack the enemy was given to

you. On my last raid I discovered at night that there was a small picket on the pike leading from Berryville to Millwood. I told you to take a few men and capture it. I wanted to give you a chance. I remember that I was getting a cup of coffee at David McGuire's when we heard several shots. I laughed and said, 'John has got 'em.' So you had. You soon brought in your prisoners. I recall the scene as vividly as if it had been yesterday.

"My daughters have been spending the summer in Charlestown. One of them wrote me that she was going to the reunion of the 6th Virginia Cavalry at Berryville. So I sent her my photo and told her to find you and give it to you.

"Two interesting events of my life are connected with Berryville: The capture of Sheridan's wagon train there on the morning of August 13, 1864, when, with less than three hundred men and a little Howitzer, we stampeded the guard of three thousand. They didn't seem to think, from the way they complained of having been surprised, that it was fair for three hundred men to attack three thousand in a fog. The other event to which I refer is that I camped there on the night of July 18, 1861, when I was a private in Stuart's regiment—the First Virginia Cavalry. It was the first time I had ever been to the place. We had marched from Bunker Hill, where we had been observing Patterson, and were tired and hungry. I still remember how bountifully the citizens fed us. I had very little idea then that I would ever rise above the position of a private, or that my name would be associated with the Shenandoah.

"I do not expect to go East this year, but next year I hope to spend several months in Virginia and revisit the old scenes of the Valley. I am sorry that I can't be at the unveiling of the monument of our men at Front Royal on the 23rd of September. You will, of course, be there. Major Richards writes that he is to deliver the address. I have written an article and sent it to the *Richmond Times*, which, for the first time, tells the whole truth about the hanging of our men and my retaliation. In it I state that I sent my letter to Sheridan by you. It ought to appear next Sunday, September 3rd.

"Give my love to all of my old men and tell them that I still 'wear their image in my heart of hearts.'"

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Strike! ye can win a martyr's goal;

Strike! with a ruthless hand—

Strike! with the vengeance of the soul

For your bright, beleaguered land!

## SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

DR. HENRY J. WARMUTH.

The records show that Henry J. Warmuth, also borne as H. Joseph Warmuth, private, Company A, 9th Battalion Georgia Artillery, C. S. A., enlisted February 27, 1862, at Atlanta, Ga.

He was appointed Assistant Surgeon for the Battalion, April 25, 1862, and was appointed to Assistant Surgeon for the Provisional Army, C. S., December 4, 1862, to take rank August 15, 1862; promoted to Surgeon, May 28, 1863, to take rank March 22, 1863, and assigned to duty with the 17th and 18th Consolidated Texas Cavalry. On September 22, 1864, he was assigned to duty with the 37th Georgia Infantry, C. S. A.

Union prisoner of war records show that he was captured December 17, 1864, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and imprisoned at Louisville, Ky.; transferred to Camp Chase, Ohio, March 23, 1865, for exchange; received at Fort Delaware, Del., April 28, 1865, where he was released July 24, 1865, on taking the oath of allegiance to the United States.—*Official Records, War Department, Washington, D. C.*

To the list of Confederate surgeons whose service for the South in the days of war has been recorded in the pages of the VETERAN the name of Dr. Henry J. Warmuth is now added as one most deserving that his service be put on permanent record. Widely known and loved as family physician in that section of Rutherford County adjacent to Murfreesboro, Tenn.—his home being at Smyrna—Dr. Warmuth there lived out his life following the War between the States, and in his ministrations to physical needs often gave the service of a surgeon indicative of the skill and ability that doubtless would have brought him fame and fortune if exercised in a wider sphere. Content to give his best without thought of reward, it was sufficient to him that he could mend the broken bones, fit artificial limbs that enabled the maimed to walk again, or to rid the suffering body of disease. So he lived and moved in the country neighborhood as the beloved physician to those about him, and felt it no sacrifice that he gave to them what would have brought him a greater reward elsewhere.

Henry Joseph Warmuth was the son of Joseph and Maria Munyon Warmuth, natives of Bavaria and Madrid, Spain, and was born in the City of Mexico on January 19, 1840. His father was an importer of merchandise in Mexico, and died there

in 1859. Reared in that city until his sixth year, Henry Warmuth with his younger brother, Louis, was then taken to New Orleans, and from there to Paris, where he began his studies in preparatory school, then at the Lycee Bonaparte. Finishing a literary course at the Gymnasium of Wurtzburg, he entered the University there as a medical student. After his father's death, however, he returned to the United States and graduated from Rush Medical College, Chicago, in 1862.

Entering the Confederate army early in 1862, as a private in the 9th Georgia Battalion Artillery, Dr. Warmuth was made its 1st Assistant Surgeon, and in March, 1863, was promoted to Surgeon of that command. After the battle of Chickamauga he was sent to the rear as Hospital Surgeon at Marietta, Rome, and Covington, Ga. In the fall of 1864, he returned to Johnston's army as Surgeon of the 17th and 18th Texas Regiment, consolidated, and following the battle at Franklin, Tenn., he took charge of the 37th Georgia Infantry, and was left by Forrest in charge of the hospitals between Smyrna and Murfreesboro, Tenn.

He was taken prisoner at Murfreesboro in December, 1864, and held in Northern prisons until July, 1865. He then located in Atlanta, Ga., and entered upon the practice of his profession, in which he was successful. In January, 1866, he was married to Miss Mary Worsham Peebles, of Rutherford County, Tenn., and they made their home in Smyrna, that she might be near her people. His practice extended over Rutherford County, and he had held the office of President of the Rutherford County Medical Society, also Vice-President of the Tennessee State Medical Association. He was a Master Mason and an Odd Fellow, and in politics a Democrat. He died in 1904, survived by his wife, a son and a daughter.

Bid Liberty rejoice! Aye, though its day  
Be far or near, these clouds shall yet be red  
With the large promise of the coming ray.  
Meanwhile, with that calm courage which can  
smile.

Amid the terrors of the wildest fray,  
Let us among the charms of Art awhile

Fleet the deep gloom away;  
Nor yet forget that on each hand and head  
Rest the dear rights for which we fight and pray.

—Henry Timrod.



## IN SHERMAN'S WAKE.

[A story of Sherman's raid through Marlboro County, S. C., as told by Mrs. Bettie Thomas Sampson, now in her eighty-fourth year, for her grandchildren. She lives with a daughter in Tampa, Fla.]

In the month of February, 1865, my school companion and I were walking home from the Female Academy in Bennettsville. Carrie Edens was a close neighbor and dear friend. As we walked, our hearts were full of sorrow because of the approaching day when our beautiful roadside of wild flowers would be trodden



MISS BETTIE THOMAS

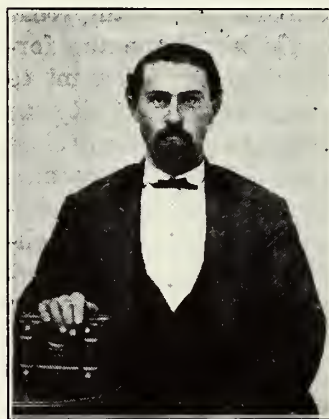
underfoot by the armed foe now nearing our little town of Bennettsville. Sherman's army was coming "nearer, and still nearer" to our dear homes and gardens, so carefully tended by careful gardeners, and the fields of grain "coming on" to a plentiful harvest for man and beast. Along the road were the dense woods of pine, oak, persimmon, black gum and sweet gum, which exuded a gum that the children were wont to chew, as children these days chew "bought gum." We were happy as we walked along from school, even if we were scared and tired, but over our gleeful play there came a hush, a whisper—"Suppose a Yankee soldier should step out of the woods by the roadside"—then we hurried on faster to get home. We had read of the awful outrages perpetrated by that vast army and we planned to "climb a tall pine," as the folks in heathen lands make their hiding places at times, but, alas, for girls' hoop skirts!

In a few days (March 2, 1865) two of our own soldier boys came by for breakfast and reported, "The army is near." On Sunday, March 3, Colonel Dunlap of the 27th Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, who was also a preacher, brought us a message to "be brave and respectful—not afraid nor cowardly." It proved to be a good and sane piece of advice to our family, as you shall see. We had heard rumors (true stories) of how the army was robbing all, of the burning of Columbia and other places, of the insulting of our aged, good mothers, left at home to take care of children and

homes—how sometimes the torch was applied, thus destroying grand old homes and costly furniture and jewels, never to be replaced!

Our horses were all taken, with our favorites, "Pet" and "Barley," and our good man, John. John came back as soon as he could and lived in town with his wife—a good Christian man, respected by the "white folks" as by his own color. So as to Maria, our "mammy" cook, who sat up with me through that awful night, watching the hours, listening to the drawing of the well bucket as the soldiers came for water, as they camped near the front gate, near the well. My Grandmother Thomas's good religious training stayed their minds and souls as they neared the grave, down to old age.

There was nothing to stop the onward "march through the South." Our main armies were in Virginia and Tennessee. The newspapers were not then immense sheets of daily news as now, and were unspoiled of flashy, red lines of untrue tales of the enemy's march. Our mail was brought in horse-drawn hacks from Cheraw and Society Hill, fifteen miles away across the Pee Dee River, and the few old men sat around and waited for the mail to be opened, anxious to know if "our boys" were safe. At this time of year the river was nigh impassable, and we had to wait so long for the mail! Perhaps three days with no "war news," and then the mail pouch would be bespattered by mud that the paper would be hard to read. One of these old men (Colonel Cook) would read the news, and should the news be too bad and he should fail to carry out his rôle of the "reader of the news," another, curious for the news, would assume the rôle. Sometimes their anxiety would



SERGEANT R. N. SAMPSON

get the best of them, and another vehicle and horse would be rigged out and someone go to meet the mail man at the river, for which he was grateful. Alas! some poor old mother or father would often have to "pass under the rod" by the news—hard to be borne—and there would be genuine sorrow for a

lost son or husband, or a dear brother. And the girls who had sweethearts in service had their

hearts torn as well as the parents and sisters. Many times, now, our girlhood trials fill our minds, and a heart sadness overwhelms us. We were brave to bear the brunt of that day, awful in our history, with no fathers nor big brothers to help us "in our day of distress." Carrie and I afterward many times roamed the woods with the younger children and grandchildren, looking for wild flowers, with "Grandfather Thomas," a great man and Baptist preacher, self-made, educated by his own hard studying, but (with the children) hunting wild violets and pinks, a child again, loved and revered by one and all.

Sunday afternoon, March 3, Colonel Dunlap, who was at home on furlough, came to comfort my mother and prepare her for the coming of Sherman's army, then at Cheraw, fifteen miles away, the booming of whose cannon we had already heard. Our hearts sank within us, but the Chaplain-Colonel assured us of God's power to protect, encouraged us to bravery and loyalty and advised a polite demeanor. "Be honest and true, not daring nor impertinent." Needless to offer such advice to a woman of truth and honor, brave in dignity of bearing, modest and lady-like in politeness and kindness—a typical woman of the "Old South," my mother! The good preacher left us, our hearts full of fear and dread. "What if the army hits Bennettsville tonight and should come on down here!" But mother stood firm and calm, which attitude gave to us courage and quiet sleep.

Very early next morning of that memorable day, March 5, two soldiers came, running their horses. We were naturally uneasy, but they proved to be friends and relatives, Philip Meekins and Andrew Harlee. They were at home on furlough and, in some way, separated from their company of friends. (Andrew's sister, Mrs. Taylor, a fine woman, is now my neighbor in Tampa, Fla.) We were just ready for breakfast and invited them to join us. And were they glad! These boys encouraged us to be brave and stand firmly for our rights, which we did, as well as we were able. They left after advising faithful old John to take the horses to the woods in hiding. But alas! the enemy saw him as he passed the yard, raced their horses through the gate and on to the back of the house, over the low rail fence, and caught John! I ran through the house to see what they would do with John and Pet and Barley, when lo! a Yankee on his horse was staring in the window at me. Did the timid girl (who wanted to climb a tall pine!) faint away? Nay, but with

courage, as a brave soldier, said: "We want a guard placed at our door." He bowed politely and answered: "Madam, you shall have my protection as long as I am at your home, but when ordered to march I shall have to obey. No one shall harm you nor take a thing out of your house." I comforted mother with his promise, as she was then in another room and did not hear him. Yes, he did his full duty, directing the men all over the yard to stop, as they attempted to catch the chickens or enter the house or barn. The yard was soon overrun with soldiers and horses. Old John stood with the kind Yankee, whose name we learned was Noah Seals, and they guarded our two pets, "Pet" and "Barley." Several times the soldiers attempted to take the horses, but Seals was able to thwart their purpose while he was there. He had had orders to take John along with him when he moved on, so John gathered up a budget of clothes and his old Bible, and sat on the porch steps, waiting for he knew not what. But as the guardsman moved on he took John along, after he had told us all goodbye. His voice faltered as he said: "Miss Margaret, I would be glad to stay and protect you and the children if I could, but I am afraid not to go." On his trip with the enemy army he was a favorite helper. He came back afterwards to his wife and her home in town and lived and died there, years after, honored by white and black alike. Honest, religious, faithful man, with whomsoever or whatsoever his work, honestly he did his duty the best he could. During the terrible reconstruction period our State went through he was sent to the Legislature from Marlboro District.

As stated before, the Yankee soldier, Noah Seals, did his full duty by us, and no doubt lived a good, honest life after the war was over. I should like to know whatever became of him. "Peace to his ashes." But after he got orders to move on, the infantry came on the rampage! Then it was that things moved out of the barn, hen's nests, fowl yard, and smoke house, everything they could carry away or destroy, but nothing out of the house, except from the pantry. In the late afternoon, two officers came through the front gate and onto the piazza and knocked on the door. Mother politely answered the knock. They asked, "How did our men act?" Mother told them truthfully: "The pantry, smokehouse, fowl yard, and barn are completely ransacked. Horses are all gone." They then saw the piano in the room and asked mother if she would play for them. She answered truthfully that she did not play. They



then asked if she had a daughter. (I was listening through the keyhole.) Mother came to the door and told me what they asked, but said: "If you do not wish to, you need not do it." I went in and played for them and they were profuse in their compliments, and, thanking us for our hospitable notice, took their leave like gentlemen. After all had left, my little brother William went with me into the woods to where he and John had earlier in the day hidden my precious guitar. It was found all right, and I have it yet.

There was meat left in the loft that the soldiers had failed to find, and a few small pieces in the pantry. But think of even breaking up a poor setting hen in the smoke house, high up over the door! As ridiculous as it seems to us now, it was all very terrible to us that dark day, and even now as I write of it after sixty-seven years (June 13, 1932), it all comes back forcibly as I attempt to picture it for you children. Even so we should have suffered much worse had we not had good, faithful guardsman Seals and the protection he afforded the house all that day.

One incident of that awful night I must relate, for it concerns intimately our old cook and this writer. After the meager supper she was able to scrape together had been cleared away, Maria came into the "big house" with us (not a home man left on the place)! Mother was so worn out after all the strange, new excitement of that strenuous day that she went to bed with the baby boy. Maria and I sat up all the night while the brave mother slept (a blessed thing she could sleep). We heard the pickets drawing water from the old deep well in the yard, with the old-time sweep and bucket and chain, all night long. Suffice to say, Maria and I were glad to welcome the dawn and to see that the Yankees had "folded their tents and silently marched away." Mother in the after years related how well she had rested that night, "knowing that Maria and Bettie (I) were praying." What a compliment! And how we cherished the confidence mother placed in our bravery.

Then came the aftermath! Oh! Refuse of every imaginable condition and kind was strewn along the sides of our once beautiful road to town, where Carrie and I had been wont to find lovely flowers. Never would it be the same to us, for she never more traveled the same way to school, because she failed rapidly. I have often wondered if the dread and excitement of that day hastened her going. My own health was shattered pretty soon afterwards for a period of several years. Oh, how long

those years of suffering seemed to the girl who bravely met the foe, but not the failing health. No more walking the road to school, and our happy, care-free days of childhood were over. Everything was changed. Such times of stinting and skimping as we had never known. Carding cotton bats, spinning bats into thread, then weaving those threads, dyed with bark tea from oak, maple, indigo plant, and other various dyes, then used in the making of jeans, homespun, checked or plain, then cut and sewed (by hand) for our use, and for the darkeys' also. Then there was a new evil sprung up, for there were grog shops all over the county, and drunken men passing by, day and night, had to pass us on our way to town. Bennettsville had been a very pretty little town before the Yankees came. Their torch had set fire to and burned several of the stores, and they had left nothing but desolation and want in their wake! Their "March through the South" northward meant for the South the giving up of arms and going back home—vanquished, not by honest glory of victory, but by a morsel stolen from suffering old men, women, and children! But "God is in his heaven, and all is well!" We felt the beauty and depth of meaning of that passage of Scripture.

A word about my dear Father and of his home coming. Rev. James Alexander William Thomas was Captain of Company F, Southern Confederate Veterans. He saw service in the Army of Virginia, being wounded twice, but not seriously. His company had come down through North Carolina and was skirmishing around Wilmington at the time that city fell into the hands of the enemy. He escaped capture by rushing through rushes and briars and made his way home, sometimes riding and sometimes leading an old worn-out horse that he found by the roadside, probably left there by Sherman's men to die. Dejected, broken down in body, but not in spirit, he and this old horse made a crop of corn after the surrender in April of that year. He took up his "Mantle," smote those difficulties, hard to be borne, and he conquered. Hard times! You children can hear and read about it, but reality, never.

[J. R. Sampson was corporal and sergeant in Company E, 4th Battalion Virginia Infantry, C. S. A., and surrendered at Appomattox as a private of the 6th Virginia Infantry. His son is anxious to get all information possible on his father's record as a soldier of the Confederacy, and any one who knew him in the army will please write to R. N. Sampson, Elizabethton, Tenn.; and his mother would like to learn of the young Yankee who was so kind to her family at the time of Sherman's raid.]

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

BY JAMES A. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX.

Turner Anderson Gill and Samuel Shortridge Oldham were both born in Western Missouri, Gill in Jackson and Oldham in Cass County. In 1862, they were mustered into Company A, 6th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, C. S. A. Both were wounded in the battle of Corinth, Miss.; but soon recovered from their wounds and returned to the Company. In 1863, Gill was chosen 3rd Lieutenant and Oldham a Sergeant. Gill was again wounded at Champion's Hill, and saw no service during the siege of Vicksburg. During the summer both secured transfers to the Trans-Mississippi Department and reported to General J. O. Shelby. One of Shelby's captains had been killed, and he promptly offered Gill the vacancy. Gill accepted on condition that he would be accepted by the company, whose first lieutenant coveted the promotion. Presented to the Company, the matter was settled by an election in which Gill won by a large majority.

Shelby's was a remarkable command. If in a neighborhood where his men had numerous friends, and no enemy within three days' ride, he would grant all who wanted leave to take it, only stipulating the day they would be expected back; and his men never disappointed him.

Discipline was very slack, as Captain Gill ascertained the first time he ordered a roll call.

"Roll call!" the orderly exclaimed. "What do you want with that?"

Gill explained the purpose, but next morning when the orderly sergeant called the men to the line, very few responded. Then Captain Gill had the recalcitrants dragged out and ordered in place. Then he said:

"Men, when I order a roll call, I mean it, and I intend to have my orders obeyed. First, I promise you this: I shall require no duty of you that I am unwilling to perform myself. So I shall answer in person at every roll call, and shall expect of every member of this company to do likewise. Sergeant, dismiss the company."

It was quite amusing to hear the comments, but after that, at the sound of "Assembly," there was a scramble to see who should get into line first; but they always found their Captain at his post, wonder had evolved into devotion, reckless ease into orderly discipline.

When Price had driven the enemy out of Independence, Mo., with Pleasanton pressing on his rear, and was moving on Kansas City, between

him and the enemy was Shelby's Brigade. It chanced that about four miles from Independence, Sam Oldham had an aunt, a Mrs. Thompson.

"Say, Cap," he said, "let's hitch our horses here, and go in yonder. I have an aunt living there."

Gill agreed, and they went in, and Time, according to an ancient habit, one of which he has never broken, seeing the two young Confederates having a good time, whisked along with surprising celerity. When the visitors finally arose to go and reached the outside, there sat on their horses very complacently, five young Federal troopers, their carbines resting across the pommels of their saddles. Here was a dilemma. To submit to arrest meant disgrace and months of captivity; to resist was certain death. The two Confederates conferred a minute, then Gill, with no display of trepidation, but with his hand resting on the grip of his six-shooter, thus addressed the five troopers:

"Young men, I propose a parley. The facts are plain. You are five, we but two. For us to fight and probably kill each other would have no effect on the war. We are all young men. Why should we fight, and kill each other? I admit we would both be killed, but, being fairly good shots, would be sure to get two of you, possibly four or five. Our proposition is this: let me and my comrade mount our horses and ride away. We will not draw nor try to trick you. You have our word. What do you say?"

After a brief confab, one of the Federals said: "All right, Johnnies. We recognize the right stripe in you and accept your proposal, so mount and away before our Colonel comes up and spoils it all."

"We rode away," Gill told me long afterward, "but keeping an anxious look behind. But not a shot was sent after us by that astonished bunch of Boys in Blue."

After the war, Gill took a course in law at Danville, Ky., and, after graduating, hung out his shingle in Kansas City. In 1874, he was elected Mayor, and afterward was chosen one of the Judges on the Kansas City Court of Appeals, set up to relieve the docket of the State Supreme Court. He died in Los Angeles about 1919.

Samuel S. Oldham survived the war, moved to Bonham, Tex., in the '70's and established a stage line between that city and Sherman.

I had the story how Captain Gill and Sergeant Oldham escaped from five Federals from Gill him-



self. He was never given to boasting, on the contrary, reluctant to narrate his exploits.

#### COLONEL ROSSER AND THE SWORD.

March 6, 1862, was not a red-letter day for Colonel Herron, commanding an Iowa Brigade in the battle of Elkhorn Mountain, Ark., historically called Pea Ridge.

After the death of Generals Ben McCullough and James McIntosh on the Pea Ridge Field, and the debacle of their commands, General Sigel, commanding the Federal left wing, finding no opposition in his front, marched a part of his men over to the right to succor the main body of the Federal army with which General Price and his Missourians had been playing particular h—hob. These had driven the enemy over a mile, had captured nine cannons, some three hundred prisoners, and what was more serious still, Curtis' commissary stores. Besides this, Price held the road to Springfield over which Curtis must retreat in case of defeat.

The arrival of Sigel with reinforcements gave heart to Curtis, and he ordered an advance of his whole army. We heard the loud haggards of the Federals as they were ordered forward, and, calling in our skirmishers we awaited their near approach. Colonel Herron, advancing in column of fours, instead of line of battle, came within two hundred yards of where we of Slack's Brigade, now commanded by Col. Thomas H. Rosser, lay in waiting, changed direction to the left and, still in column, moved parallel to our position until the column covered our entire front. Then Rosser, who had been watching, ordered the charge. Up we sprang and, dashing forward, yelling out our blood-curdling yells and discharging our muskets as we went, put a scare into those fine Iowa boys that sent them scurrying back to their starting point. Colonel Herron's horse was killed and he slightly wounded. I saw him lying on the ground and had to detour to avoid running over him. We drove the enemy about half a mile, and had victory in our grasp, but the sun was setting, we had no Joshua to order it to "stand still," and answered the "recall."

That night Colonel Rosser came to our company wearing Colonel Herron's sword, which, upon surrendering to Colonel Rosser, he had presented as a gift; at least, the Colonel took it that way. Some weeks after the battle, Colonel Herron, who in the meantime had been living at Price's headquarters under parole, was exchanged and called for the return of his sword. Rosser was sent for

and reported with the sword swinging to its belt buckled onto his waist. Upon being informed what was wanted of him, he unbuckled his belt and, handing sword and belt to an orderly, said:

"Of course, Colonel Herron shall have his sword; he could have had it before now; but when he surrendered it to me, I understand that he wanted me to wear it as a gift."

General Price, "Old Pap" to every soldier in his army, bristled up with indignation at Herron's attitude, and hastily unbuckling his own sword-belt and buckling it around Rosser's waist, said:

"Colonel Rosser, you shall have a sword. Take mine. I wore it with honor in the Mexican War. You, sir, I know, will wear it with equal honor in this."

When Price, on his way to Corinth, Miss., reached Memphis, Colonel Rosser was detached and appointed to command the Post. When Porter's fleet threatened and Memphis was ordered evacuated, he moved all equipment to Selma, Ala. He never returned to Missouri, but remained in Selma to his death. When Cleveland was elected President, he appointed Rosser postmaster at Selma, which position he filled to the satisfaction of all.

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#### PICTURES OF LAFAYETTE.

BY MARY C. F. COATES, SALEM, VA.

(Continued from October Number)

While in France, LaFayette heard of a destructive fire in Boston, Mass., which left a number of families homeless and destitute. With his wonderful generosity, he immediately donated a large sum for their relief, though he thought that his last adieu to America had been uttered. Notwithstanding at that time his occupation with the great concerns of France, he did not forget his American friends, and succeeded in establishing the claims of a widow of a Revolutionary officer to a fortune due her. His affection for his American associates is attested in the names given his children, his only son being called George Washington and his two daughters, Virginia and Carolina. One room in his house he called "America." It was adorned with portraits of Washington, Henry, Franklin, and others. American books filled the bookcase, and the room contained an electrical machine with which Benjamin Franklin had made many of his experiments, and which was a present to him from that wizard of lighting.

In 1782, LaFayette visited many courts of Europe, where he was received with utmost cordiality and honor, particularly by Joseph the Second and Frederick the Great. Frederick expressed the greatest admiration for Washington as well as LaFayette, and presented the latter with his portrait in miniature set with diamonds.

He had been appointed adjutant general to Count d'Estaing, who commanded French fleets at Cadiz, and was about to set sail for America in a vessel containing about eight thousand French and Spanish troops, when news of peace reached him. He requested of d'Estaing one of his fastest vessels to convey the news of peace to America.

Disappointed in not being able again to offer his services as a soldier to America, his next act of friendship was to plead with the French government for open ports, and he so far succeeded as to have four made free for their use.

In 1784, at the urgent invitation of his American friends, especially Washington, LaFayette embarked for this country on July 1, reaching New York August 4. He found the country for whose liberty he fought, free, united, and independent. New York and Philadelphia did their utmost to honor him with speeches, balls, dinners, and receptions, but it was at Mount Vernon that he found a haven of happiness for twelve days. Baltimore, Boston, Hartford, Worcester, Portsmouth, Providence, and Newport vied with one another to do him honor. When he visited Williamsburg, so near the scene of his final triumph at Yorktown, where Cornwallis surrendered, the inhabitants came to the shore to receive one who had saved them from British devastation, and escorted him into the city, where he was received with indescribable marks of enthusiasm and love. He was the guest of General Nelson while there. Richmond honored him with addresses from the eloquent Patrick Henry and Madison. Soon after, both Washington and LaFayette returned to Mount Vernon, and were extensively entertained at Annapolis and Alexandria. Trenton was next visited, and then embarkation at New York on "*La Nympe*" for his native land, his entire visit having been a triumphal procession.

LaFayette, always an advocate of law and order, yet seeing the evils to France that had arisen from despotic and extravagant rule, joined with the "three estates" in a meeting of the States General, a body which had not convened since 1614, a hundred and seventy years before. To this august assembly of nobility, the clergy, and the

commons, LaFayette enunciated his "Declaration of Rights," he being one of the three chosen to write that instrument. That of Mounier was selected, but all contained practically the same principles. Abbe Sieyer was the third of the triumvirate. The conviction of the people of the truth of the sentiments expressed culminated on the memorable July 14 in the destruction of the Bastille, that prison of horror and tyranny, scene of devastating crime which had so long disgraced the French government. While condemning the atrocities which accompanied the deed, all lovers of liberty applauded the act. The keys of this prison were presented to LaFayette, and afterward sent by him to George Washington, and now are preserved in a glass case at Mount Vernon. On the next day, July 15, the king appeared and addressed the assembly, and assured them of his orders for the immediate removal of the troops from Paris and vicinity. Eighty-four deputies, members of the assembly, among them LaFayette, were sent to bear the news of peace to the people, and an address was made to them by LaFayette. In further celebration, they went to Notre Dame, where a *Te Deum* was sung in gratitude for peace. The next day, LaFayette was appointed head of the National Guard. In spite of his powerful position, he was at times helpless against that monster, the mob-spirit, responsible for so many of the horrors of the French Revolution.

When the king was summoned from Versailles to Paris, it was LaFayette, the chief in command of the National Guard, who hastened to the palace with his troops. The king's bodyguard of fifteen immediately surrounded his person, and the Swiss Guard protected the grounds of the palace, so that LaFayette was only on the outposts. Owing to a plot and treachery, it is supposed of the Duke of Orleans, an opening was left unguarded through which assassins gained entrance and almost annihilated the body-guard before LaFayette could reach the private apartments of the king and queen; when he did so, by his diplomatic conduct, he succeeded in dispersing the mob of Revolutionists and in escorting the king in safety to Paris.

#### DEFENDER OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY.

On the 14th of July, just a year after the destruction of the Bastille, a great crowd assembled in the Champ de Confederation. The King, the Court, the Clergy, the National Assembly, and Military from eighty-three departments met to ratify the Constitution. The King was appointed



for that day only the supreme and absolute commander of all national guards of France. He named LaFayette as his delegate to perform the function. He was thereby given command of six million men, and with his popularity and the devotion of his soldiers might then have become the man of the hour. In sight of the multitude, he laid the point of his sword on the open Bible and, raising his hand to heaven, he took the oath: "We swear to be forever faithful to the Nation, to the Law, and to the King, to maintain to the utmost of our power the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly and accepted by the King." To this oath he remained faithful, and now defended the freedom of the King as sincerely as he had defended the freedom of the people.

When, sometime after, the king, on his own initiative and without consulting anyone, escaped from Paris, LaFayette was blamed for the occurrence and by many accused of conniving at the escape. Others more loyal to him suggested, "Let us make LaFayette king." This he indignantly refused and answered, "I thought you had a better opinion of me. What have I done that you do not consider me fit for something better?" Then cries of "Long live the General," restored for the time his prestige and position of command. When the royal family was arrested and brought back to Paris, the Queen, Marie Antoinette, absolved him from all knowledge of the escape.

Notwithstanding LaFayette's reputation as a man of honor and integrity, there were those who bitterly hated him and tried in every way to throw discredit on his least action and to entrap him into some admission that would do him harm. Especially was this true of the Jacobins, a powerful political society opposed to royalty and upholder of the extreme revolutionists. Their intrigues and machinations were responsible for many atrocities. They so infected the army and the National Guard with their insinuations against their General that he was replaced in command by Du Mourier by order of the Assembly, so he was compelled to flee the country. Accompanied by seven companions, he was crossing the borders of France when he and they were seized by Austrian enemies and cast into prison, where he suffered untold hardships. These he might have escaped by conceding to the enemies of France information to aid their invasion of that country. At the same time his estates in France were confiscated, and his wife also was imprisoned. Fayettism, as adherence to the

Constitution was called, was made punishable by death.

For five years LaFayette was imprisoned at Olmutz and other European dungeons as an enemy to crowned heads in Germany, Prussia, and Austria. An unsuccessful attempt was made by an American and the prison physician, Dr. Bollman, to liberate him. When the news of his plight became generally known, many pleas were made for his liberation, even by members of the English parliament, his erstwhile opponents when he espoused the American cause. Finally, through the influence of a personal letter to the Emperor of Germany by George Washington and Napoleon Bonaparte, at that time a general in the Italian army, he was liberated. His wife and two daughters, Anastasia and Virginia, had been allowed at their own request to share his incarceration and to partake of his hardships.

After two years spent at a small town of Welmolt in Holstein in peace and tranquillity, during which time Anastasia was married to M. Charles de La Tour Maubourg, brother of one of his fellow-prisoners, and his son, Gen. Washington LaFayette, who had been sent to America during the Revolution, rejoined his family in Europe, the Marquis retired to his estate, La Grange, just outside of Paris, and resumed the quiet life of a country gentleman, enjoying peace and tranquillity after the turmoil of war and the sufferings of imprisonment. There he remained until the troublous career of Napoleon forced him from his retirement, and as a member of the Chamber of Deputies once more he voiced his ancient principles of constitutional monarchy. His sentiments did not accord with those of Napoleon, for whom he seemed to have had no great respect. He strongly advised the Emperor to abdicate his throne when he was on the verge of falling into the power of the allied forces of Europe. When, in the course of events, the restoration of the Bourbons took place, LaFayette was graciously received at Court, although he did not approve of the despotic policies of the reigning family. When Bonaparte proposed to create an order of nobility including all the old aristocratic families and proposing to make LaFayette's name head the list, the latter declined the honor, as he had advocated abolishing all titles and called himself simply "a citizen of France." Thus he incurred the enmity of the upstart Emperor, which aversion was visited upon the head of his son, George Washington LaFayette, and his son-in-law, M. L'Asteyre, both brave officers of the

French army, by refusing them any promotions and the rewards for bravery they both deserved.

In 1824, LaFayette, having expressed a desire to revisit America, Congress proposed to send a Government vessel to convey him thither. The offer, however, was not accepted, and he landed in New York August 16, 1824, from the packet ship "Cadmus." His second visit was so full of honors and acclamations that it would be tedious to enumerate them all. Every city and town through which he passed honored him with unique celebrations, culminating in a visit to Bunker Hill to witness the laying of the corner stone of the monument which commemorates the battle fought on June 17, 1775.

Ten years after this memorable trip, he was called, in Paris, to the "Better Land of Freedom, Brotherhood and Equality," a hero honored by all who subscribe to the principles of Republicanism.

"The fathers in glory shall sleep,  
Who gathered with thee to the fight,  
But the sons will eternally keep  
The tablet of gratitude bright.  
We bow not the neck  
And we bend not the knee,  
But our hearts, LaFayette,  
We surrender to thee."

## RENDING THE COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA.

(The following paper, written by Miss Frances Garrett, winning in the High School Contest at Wytheville, Va., was second in the contest sponsored by the Virginia Division, U. D. C., the prize paper being published in the VETERAN for September-October, page 333. The writer of this paper was an honor graduate of the High School at Wytheville and entered William and Mary College as a freshman before her sixteenth birthday. Both papers are very fine, and most deservedly both are given place in the VETERAN.)

The facts which deal with the cutting off of the western counties of Virginia and forming them into a new state are unknown to the average student of history. This is mainly due to the fact that many historians have allowed prejudice and partisanship to obscure the exact truths.

The formation of the State of West Virginia was in itself an unconstitutional act, and Abraham Lincoln knew this when he signed the bill which admitted these counties as a new State. Although he claimed that he signed this bill as a war measure, it did not tend to serve his purpose

in the prosecution of the War between the States. Not only was this act unconstitutional, but it was not desired by more than a small minority of the people of the new State.

It is true that sectionalism had prevailed in Virginia for many years prior to the War between the States and that the most widely separated parts were entirely out of sympathy with each other. The mountain ranges were the natural divisions of the State. To the east lay old Virginia, a country of slaveholders and vast plantations; the west was largely divided into small farms and the slaves were few. There had long been a difference of interest between the sections and a considerable political antagonism. The west, almost ever since the Revolution, had agitated for reform in the unequal system of representation which gave the east many more delegates in proportion to the white population than the west.

In the Constitutional Convention of 1829-30, the question of representation held the chief place, but no satisfactory basis was decided upon, for the westerners wished to limit representation strictly to the white population. The Constitution adopted at this convention did not prove satisfactory, and meanwhile sectionalism grew.

In 1850, another convention was held which arranged a compromise, giving control of the House of Delegates to the west on a basis of white representation, and the majority in the Senate to the east upon the basis of taxation. This arrangement, though opposed by many, lasted until the War between the States. Virginia enjoyed a decade of quiet unprecedented in her history until the presidential election of 1860.

The election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency came as a bitter blow to Virginia and the South. When it became known that a "Black Republican" had been elected President, one whom the South considered her bitterest enemy, one who had hurled coercive threats at the South, denouncing the people of South Carolina as rebels and calling the people of Louisiana thieves, then events began to shape toward the separation from the Union.

The Virginia convention, which had been elected for the purpose of considering the question of secession, after more than two months of debate, on April 17, 1861, passed the Ordinance of Secession. The vote was given as eighty-eight to fifty-five. Of the trans-Alleghany delegates, eleven went with the majority of the convention in favor of the ordinance, and five others later changed their votes to the affirmative. To state



it in another way, the representatives of twenty-one counties in what is now West Virginia cast their lot with the South, while the delegates from nineteen other counties remained firm to the last in their support of the Union cause.

The delegates from the northwestern part of Virginia, who had voted against the Ordinance of Secession, immediately held a meeting at the Powhatan Hotel. Here the State of West Virginia may be said to have had its birth, for the course was decided upon of returning to their homes and calling for a convention, the ultimate object of which should be the formation of a new State out of the loyal counties.

-As a result, Union meetings were held in all portions of the northwest. The tenor of all these meetings was loyalty to the Federal Government.

The movement for a convention to be called had its inception at Clarksburg on April 22. Wheeling was chosen as the place, not because of its geographical position, but because it was the only town where there was an assured Union majority. The meeting was advertised to convene May 13, 1861. Only the northern counties were invited to this convention (a general invitation was not extended to the entire State). Accordingly delegates were appointed by counties, towns, villages, and neighborhoods. In many cases these appointments were irregular. A close analysis showed that more than one-third of the delegates were from around Wheeling.

From the first day of the first loyal convention to the final act of admission of West Virginia into the Union, the leaders of this movement racked their brains in the attempt to justify their proceedings and make them harmonize with the Constitution of the United States. The General Assembly of Virginia alone had the legal power to summon a public convention; therefore the Wheeling conventions were illegal and disloyal.

Owing to the irregularity of the appointment of delegates to the first Wheeling convention, the meeting soon adjourned. This convention, however, attracted a great deal of attention over all the country, so much that large newspapers sent special correspondents there. Their reports were conflicting and confusing. On one point they all agreed, and that was the Union sentiment in West Virginia was greatly exaggerated. Out of eleven militia companies in Wheeling, the United States recruiting officer had been able to persuade only two to enlist, and these refused to leave the city.

Another convention assembled in June, composed mostly of State Senators and Members of

the House of Delegates. Only twenty-seven counties of West Virginia were represented. How these delegates were elected remains a mystery. One fact stands out clearly, these elections were irregular, unconstitutional, and unjustifiable. This convention cleared the ground for the formation of the new State. The first resolution adopted condemned the Ordinance of Secession as null and void, and required all members to take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States.

It was now decided to erect a new government in Virginia entirely independent of the regular State administration. Ordinances were passed expressing the right of a revolution and declaring vacant the State offices. New officers were elected by the convention. The governorship was given to Francis H. Pierpont, of Marion County, who had taken an active part in organizing the movement. The new State administration called itself "The Restored Government of Virginia," entirely ignoring the legal state government at Richmond. Vigorous action was now taken toward Confederates of this section, declaring their offices vacant and confiscating their property.

On July 2, 1861, there assembled in Wheeling a nondescript body calling itself the legislature of Virginia. No record of its proceedings have ever come to light, and only the vaguest information is obtainable regarding its actions. The Wheeling newspapers were strangely silent as to the doings of this rump legislature. Granville D. Hall, the great apologist for the whole movement, passes over the subject in a most summary fashion. John S. Carlyle and Waitman T. Willey were elected United States Senators. Judging from the number of votes cast, the entire number of Senators and Delegates never exceeded thirty-eight.

July 4, 1861, Congress assembled in special session. A discussion arose over the seating of Carlyle and Willey as Senators of Virginia. According to Lincoln's announced policy, none of the Confederate States had seceded from the Union because secession was unconstitutional. That being the case, the government at Richmond was the only legal recognized government of the State, and this bogus government sitting at Wheeling had no lawful right to elect United States Senators. Furthermore, the Constitution required seventy-nine for a quorum in one house and twenty-six in the other. How could thirty-eight men constitute an assembly? Notwithstanding the above facts, Congress, backed by Lincoln, waived all constitutionality in the matter, and, with their

usual bold inconsistency, voted to seat the two Senators from Wheeling, and thus recognized the "Reorganized Government" of Virginia.

The second Wheeling convention had adjourned to meet in August. An act was passed August 29, 1861, providing for a new State to be called "Kanawah." On account of much opposition, the name was later changed to West Virginia. At the same time an act was passed arranging for the election of delegates to form its constitution. When this constitution was submitted to a vote, it was adopted by 622 in favor as against 440 opposed. One-third of the affirmative votes were from the four northern counties, while the southern counties, which bordered on old Virginia, were silent. Thus the new State of West Virginia was established by means of a series of fraudulent elections backed up by the corrupt Lincoln administration.

At a session of the legislature of the reorganized government, held on December 2, 1861, sweeping measures were passed showing that the leaders were bent on completely dismembering the Old Dominion. They planned to have the counties of Northampton and Accomac annexed to Maryland. All of what is now Southwest Virginia would be incorporated in West Virginia. This included such counties as Craig, Giles, Bland, Tazewell, Russell, Lee, Scott, etc. Other counties were given an opportunity of voting on the question of annexation to the new state. Such counties were Botetourt, Bath, Alleghany, Shenandoah, Rockbridge, Augusta, etc. The counties of Berkley and Jefferson were deliberately stolen, and it is a known fact that the people from these two counties wished to remain in Virginia. After the war, when Virginia pressed her claim for these two counties in the United States Supreme Court, the Court upheld the act of Congress and Virginia lost these two counties. It must be remembered, however, that Salmon P. Chase was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at this time. It was he, who, as Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, supported Lincoln when he signed the bill which admitted the new State to the Union. Virginia would be given the privilege of forming a State out of the remaining part of her old territory only when she would vote to ratify the constitution of West Virginia.

For a time Governor Pierpoint removed the seat of his government to Alexandria, Va. Most

of the people of this section were in sympathy with the Southern Confederacy and the regular State government at Richmond. The Pierpoint administration existed only in the shadow of the Federal armies and would have been immediately expelled but for the Lincoln administration and the protection afforded by the Federal Government. The Pierpoint government was not founded upon popular demand in Virginia, but was a revolutionary government and it was doomed to lose its hold on the people of the Old Dominion.

The Constitution of the United States required that a State should give consent to the erection of a new State within its territory. The "Restored Government" used the name of Virginia to secure this desired vote. Thus those counties voted in the name of Virginia to form a new State. This was merely the consent of West Virginia to her own establishment, and Virginia had no hand whatever in the matter.

The Alexandrian government was not important. It governed but few counties and that at the point of bayonets. Men of intelligence at that time and since have smiled at its legitimate pretenses. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it was the nucleus of the Republican party in Old Virginia and its measures which were adopted were characteristic of the reconstruction in Virginia. It will thus be seen that when Lee surrendered, a Union government existed in Virginia whose members were afterwards to become Republican leaders and radicals as well, as the Republican party grew in that direction.

Congress, after much discussion and opposition, passed the Bill of Admission for the new State, December 10, 1862. The members of the Senate admitted the unconstitutionality of the bill, but they justified themselves on different grounds. In signing the bill, Abraham Lincoln made a lengthy apology for his act and concluded by saying it was a war measure and would not furnish a disturbing element in time of peace.

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Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge. Extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"May the names of those we cherish  
Fill Memory's cup to the rim;  
May the laurels they've won never perish,  
Nor the star of their glory grow dim."

#### MAJ. GEN. JOHN W. ASHCRAFT, U. C. V.

John W. Ashcraft, Commander of Bill Dawson Camp, United Confederate Veterans, at Dyersburg, Tenn., and one of Dyer County's most highly esteemed citizens, died on June 20, 1932, at his home in Newbern, Tenn., at the age of eighty-five years. He was born in Decatur County, April 5, 1847; moved to Dyer County in 1890, where he lived until his death.

John W. Ashcraft volunteered and went to war at fifteen years of age. He served three years, staying till the close of the war. He was with General Forrest, Company I, 1st Tennessee Cavalry. He was captured and spent one year at Rock Island prison. Again captured, he was for several months at Camp Chase, Ohio. Near the close of the war, he was exchanged and at the close was somewhere in North Carolina. On account of the bushwhackers in East Tennessee, he walked to his home in Middle Tennessee by way of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi.

Comrade Ashcraft was a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN from the first, and attended every Confederate reunion except two. He failed to attend these on the account of sickness. But just as the veterans were gathering and answering the Roll Call at the Richmond Reunion, he answered the Roll Call in Heaven.

He was a man of noble purposes, ever loyal to all that was good and true. He was also a loyal and faithful member of the Methodist Church.

In his Confederate uniform, which he loved and which represented the beloved cause for which he fought, he was laid to rest in Fair View Cemetery at Newbern. Surviving are his wife, two sons and three daughters.

#### CAPT. THEOPILUS TUNIS.

Capt. Theophilus Tunis, Commandant of the Maryland Line Confederate Veterans' Association, died at the Confederate Home at Pikesville, Md., on the 16th of September, at the age of ninety years. He had been ill in a hospital in Baltimore for several weeks, and requested that he be moved to the Confederate Home, which he had helped to found in the eighties, and he wanted his last hours to be spent there. Captain Tunis was Maryland's "Grand Old Man of the Confederacy."

Born in Talbot County, Md., in 1842, Theophilus Tunis ran the blockade to Virginia after the outbreak of war in 1861, and joined Company B, 1st Maryland Cavalry. He fought in seventy-two engagements, was confidential scout of Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, and rode with Jeb Stuart's cavalry. In reconstruction days, he was connected with a lumber company of which he became President. He was elected to the State Senate in 1886, and two years later he got the bill through the legislature establishing the Confederate Home of Maryland, known as the Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers' Home, which was located at the old arsenal of the War of 1812, near Pikesville, Md. There are now only two survivors of the 127 soldiers of the Confederacy who have made it their home—these being Maj. Hobart Aisquith, eighty-seven, and Harry Atxrodt, eighty-six. Two other veterans have died there this year, William VanBuren Moore, who had reached the age of eighty-nine, and Oliver Hazard Perry, eighty-eight.

Captain Tunis was married twice: to Miss Sarah Teresa Mahormer, of Macon, Miss., in 1872, and to Miss Bessie Wilson, of Baltimore, in 1894. A son of the first marriage survives him, and a granddaughter. He was a student of military history, and was considered an authority on the wars of this country, especially that in which he had been an active participant, and had written a technical work on forestry when eighty-two years old. He became superintendent of the Confederate Home in 1925, and it had since been his home.

#### SOLOMON SMITH CLAYTON.

There were many to deplore the passing of Solomon Smith Clayton, who died at Camden, Tenn., on August 21, aged eighty-eight years, for his purity and goodness were felt by all with whom he came in contact. Always cheerful, calm, patient, resigned, his passing was as peaceful as the life that he lived.

Solomon Clayton was a sixteen-year-old boy

when the War between the States came on, living on a farm near Camden. His father went into the service of the Confederacy, and after the battle of Shiloh, in April, 1862, the boy took his father's place as a soldier and served out the term of enlistment, returning home on New Year's Day of 1863. He re-entered the service in 1864, joining an independent company of the 20th Tennessee, Forrest's command, and took part in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, and was with Forrest in guarding the disastrous retreat from Nashville. He served to the end of the war, reaching home in a ragged uniform which he had to wear until his mother could spin and weave cloth for a suit.

For several years after the war, Comrade Clayton was a tobacco manufacturer in Tennessee, then went to Missouri, where he married in 1881. Some years later he returned to Tennessee and again went into the tobacco business. In 1901, he was married to Mrs. Leona Steele McDaniel, of Camden, daughter of W. A. Steele, Confederate soldier, and she survives him.

## GEN. B. H. TYSON, U. C. V.

One of the most prominent of North Carolina Confederate veterans was Gen. B. H. Tyson, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Cooper Person, at Pikesville, on April 2, in his eighty-eighth year. He was born in Pitt County, but lived most of his life in Wilson, where he was one of the leading business men of the community.

Of distinguished ancestry, Benjamin Tyson was born on the Tyson plantation near Farmville, N. C., November 27, 1844, but his parents died while he was still a boy, and he grew up with the family of his half brother, Maj. W. M. Gay, Wilson, and attended a military school there. As a boy of sixteen, he entered the Confederate army, serving with Company A, of the Hampton-Lee Regiment, under Generals Hampton and Gary. He took part in many battles, but was never wounded or captured.

At the close of the war, he returned to his home in Wilson and began life anew. It is told that he plowed during the summer of 1865 for his board and a hat. Later he engaged in the tobacco business, and accumulated large property in Wilson, making and spending several fortunes. He was widely known throughout the State for his ability of character and his high ideals of manhood. His masterful mind was stored with valuable information garnered from study and reading, and his outlook on life was that of an optimist.

Ever devoted to the cause for which he had fought, General Tyson attended every Confederate reunion in North Carolina. He was a member of the Confederate Veteran Camp at Wilson, and at the State reunion in Charlotte was made commander of a Brigade, with the title of Brigadier General, U. C. V.

General Tyson was married in 1873 to Miss Virginia Bryan Kennedy, daughter of Col. W. L. Kennedy, of Washington, N. C., their union linking two of the prominent families of the State. Of the six children born to them only a daughter survives, with four grandchildren. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Wilson, following services in the Episcopal Church there.

## GEN. JOHN E. WILKINSON, U. C. V.

Gen. John E. Wilkinson, commanding the 1st Alabama Brigade, U. C. V., died at his home in Prattville, Ala., on September 28, after a long illness, aged eighty-five years. He was widely known as physician and druggist, having practiced in Prattville since 1880. In Prattville, the funeral services were conducted with the Confederate ritual by Camp Lamoix, U. C. V., of Montgomery, of which he was a member, and his Confederate comrades were honorary pallbearers.

John Edward Wilkinson was born July 31, 1847, near Autaugaville, Ala., the son of Joseph Brady and Elizabeth Anne Wilkinson. He was educated in the public schools and in the academy at Autaugaville, and from there enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company A, 8th Alabama Cavalry, Clanton's Brigade. During the war he was engaged mostly in scout work, and surrendered at Meridian, Miss., six months after his general. Returning home, he again entered the academy and, deciding to fit himself for the medical profession, later attended the University of Maryland, from which he graduated in 1869. He was then at Tulane University and in New York, and practiced several years in Alabama towns before locating permanently at Prattville. He was a former counselor of the Alabama Medical Association and past President of the Autauga County Medical Society. He was a Mason, Knight of Honor, and Knight of Pythias, and a member of the Methodist Church.

In January, 1872, Comrade Wilkinson was married to Miss Eugenia Gaston, at Gastonburg, Ala., daughter of David F. Gaston, planter and member of the legislature. He is survived by two sons and two daughters.



## DR. CHRISTOPHER G. HAY

Entered into eternal rest, July 2, 1932, in Savannah, Ga., Dr. Christopher Gadsden Hay, beloved father of Mrs. William C. Jaudon and of Alvan and Hugh Hay. He was born in Charleston, S. C., August 15, 1847, the second son of Dr. Frederick J. Hay and Caroline Hasell. His father was a Confederate surgeon.

Christopher Hay served as a courier in the Stone Scouts in the Confederate army at the age of fifteen years, and was ever devoted and loyal to the Southern cause. He was a communicant of the Episcopal Church and a public health surgeon in the United States Government Service in command of the Quarantine Station at Beaufort, S. C., for twenty-five years, only recently he had retired, although almost eight-five years of age. He will be greatly missed by a wide circle of friends.

## A. W. MOUNTCASTLE.

Alison Woodville Mountcastle, who died on May 2, 1932, at his home in Lenoir City, Tenn., was born at Mooresburg, Tenn., January 21, 1858. He had been retired from business a number of years, due to failing health.

He was the oldest son of Robert E. and Sallie Williams Mountcastle. When he was a small boy, his parents moved to Richmond, Va., and there he and his mother went through the struggle of the War between the States while his father was away serving the Confederacy as a captain in the 5th Virginia Cavalry. One of his cherished memories of those war days was of a time when Gen. Robert E. Lee and a small group of his men had lost their way and stopped at his home to inquire about directions, and, at his mother's urgent invitation, they remained for supper. Soon after the war, his father was accidentally killed by a runaway horse.

Mr. Mountcastle came back to Tennessee when a young man with his mother, and took up residence at "Sunshine," the country place of his uncle, Col. Frank E. Williams, near Lenoir City, which he later inherited. He married Miss Julia Leeper on December 12, 1893, and she survives him with three daughters and a son, also four grandchildren.

Religion was always a dominant interest in his life, and he held several offices in the Southern Presbyterian Sunday school and church with true devotion and fervor. Family prayers and Grace at the table were always observed in his home. Not to have been a "veteran" himself, he shared

to a very marked degree the deep-seated love and loyalty of all Southerners for our precious Southland, and in this love he "lived and moved and had his being." He was a loyal friend and entertaining companion, with a great store of anecdotes and stories always on the tip of his tongue. His life was enriched greatly by his two keenest interests, reading and flower growing. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was always on his reading table along with his Bible, and thus, hand in hand with God, he grew old in faith and sweetness of character and was ready when the Great General blew taps and he quietly joined the ranks of the "Great Gray Champions" of the South.

## CARY C. McMILLAN.

In the death of Cary C. McMillan, on August 26, we lose one more Confederate veteran and the last of the brave men who formed the Bamberg Guards. Leaving college to join the army, he fought through the war; was wounded at Manassas and carried the ball in his left shoulder to his grave. He was present with Lee at the surrender.

Returning home, he took an active part in helping his state and county during the dark days of the reconstruction period.

Of handsome and commanding appearance, he was a notable figure at Confederate reunions.

Born May 6, 1843, he was the tenth of the fifteen children of Henry W. McMillan and Sophia Faust, his wife. He married Martha Jennings McMillan, widow of his brother, Frank McMillan. He is survived by his daughter, Mrs. Mary Hampton Bailey, with whom he lived in Greenville, S. C. She has been his devoted companion and nurse.

The funeral services were held at Old Union, the family cemetery near Cope, S. C., attended by a large number of friends and relatives.

He died as he lived, a Christian gentleman, than which there is no greater honor.

[Mrs. Nell Pate, a niece.]

## REV. JOHN WESLEY ALLEN.

Of the three ministers who in early 1932 were members of Los Angeles Camp No. 770, U. C. V., Brother Allen is the last to answer the long roll, and, of the hundreds enrolled in this camp, only twenty-two remain to lament his passing.

Born into a colonial family in Walton County, Ga., over eighty-five years ago, at the age of fifteen or sixteen he enlisted in Company H, of Waller's Volunteers, in Fayette County, Tex., and

served to the end of the war. Too modest to often speak of his service, one is left to judge of it by his after life, and it must have been truly meritorious. In 1867 he entered the ministry in Texas and came to California the next year, and in 1869 accepted a charge at San Bernardino, and thenceforward to his recent passing served his church, the M. E. Church, South, long and most faithfully, retiring in 1913, but remaining active and steadfast to the end, being the oldest minister of his church on the Pacific Coast. His one great ambition appears to have been to spread sunshine wherever he went. When meeting with his comrades, he was often wont to sing, "Scatter Seeds of Kindness for Our Reaping By and By," which song really typified his long life.

[W. E. Clark.]

COL. RICHARD M. REDD, U. C. V.

A colorful figure in Confederate parades was Col. Dick Redd, of Lexington, Ky., in his broad brimmed hat, gray uniform, red sash and saber, and mounted upon his handsome horse, Major, and many will sorrow that he will no more take part in Confederate events. Death came to him at his home in Lexington, Ky., on October 6, at the age of ninety-two years.

Richard Menefee Redd was born at the ancestral home on the Georgetown Pike near Lexington, the son of Waller Bullock and Rebecca Allen Redd. His mother's sister was the wife of Matthew Jouett, famous portrait painter.

As a Confederate soldier, Dick Redd served with Company A, 1st Missouri Cavalry, his mother and brothers having moved to that state, and his three older brothers were also in the Southern army. He took the place of his brother, Capt. O. F. Redd, who was captured in the battle of Helena, Ark. Stricken with scarlet fever while in service, the young Kentuckian was taken to Memphis, Tenn., and later removed to Fayette County, Ky. (Lexington), where he was nursed back to health, the family returning to the old home.

Always faithful to the cause for which he had fought, Colonel Redd was secretary of the Confederate Veterans' Association at Lexington and an honorary member of Morgan's Men Association. He was a devout member of the Presbyterian Church, and, though not an ordained minister, conducted services regularly at the Belmont Chapel which he had erected in Lexington. He also organized Bethel Chapel. He is survived by his daughter and two grandchildren.

JAMES C. GORDON.

James C. Gordon, born in Giles County, Tenn., January 6, 1845, was the only son of D. M. and Elizabeth Jones Gordon. His mother died when he was seven years of age, and he went to live with his grandfather, Col. Thomas K. Gordon, and in a little log schoolhouse he obtained his education.

His father married again and moved his family to Alabama and engaged in farming. When seventeen years of age, James Gordon enlisted in the Confederate army at Athens, Ala., October 1, 1862, in Ward's Battery, a company raised by Capt. J. J. Ward at Huntsville and Athens. On the 27th of May, 1864, young Gordon was shell shocked. The same shell killed Captain Ward and took off General Ector's leg. It is said that Gordon fired the last piece of artillery during the war at Columbus, Ga., at the East end of the upper bridge on Sunday, April 16, 1865. The Yankees captured the West End of the bridge. It was the 16th of May when he first heard the war was ended. General Forrest stood on a tomb at Mount Hope, Ala., and read orders, which said General Lee had surrendered, the war was over, and to go to the nearest point to be paroled, and to go home and make as good citizens as they had made soldiers. Gordon went to Decatur, Ala., and was paroled.

When he reached home everything was gone. His stepmother and children were almost at starvation, and his father was in Nashville in prison, having been captured at Selma, Ala., because he refused to take the oath, and was kept there until June 5.

On the 6th of January, 1867, James Gordon married Miss Mary Elizabeth Meals, and settled down to farming and teaching school. In 1884 he was elected Sheriff of Limestone County, afterwards was deputy tax collector, city treasurer, and he filled other offices. He retired from work eighteen years ago, his last work being on the Pension Board.

He passed away February 23, 1932, at his home in Athens, Ala., at the age of eighty-seven, survived by three daughters and two sons.

He was a loyal Mason and was buried by that order in the city cemetery, shrouded in his beautiful black broadcloth wedding suit that he had never worn since his wedding day, sixty-five years before. He had lived an honest, useful life and was ready to go.

[Mrs. Minnie Gordon Jones.]



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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738 Quapaw Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark.

MRS. L. U. BABIN ..... *Corresponding Secretary General*  
903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

MRS. GEORGE DISMUKES ..... *Treasurer General*  
1409 Chickasha Avenue, Chickasha, Okla.

MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON ..... *Historian General*  
707 West Morgan Street, Raleigh, N. C.

MRS. A. S. PORTER, Hotel Monroe, Portsmouth, Va. .... *Registrar General*

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1541 Riverside Avenue, Jacksonville, Fla.

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: When this letter reaches you, you will have already sent in your credentials and have made your plans for the Convention at Memphis.

Mrs. T. W. Faires, General Chairman, and her Committees, are making every preparation for your entertainment.

On Sunday morning, November 13, services will be held at 11 A.M., at Idlewild Presbyterian Church.

On Monday, November 14, at 1 P.M., the Shiloh luncheon will be held at the Peabody Hotel, and on Tuesday, November 15, will be the drive to Shiloh National Park.

On September 13, I went to St. Louis to inspect the filing system, both the files of the papers and the card file. This work has been done by Mrs. J. P. Higgins as Chairman of the Department of Reference. It must be seen to be appreciated. The organization will suffer a great loss if this system is not kept up as it has been begun.

While in St. Louis, I was the guest of Mrs. Higgins. On Wednesday afternoon she entertained with a tea in my honor and in the evening with a beautifully appointed dinner. On Thursday, the five St. Louis Chapters entertained with a luncheon for me at the Coronado Hotel. It was a great pleasure to be the guest of the Chapters and bring them a message about the purposes and aims of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. On Thursday, one of the members of the Maury Chapter, Mrs. John R. Lionberger, entertained with a drive and a picnic at a beautiful farm near St. Louis, overlooking the Missouri River. That evening, Mrs. Irving Jones entertained at dinner, and, on Saturday, Mrs. Lorraine Jones sent her car to drive me over the residential section of

the city and out to the Air Port. En route to the Air Port, we stopped at Mrs. W. W. Henderson's for tea.

Many of the Divisions are holding their Annual Conventions. The West Virginia Convention was held September 27-29, in Charleston. I was the guest of honor at a luncheon on the 29, and was the speaker on that occasion.

On October 4, I went to Fredericksburg, where I was the guest of the Virginia Division. From there I went to Asheville, N. C., where I was entertained by the Asheville Chapters at dinner, on Saturday evening, October 8. On Sunday, at 3 P.M., I dedicated the boulder to Matthew Fontaine Maury at Fletcher, N. C. That same afternoon I went home with Mrs. Glenn Long, President of the North Carolina Division, and spent the night. On Monday, I went to Charlotte, N. C., as the guest of Mrs. L. B. Newell, and, on Tuesday, to Greensboro to the North Carolina Convention, which was held October 11-14. On October 18 and 19, I attended the Kentucky Convention at Danville, and, on October 26 and 27, the Maryland Convention at Baltimore.

To meet personally so many of the members of the Divisions is a source of great inspiration to me. I only wish I could accept all the many cordial invitations extended to me and that I might attend the Conventions of all the Divisions.

Faithfully yours, AMANDA AUSTIN BYRNE.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Alabama.*—Mrs. A. M. Grimsley, President Alabama Division, announces that plans for the Alabama memorial on the Gettysburg battle field have been approved by the War Department. The monument promises to be one of the most outstanding on the field with its lines and proportions entirely different from any thus far erected. It

will be of horizontal type, and, although only twelve and a half feet in height, the design has a spread of twenty-seven feet. It will be of bronze. The central figure is to be of a woman with outspread arms typifying "The Spirit of the Confederacy," and soldiers kneeling on either side will replace an opening in the stone fence. Its position on the battle field, as approved, will be that occupied by Law's Brigade at the time of the battle on the south side of East Confederate Avenue. The monument will stand in view facing Devil's Den and Round Top, the objective of the Alabama troops.

Although the monument will not be ready for erection until the Spring of 1933, Alabamians are already planning to visit Gettysburg for the dedication ceremonies, probably in April or May, 1933.

With stately formality, a portrait of Jefferson Davis, soldier, statesman, and President of the Southern Confederacy, was presented to the State of Alabama on July 21 by Mrs. H. C. Abell, of New York, as a memorial to her father, the late Hon. William Logan Martin. The portrait was painted from life by Enoch Perry Wood, celebrated artist from the ante-bellum period. Ceremonies of its presentation took place in the House of Representatives, presided over by the Hon. Tyler Goodwin, Trustee of the department of Archives and History, assisted by Mrs. Marie Bankhead Owen, director of the department. The presentation was made by Mrs. Abell and the portrait was unveiled by Miss Marion Oates, granddaughter of Gen. William C. Oates, and Master Winter Thorington, great-grandson of Admiral Raphael Semmes. Through the courtesy of Raphael Semmes, of Huntsville, the famous Confederate flag presented to Admiral Semmes by the women of England immediately after the sinking of the Confederate cruiser "Alabama," was used to unveil the portrait. Acceptance on behalf of the State was made by Governor B. M. Miller, and the portrait was placed in the corridor of the capitol opposite that of General Robert E. Lee.

Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, former President General and for years chairman of the Educational Committee for Alabama Division, U. D. C., has awarded scholarships to one hundred and twenty-five boys and girls for the ensuing college terms. The Educational Endowment fund has been increased some \$600 recently by the Philathea Sunday school class at the First Baptist Church in Troy. Mrs. Bashinsky is the class teacher.

[Mrs. John L. Seay, Editor.]

*Arkansas.*—The Arkansas Division held its Annual Convention on October 26, 27 at Hot Springs National Park, Mrs. W. E. Massey, Recording Secretary General, U. D. C., Chairman of Arrangements.

It is with profound regret that we learn of the passing, on August 6, of Mr. Brown Rogers, husband of our able Division President. Mrs. Rogers also lost her mother, Mrs. Neil, a short time previously. Each daughter of the Arkansas Division expresses deepest sympathy.

Mrs. John F. Weinmann, Past President of Arkansas Division and Chairman General of the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation, has returned from a three months' stay in Alaska.

Dr. Charles H. Brough has written a concise, valuable and authentic article on the scientific discoveries of Matthew Fontaine Maury, which would be of great service to all U. D. C. Chapters on Maury Commemorative Day.

[Josie Frazer Cappleman, Editor.]

*California.*—During the 32nd annual convention of the California Division, held in Los Angeles, May 10, one of the colorful features was the presentation of the Nathan B. Forrest Chapter, organized shortly before with fifty charter members. This chapter has five officers under the age of twenty-six, so we need not fear that the youth of today is not ready to carry on the history and traditions of the South.

Mrs. H. C. Booth, Director for the Lee-Stratford Memorial, reported twenty-eight out of thirty-two Chapters as being "Dollar a Daughter" Chapters, three of these having made further contributions.

Under direction of the Division Historian, Miss Conway, Historical Evening again set forth the accomplishments of the Division. The most coveted trophy to the Chapter sending the largest number of subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was again won by the S. A. Cunningham Chapter, of Oakland, while the Matthew Fontaine Maury Chapter claimed the prize for the largest number of new members. Officers were elected and installed, Mrs. Helena T. Riche again filling the office of President.

Dixie Manor is California Division's very own "Approved Charity," and to its members is due the credit for providing a dwelling place for our dear old "Lade of the Sixties"—California's living memorials of the Confederacy. Under the guidance of the Board of Control of the Confederate



Veterans' Auxiliary, of which Mrs. A. R. Bullock, of the Gen. Thomas J. Churchill Chapter, Santa Monica, is General Chairman, and through the wonderful co-operation of all chapters of the Division, this Home has weathered adverse financial conditions and extends its gracious Southern hospitality to all its guests.

On its spacious grounds, September 10, in commemoration of the works of Father Abram J. Ryan, Confederate priest, soldier and poet, Camp 770, United Confederate Veterans, was host at a garden party to almost one hundred Daughters and Southern people. Host of the afternoon was Gen. S. S. Simmons, Commander of Pacific Coast Division, U. C. V., with Colonel Christopher Brooks as master of ceremonies. Colonel Brooks gave a brief eulogy of Father Ryan. Following the program and refreshments, General Simmons sang one of the oldest of Southern songs, after which the veterans gave the "Rebell Yell," then old square dances, quadrilles, and the Virginia reel were danced on the lawn. Through the generosity of Camp 770, proceeds from a silver offering, amounting to \$25, were donated to the Home.

[May Blanks Killough, Editor.]

*Georgia.*—An outstanding achievement of the Georgia Division for this year was the unveiling of a tablet marking the memorial established at Rubun Gap Nachoochee School in honor of Francis S. Bartow, hero of the Confederacy. The formal address of the occasion was made by Chief Justice Russell, who was followed by Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, of Macon, past President of the Georgia Division, in a brief sketch of the movement to place this memorial. Mrs. I. Bashinski, President of the Division, gave an outline of her work toward the completion of the project, and then, with Mrs. E. A. Caldwell, Chairman Francis S. Bartow Scholarship, presented and unveiled the tablet which marks the memorial to the gallant young Georgian who, in passing, said: "I go to illustrate Georgia."

[Mrs. J. J. Harris, Editor].

*Kentucky.*—The John C. Breckinridge Chapter, of Owensboro, gave prizes for essays on "Jefferson Davis, Citizen and President," in Senior and Junior High School, also St. Francis and St. Joseph Academies; and a medal for the outstanding girl in Senior High. Miss Betty Short won Senior High and state prize as well; Miss Mary Finley Givens won in Junior High. Miss Jessie Yager has been State Director of "War between

the States." Four of the leading newspapers in the State have adopted the term, while two more have recently promised to do so, the latter at Lexington at the request of the Lexington Chapter. John C. Breckinridge Chapter also offers a prize each year for the best essay on this subject. Mrs. Elizabeth Bishop and Mrs. Robert J. Lefler have won this prize the past two years. The subject for study is Southern History. Programs include: War Horses and Their Riders; Stories of Faithful Slaves; Christmas in the War Days; Girl Heroines of the Confederacy; Boy Heroes; Gardens and Beauties of Stratford; Confederate Soldier Poets; and birthday celebrations. The Chapter cared for the Confederate Memorial at the courthouse, and sent remembrances to the veterans at the Confederate Home.

The State meeting convened in Danville October 17, 18, Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, State President, presiding. The Kate Morrison Breckinridge Chapter, of which Mrs. George R. Spillman is president, was hostess to the convention.

Mrs. E. B. Weitzel and Mrs. Craik Jackson entertained the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter of Frankfort recently. Miss Annie Belle Fogg read a scholarly paper on "The Contribution of the Old South to the Nation in Statesmen and Statesmanship."

[Mrs. W. T. Fowler, Chairman Press.]

*Louisiana.*—Louisiana Division is doing what it can to meet its obligations to the Stratford fund. Some have paid the quotas in full, some have paid half the amount, others are paying as they can, and one has subscribed double its quota.

Several Chapters are doing interesting bits of work. One is collecting Confederate biographies and other data, and having them published in local papers. It is preserving in scrap books all historical clippings and old letters that come into its possession. It has given a benefit which consisted of "Old-Time Southern Melodies."

The Chapters at Baton Rouge have erected and dedicated a monument to mark the site of the battle of Baton Rouge. One of these established and still conducts the only public library in the city, one which serves more than four thousand readers each month, and four branches of this library have been established in other parts of the parish. All books recommended by the U. D. C. organization are purchased for their shelves.

Perhaps the most appropriate and the most far-reaching work reported by any Chapter was this: "Through our Chapter work, talks in schools, and

in every way possible, we try not only to be loyal to the truths of Confederate history, but to instill this same love and pride in others, especially the youths upon whom it will rest to carry on our sacred cause."

**Oklahoma.**—The twenty-fourth annual convention of the Oklahoma Division met October 5, 6, 7, in McAlester, the historic old city which is the home of the second oldest Chapter, U. D. C., organized west of the Mississippi River. The doors of the city were flung wide for the reception of the guests, and right royally they were entertained. Mrs. T. F. Gorman, of Bartlesville, presided over the convention with the dignity and charm of a true daughter of the Old South. The convention was truly a replica of the sixties with pages in costume of those times, and on Historical Evening one felt that the door of time had swung back and the ladies of ye olden days had come forth to grace the scene when the fashion parade closed this most interesting program, arranged by the Historian, Mrs. D. Work, of Durant.

Much constructive work was done during the convention, for our own Brigadier General Stand Watie is to be honored by having a marker placed at Big Cabin, near Vinita, where a large wagon train of supplies was captured from the Federals. A prize of ten dollars was offered by Mrs. Jessie Moore for the best essay written by a boy on the life of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the boy to be a student in Oklahoma Military College at Claremore. It was also voted for Oklahoma to join with Arkansas and the other States represented in the battle in marking the site of the battle of Pea Ridge.

This meeting was one of the most constructive and harmonious in the history of the organization. We were most happy to have with us some of the General officers—Mrs. R. B. Broyles, 3rd Vice President General; Mrs. W. E. Massey, Recording Secretary General; Mrs. J. P. Higgins, still quite prominent in the general organization; and our Mrs. George Dismukes, Treasurer General. Social affairs were interspersed with the business, and some lovely entertainments were given for the three Confederate bodies meeting at this time. Officers were elected, and Mrs. B. E. Chaney of Tulsa heads the Division for the coming year.

The meeting closed with a barbecue given by the business men of the city at the site of the battle of Perryville, just outside the city limits. The meeting in 1933 will be held in Chickasha.

[Mrs. D. T. Pardue, Editor.]

**Tennessee.**—The annual convention of the Tennessee Division was held at Knoxville, October 12-14, with the Knoxville Chapter as hostess, to which much praise is due for a most successful occasion in every way. The social features were delightful, the last of these being a drive into the Great Smoky Mountains, with luncheon at the new hotel in Gatlinburg, where the last business session was also held. A historical pageant was the feature of Historical Evening, this depicting Tennessee in the days of war; the participants were pupils of the Knoxville High School.

The Division President, Mrs. Owen Walker, presided over the sessions. The Division voted to have conventions of the Children of the Confederacy of the State; also, that the outgoing Division President should always read her report to the general convention following; and that no new business is to be undertaken until present obligations have been completed.

Honor guest of this convention was the former President General, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Bashinsky, who gave an address on Wednesday evening.

The place for convention of 1933 will be decided upon later.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

**MOTTO:** "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."

**KEYWORD:** "Preparedness." **Flower:** The Rose.

**HISTORIAN GENERAL:** Mrs. John Huske Anderson.

**AIMS FOR 1932:** To know your work—a fuller knowledge of the *facts* of our Confederate history.

### HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CONFEDERATE PERIOD.

*With Southern Songs*

DECEMBER, 1932.

Christmas in War Days.

At Home and in Camp.

Packing Boxes for the Soldier Boys.

Readings from "In Old Virginny" (Thomas Nelson Page).

Christmas Carols.

SONG: "Tenting Tonight."

### CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

DECEMBER, 1932.

"Chris'mas Gif" (salutation of plantation days).

Recollections, from Confederate Diaries.

Relation of the Slave to the Slaveholder. (From *Life and Labor in the Old South*, by Dr. Ulrich B. Phillips.)

"Old Miss" and "Old Massa."

Poems: "Christmas in de Quarters" and "Christmas Night in 1862" (Gordon McCabe).

Song: "Ise Gwine Back to Dixie" and "Long, Long Ago."



## IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. CATHERINE McDOW BROWNSON.

In her home town of Victoria, Tex., which she loved so well and by which she was so fondly beloved, Mrs. Catherine McDow Brownson died on March 11, 1932. Probably no more generous heart than hers was ever stilled in that community, and her name there will always typify unselfishness, generosity, thoughtfulness for others, and true Christian charity.

Catherine McDow was born at her father's plantation in Sumter County, Ala., August 20, 1846, the only child of Alexander and Adaline Fleming McDow. After the death of her mother in 1847, her life was spent alternately with the families of her relatives in Victoria and in Alabama. She attended a girls' school in Florence, Ala., until that city was captured by the Federal troops, and her education was completed in a woman's college in her native town of Gainesville, Ala., from which she graduated in 1865. In 1870, she was married to John M. Brownson, in Victoria, at the old colonial home of her aunt, Mrs. Agnes Fleming Phillips. Her husband was a fitting mate even for a woman like her, for he was one of the most useful citizens of the town in which he spent his life. He was a member of the famous Terry's Texas Rangers, and he served as President of the organization, which stood for courage and devotion to the Confederacy. He was foremost in every public enterprise during his career in Victoria, founder of its public school system, a Mason and Knight Templar, and a deacon and an elder in the Presbyterian Church.

Born and reared in the South, the wife and widow of a Confederate soldier, Mrs. Brownson was in all regards a true daughter of the South, always unswerving in her love for the Stars and Bars and true to its memory. She was a charter member and the first President of the William P. Rogers Chapter, U. D. C., of Victoria, and it was due to her efforts, and largely to her money, that there stands in the public square of Victoria the beautiful memorial to the Soldiers of the Confederacy. While a devout member of the Episcopal Church, her humanitarianism and faith were not confined to any particular church or sect, and she contributed to many things outside in her line of benevolence and Christian charity. In civic matters she was likewise prominent, and she was probably the only woman member of the Chamber of Commerce of Victoria.

Mrs. Brownson leaves two children, a son and a daughter, heirs of a glorious heritage.

## IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. MARY ALEXANDER FIELD.

The death of Mrs. Mary Alexander Field, Honorary President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, at her home in Greenwich, Conn., on

the 4th of September, was widely felt. Though in her eighty-eighth year, Mrs. Field had that spirit of youth which kept her interested in and a part of the activities of her day, and especially in the work of her beloved U. D. C. It was in her home that the Greenwich Chapter was organized, and named for her young soldier brother, William Alexander, Jr.,



MRS. MARY ALEXANDER FIELD.

who gave his life for the Southern cause; and in her home the movement for the preservation of Stratford was started, with her daughter, Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, as President, and Mrs. Field was the first contributor.

A true type of the pioneer mother, Mrs. Field was capable, resourceful, courageous, and independent. Her parents emigrated from North Carolina in a covered wagon to the mountains of Tennessee in the late 1830's. For generations their ancestors had lived in North Carolina, and seven Alexanders—men of their family—had signed the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, which antedated by a year the Declaration of 1776 by the Continental Congress. In Tennessee the William Alexanders took up land near what is now Dixon Springs, and there were born and reared their children. The youngest son, William Alexander, Jr., though only sixteen years old, enlisted for the Confederacy and was killed at the battle of Shiloh. The Alexander farmhouse was used by the troops of both Confederate and Union forces, and the wounded of both sides were nursed by Mary Alexander and her sisters. The family bore every grief, privation, and hardship with a noble courage.

Just three years after the war, in November,

(Continued on page 406)

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
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MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
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MRS. BRYAN WELLS COLLIER.....*Historian General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MISS WILLIE FORT WILLIAMS.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
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REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUINBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



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WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. ADA RAMP WALDEN Editor Box 592 Augusta, Ga.

## THE PRESIDENT GENERAL'S MESSAGE.

*My Dear Co-workers:*

Again it is my privilege and pleasure to greet you, as the passing of the torrid season brings us to the first fall months with the magic "R" ending like a bow of promise in the clouds—and with our early teaching impels the belief that crisp, cool weather is "just around the corner." Old Man Depression is poised for flight to the caverns of the gods when these evil spirits brave their abode.

Some of the lessons of the past year have been hard, and have tried the souls of the most faithful, but the darkness of depression is passing and soon the light of prosperity will gladden our way. The lesson will have been to our benefit if we have kept the faith.

May we suggest that you plan your work early and have regular meetings, for in no other way comes the inspiration which personal exchange of ideas and contact brings.

We had a delightful meeting in Richmond, but the time was so filled with a round of pleasures that little real business was accomplished.

Mrs. N. P. Webster, President of the District of Columbia Association, was missed by many friends at the C. S. M. A. convention. Her absence, caused by a serious motor accident, was greatly felt by the convention. Many friends join in the hope of complete recovery.

May I ask as a special request that you write me, that I may the better keep in touch with your work.

May the Giver of all Good be with and abide with you each and every one.

Faithfully yours, MARGARET A. WILSON.

## NOT A SUBJECT OF PRAYER.

The following is contributed by A. F. Bonham, of Chilhowie, Va., as taken from the "History of Smyth County" (Va.), by Dr. Woodridge Wilson, of recent publication. Following the statement that "through the Reconstruction period, Federal troops, commanded for a part of the time by a Colonel Hambright, were quartered in barracks" in a certain community, the narrative states:

"Rev. W. V. Wilson, D.D., came to Marion as pastor of the Presbyterian Church in 1865, and continued to live in Marion until 1874. At one time some other officer than Colonel Hambright was in charge of the troops policing Marion, a little man with much more sense of his own importance than sense of propriety. He gave Dr. Wilson a peremptory order to pray for the Federal soldiers in his public warship. The minister ignored the order, and the officer had him arrested and brought to trial before a court-martial. A very able lawyer, Mr. J. H. Gilmore, volunteered to defend Dr. Wilson before that court, but he had difficulty in handling his client, for the indignant old preacher would not keep quiet, and burst out on the officer with this: 'Man, are you such a jackass that you don't know better than to try to dictate to a minister what he shall pray for? If you have any sense at all, you ought to know that a prayer is nothing unless it comes from the heart,' and the only prayer I could make from the heart for you or your soldiers is that the Lord would take the last rascally one of you back North where you belong?'"

"The officer was stubborn, his pride was wounded, and it might have gone hard with the

(Continued on page 406)



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

DR. WILLIAM R. DANCY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, SAVANNAH, GA.

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to Edmond R. Wiles, Editor, 1505 W. 22nd St., Little Rock, Ark.

## GENERAL ORDERS, S. C. V.

The Commander in Chief, Dr. William R. Dancy, through his Adjutant in Chief, Walter L. Hopkins, under date of September 1, 1932, has issued the following General Orders which are to be read before all the Camps of the Confederation.

The Commanders of the Divisions not listed herein are those that are elected at their regular conventions held usually at the same time the U. C. V. hold their Division reunions:

The Commander in Chief has also authorized issuance of Special Order No. 1 dealing with the matter of preserving Beauvoir, the home of President Jefferson Davis, as provided for in a resolution passed at the Thirty-fifth Annual Convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans held at Biloxi on June 3, 1930. Due to the death of our highly esteemed and beloved comrade, Nathan Bedford Forrest, of Atlanta, Ga., Chairman of the special Committee appointed by the Commander in Chief to co-operate with the Mississippi Division, S. C. V., in the matter of preserving Beauvoir for the purposes for which it was intended, Commander in Chief Dancy has named Maj. Edmond R. Wiles, of Little Rock, Ark., as Chairman of the committee.

## GENERAL ORDERS No. 3.

I. It is with pleasure that the Commander in Chief announces the appointment of the following Comrades as members of his official Staff, to rank from June 25, 1932, viz.: Walter L. Hopkins,

Richmond, Va., Adjutant in Chief; Arthur C. Smith, Washington, D. C., Inspector in Chief; Judge Henry L. Stuart, Oklahoma City, Okla., Judge Advocate in Chief; Dr. Baylis H. Earle, Greenville, S. C., Surgeon in Chief; R. B. McVay, Tupelo, Miss., Commissary in Chief; C. E. Gilbert, Houston, Tex., Historian in Chief; Major Edmond R. Wiles, Little Rock, Ark., Publicity Director in Chief; Rev. Nathan A. Seagle, N. Y. C., Chaplain in Chief.

II. The foregoing appointments are made on suitable recommendation and upon reliable information as to their qualifications for their respective positions. They will be expected to faithfully, cheerfully, and promptly perform their several duties. Upon advice of their failure in any instance, there will be no hesitation on the part of the Commander in Chief in removing the comrade or comrades so in default.

III. The attention of Staff Officers is called to the requirements of Article VIII, Sections 3-10 inclusive, of the Constitution of the Confederation, describing their respective duties. They are earnestly requested to do all in their power to build up and make more effective the Organization in their respective localities, and to report to General Headquarters any points in their territories in which there is a probability of forming a camp. It is considered the paramount duty of a Staff Officer to see that his local camp is in good standing at Headquarters and to assist in organizing new camps.

## GENERAL ORDERS NO. 4.

I. Upon suitable recommendations, and in obedience to and by and under the authority vested in the Commander in Chief by Article VIII, Section 1, of the General Constitution, I do hereby appoint the hereinafter named Division Commanders for the ensuing year, to rank as such from June 25, 1932: George A. Miller, 1421 South 14th Street, Birmingham, Ala., Commander Alabama Division; J. S. Utley, Boyle Bldg., Commander Arkansas Division S. C. V.; Elijah Funkhouser, 7522 Eastlake Terrace, Chicago, Ill., Commander Central Division; Fred P. Myers, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C., Commander D. C. & Maryland Division; Gen. William L. Grayson, Savannah, Ga., Commander Georgia Division; Capt. R. E. Lee Murphy, Lexington, Ky., Commander Kentucky Division; J. Roy Price, Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La., Commander Louisiana Division; James H. White, 2637 Prospect Avenue, Kansas City, Mo., Commander Missouri Division; W. F. Riley, Sr., Tupelo, Miss., Commander Mississippi Division; J. M. Lentz, 668 North Spring Street, Winston-Salem, N. C., Commander North Carolina Division; George W. Sidebottom, Huntington, W. Va., Commander West Virginia Division.

II. They will at once appoint their official staffs pursuant to Article X, Section 3, of the General Constitution, and inaugurate a campaign for the organization of new camps and the reorganization of inactive camps in their Divisions, and make report thereof to General Headquarters.

By order of William R. Dancy, Commander in Chief, S. C. V.

Official: Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V.

\* \* \*

A personal message addressed by the Commander in Chief to the members of his Staff and officers and members of the Confederation is one of the most impressive and outstanding messages ever issued by a Commander in Chief of this organization. No one can read this message without being impressed not only with his sincerity of purpose, but his true devotion to the cause we represent and his determination that if it is within his power to lead us through the dark and troublous times with which we are now confronted, he will leave nothing undone to accomplish this purpose. This message should inspire and encourage our membership to renewed determination to accomplish real things the coming year.

## VIRGINIA DIVISION.

The Virginia Division held its thirty-seventh annual convention at East Radford on September 6-9, 1932. Considering the fact that this convention followed so soon after the great reunion held in Richmond in June, it was regarded as a very creditable and interesting event. The convention was held, as is customary, at the time the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans and the United Confederate Veterans of Virginia held their reunion. Great credit is due Commander W. A. Earhart, of Ingles Camp No. 695, S. C. V., and to Dr. J. P. McConnell, Division Historian, and members of the Ingles Camp for their wholehearted co-operation and untiring efforts in making the convention one of the most successful ever held.

The Resolutions Committee, as reported by the Adjutant of the Virginia Division, W. H. Keister, went on record in the matter of several important questions before our organization in the form of suitable and forceful resolutions dealing with these subjects.

Resolution No. 1 concerned the reduction of Confederate pensions, which was effective July 1, 1932, in Virginia. This resolution condemns in no uncertain terms measures reducing the amount of the pensions paid Confederate veterans and widows by Virginia, and earnestly urges reconsideration and revision of the act by the Attorney General on this subject.

Resolution No. 2 deals with the matter of Muzzey's "History of the American People," which was selected and contracted for by the State Board of Education of Virginia for the public schools, replacing Dr. Latanes History, which had been selected only a few years previously. This resolution condemns in no uncertain terms Muzzey's History as being unsuitable and unfit to be used as a textbook for the public schools of Virginia, which would unquestionably create false impressions in the minds of the youth as to the causes leading up to the War between the States and the principles for which the people of the Southland fought and died.

Resolution No. 3 deals with the matter of Confederate pensions in the State of Virginia and the regrettable action taken recently in the reduction of these pensions to the remaining Confederate Veterans and widows of this Commonwealth.

It can be readily seen from the sentiment that is expressed in these resolutions passed by the convention of S. C. V. of the State of Virginia that the welfare of the Confederate veterans



and widows was not only uppermost in their minds, but occupied practically the entire proceedings of the convention.

The very purpose for which the Sons of Confederate Veterans exists as an organization is to serve first, last, and always the Confederate veteran and his widow in the matter of providing adequate pensions, assisting in securing invitations for the holding of the annual reunions, the raising of funds and the managing of these reunions, which contribute so much to the life and happiness of the remaining veterans and their loved ones who participate. The Virginia Division is to be commended on the fine spirit and devotion to the cause which we represent.

Gen. R. M. Colvin, of Harrisburg, who is not only a Son, but a veteran as well, was re-elected Division Commander S. C. V. The following Brigade Commanders were elected: Col. George C. Cabell, Norfolk, First Brigade; Herbert T. Ezekiel, Richmond, Second Brigade; W. A. Earhart, East Radford, Third Brigade; J. Edward Beale, Remington, Fourth Brigade.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

(Continued from page 402)

1868, Mary Alexander was married to Henry P. Field, and the following year they made their home in Louisville, Ky. There her daughter and two sons were born and educated, and that city continued to be her home until 1893, when the family removed to Chicago; later on Mrs. Field made her home in Greenwich, Conn., to be near her daughter, who had married the son of Sidney Lanier. In that Northern city, "Mother Field" was the center of Southern interests and the inspiration for many undertakings of the little Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy. Perhaps the keenest pleasure of her long life was in witnessing the successful progress of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation in acquiring and preserving Stratford Hall as a memorial to the great leader of the Confederacy.

Full of humor, good will, and robust, stout independence, she won and kept the admiration and friendship of many people, and through her long life was true in her devotion and love for the Southern Confederacy.

Mrs. Field is survived by her daughter, Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, and a son, Henry P. Field, eight grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

#### NOT A SUBJECT OF PRAYER.

(Continued from page 403)

preacher had not Mr. C. F. Lincoln and Mr. G. G. Goodell, well-known Northern men, immediately gotten in touch with this fellow's superior officer, who required him to release Dr. Wilson with apologies, and to refrain from any future interference with any minister of the gospel in the discharge of his duties."

#### THE PASSING GRAY.

Reports from State meetings of the United Confederate Veterans give such small attendance by veterans that it seems the thin gray line has reached the breaking point and cannot be stretched further. Of the many hundreds who were wont to meet in these State reunions hardly a "corporal's guard" can now be mustered. But they do attend when able, and are honor guests of the towns or cities where the meetings are held, and still the special objects of the love and care of the Daughters of the Confederacy, who delight to brighten the evening of their lives by their attention in every possible way. Their deeds as soldiers are still an inspiration for the coming generations, and much will have been lost from the life of the South when their gray-clad figures are only a memory.

#### GRAY CAPS.

*Gray Caps*, the October Junior Literary Guild Book, is one of the finest and clearest revelations of the spirit of the Old South during the sixties.

It is not just a word picture that is told; it is the life of the old plantation, pulsing with romance, peace, adventure, humor, sorrow, sacrifice, hope!

Eminently fitted for this labor of love by birth, breeding and education, Rose Knox takes you with her to the very heart center of Southern civilization with gripping reality. Every school boy and girl should read *Gray Caps*, for it is a masterpiece of Southern fiction, told without any bitterness or hint of prejudice.

Mrs. Joseph E. Aderhold, State Historian Alabama Division, U. D. C., has this to say: "The story is full of original incidents, humor and pathos. The descriptive beauty and, above all, "the tender grace of a day that is dead," the plantation life of the Old South, gleams through its pages. . . . Throughout the volume is the expression of a deep religious cadence, and . . . the pages are redolent of genius, rich and enchanting."

—Mary C. Chesley.

## PICTURES OF CONFEDERATE LEADERS.

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## MISCELLANIES IN BOOKS.

In its accumulated book stock, the *VETERAN* has a number of odd volumes of the Confederate Military History, and doubtless there are many who would be interested in securing the single volume giving the history of their State in the Confederacy, and especially at the reduced price. Look over this list and let us have your order. The volumes are for Alabama-Mississippi; Maryland-West Virginia; North Carolina; South Carolina; Texas; Florida. Price, each, \$1.75, postpaid.

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Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman. Two vols. Good condition .....	3 50

## THE "G. WASHINGTON."

A four-foot model of the steamboat "G. Washington," has been secured by the Ohio State Museum. The following data concerning this steamboat, the information being taken from Prof. Charles Henry Ambler's recent authoritative book entitled *Transportation in the Ohio Valley*, is given in a late issue of *Museum Echoes*:

Captain Shreve and associates built the "G. Washington" in 1816, "the largest and most pretentious craft that had yet appeared on the western waters. She was built at Wheeling, Virginia (now West Virginia), by George White, but under

the direction of Captain Shreve himself, and was a marked advance in the art of steamboat construction. First of all she floated on the water and not in it. Then, too, she was a double decker, the first on the western waters. Her machinery, boiler and all, was on the first deck, almost entirely out of the hold. Her elegant rooms for the accommodation of the passengers are said to have been named for States of the Union, a fact that may have contributed to the perpetuation of the term 'state-room.' There was also marked improvement in her machinery, high pressure engines of stationary horizontal cylinders being used instead of



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the low pressure engines of upright cylinders such as were then in use on the Fulton boats."

"Courage was never designed for show;

It isn't a thing that can come and go;  
It's written in victory and defeat,  
And every trial a man may meet.

It's part of his hours, his days and  
his years,  
Back of his smiles and behind his  
tears,

Courage is more than a daring deed:  
It's the breath of life and a strong  
man's creed." —Edgar Guest.

Mrs. Lillie B. Gresham, Dadeville, Ala., would like to secure some information on Ferrell's Battery from Georgia, which was attached to Forrest's command.

W. J. Fletcher, 125 1-2 E. 8th St., Chattanooga, Tenn., wishes to know the author of a poem giving "A Confederate Soldier's Welcome to Lee," beginning,

"Welcome, my General, wheresoe'er  
thou'll roam,  
Through the loved land thy valor  
at eve to free,  
Where dwell thy veterans there is  
still thy home,  
He loves not liberty who loves not  
Lee."

Named for Three States.—Kenova, in West Virginia, is located on the Ohio River within sight of the three States from which its name was taken—Kentucky, Ohio, and West Virginia.

And if the country is in as bad shape as the Democratic orators say it is, we can't understand why so many of them want to be President of it.—*Judge*.



## BOOKS AT REDUCED PRICES

---

Continuing its sale of accumulated stock at reduced prices, the VETERAN offers the following books for the month of November:

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# Confederate Veteran

VOL. XL

DECEMBER, 1932

NO. 12



GENERAL LEE ON TRAVELLER

"I can only say that he is a Confederate gray"

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### SERVICE OFFERED.

Miss Edith Pope, long connected with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, offers her services in locating out-of-print and scarce books, and in furnishing information on Confederate history, sketches of Confederate leaders, etc., at a nominal charge. Address her at 306 Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

The general impression seems to be

that unless America cancels the war debt it is going to be impossible for Europe to start another war.—*Exchange*.

### IMMENSE SPRING.

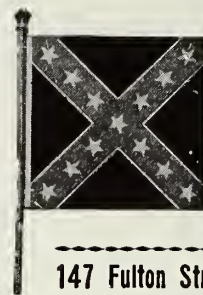
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Mrs. John H. Anderson, Historian General, U. D. C., 617 North Blount Street, Raleigh, N. C., is trying to locate a copy of a book called "Aunt Phyllis' Cabin," by Mrs. Mary Eastman, of Virginia. It is now out of print, and anyone knowing where a copy could be procured will please write to Mrs. Anderson.

### SAYINGS OF NOTED BRITONS.

We are not living in easy times, and in order to meet our liabilities we must be prepared to make even greater sacrifices.—*Sir John Gilmour*.

The courage of faith, even though it be a false faith, will always outstay the courage of wrath.—*Bernard Shaw*.

The chariot of peace cannot advance along a road cluttered with cannon.—*David Lloyd George*.

The fundamental thing is peace. We are going to see great changes in the next few years, in months perhaps. The whole energies of Great Britain will be directed to the work of the peace movement.—*Baron Craigsmyle*.

In these hard times people need humor and song more than ever before.—*Sir Harry Lauder*. [From the British-American.]

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1932

No. 12 { S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

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GEN. HOMER ATKINSON, Petersburg, Va.....Commander in Chief  
GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn...Adjutant General and Chief of Staff  
MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 1728 Audubon Street, New Orleans, La.  
Assistant to the Adjutant General  
REV. J. C. REED, Blackstone, Va.....Chaplain General

### DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

GEN. WILLIAM MCK. EVANS, Richmond, Va. Army of Northern Virginia  
GEN. SIMS LATTI, Columbia, Tenn.....Army of Tennessee  
GEN. R. D. CHAPMAN, Houston, Tex.....Trans-Mississippi

### DIVISION COMMANDERS.

ALABAMA—Tuscaloosa.....Gen. John R. Kennedy  
ARKANSAS—Russellville.....Gen. J. P. McCarther  
FLORIDA—Ocala.....Gen. W. E. McGahagin  
GEORGIA—Hapeville.....Gen. James L. Driver  
KENTUCKY—Richmond.....Gen. N. B. Deatherage  
LOUISIANA—LaFayette.....Gen. Gustave Mouton  
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SOUTH CAROLINA—Sumter.....Gen. N. G. Osteen  
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TEXAS—Fort Worth.....Gen. M. J. Bonner  
VIRGINIA—Petersburg.....Gen. Robert Gilliam  
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg.....Gen. Thomas H. Dennis  
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles.....Gen. S. S. Simmons

### HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va.....Honorary Commander for Life  
GEN. M. D. VANCE, Little Rock, Ark.....Honorary Commander for Life  
GEN. R. A. SNEED, Oklahoma City, Okla. Honorary Commander for Life  
GEN. L. W. STEPHENS, Coushatta, La. Honorary Commander for Life  
GEN. C. A. DESAUSSEURE, Memphis, Tenn. Honorary Commander for Life  
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Matthews, Va. Honorary Chaplain General for Life

## THE OLDEST VETERAN.

Max Gentry, of Atlanta, Ga., celebrated his 102nd birthday on November 24 in excellent health, and the expectation of many more years. He was born in Spartanburg, S. C., November 24, 1830; served in the 14th Georgia Regiment, C. S. A.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS.

It has always been the rule with the VETERAN to continue subscriptions beyond expiration, as it is not always possible for subscribers to pay in advance, and many patrons have expressed their appreciation of this favor. However, there are also many who have not responded as they should in the passing of time, and consequently their subscriptions have gotten in arrears. To these a special letter is being sent and appeal is here made that they respond immediately, for the VETERAN is depending upon their payments to help meet its obligations in the closing of this year. To remit at once the small amount due should be no hardship to anyone, yet the loss in the aggregate means much to the VETERAN, and those who appreciate its work and the favor extended in continuing their subscriptions will not fail to respond to this appeal.

Subscribers are always notified at time of expiration, so there should be no misunderstanding of what they are due; and notices are sent from time to time asking for payment, which is sometimes long delayed. The necessity for prompt attention now is thus brought to their attention in this way—and your response will help to meet this crisis.

## BOOK SALE.

Attention is called to the list of books offered in this number, which contains many valuable works on Confederate history at very reasonable prices. This is an opportunity to add to such collections at less cost than may be possible again. While disposing of its stock in full at this time, any inquiries for books not in this list will have attention, as the VETERAN has connection with dealers all over the country. Also note list of Confederate pictures in the November number.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

### THE VETERAN PASSES.

The end is here.

After forty years of earnest effort in a great cause, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is compelled to surrender to the irresistible force of financial pressure, and with this number its publication ceases.

Needless to say that its length of days would have been much less but for the loyal devotion of the veterans of the South, who hailed its establishment as a means of communication between them, for the recording of the true history of the South's struggle for independence and their experiences as soldiers in that struggle. Established in the interest of this veteran soldiery, they helped to build it up in its early years and to the end of life itself held it dear to them next to the Bible. With their passing, the Daughters of the Confederacy nobly took up the work of giving it needed support, and have thus helped to carry on the effort to record the history of the Southern Confederacy. That this organization now finds it inexpedient to continue this work makes it necessary to suspend publication.

To all these, and to other loyal friends whose continued interest and patronage have helped to sustain it, the VETERAN renders grateful appreciation, and parts from them in sorrow. Surely, there was never a publication which so held the hearts of a people.

### FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

The world cries for peace, yet world peace is never with us. A great opportunity for service in that direction now rests with the United States. With the leading countries of Europe hopelessly in debt to this nation, America may well play the part of philanthropist in granting further time for payment—yet on condition that these countries promise to reduce armaments to the sensible basis, and make them understand that America will tolerate no more war by furnishing supplies of any kind—arms, money, food, clothing. Though this necessitates the placing of an embargo on such shipments from manufactories of this country—for many fortunes are built on war orders—the end would justify the means. Rather let us use our efforts to stimulate trade between nations in time of peace and thus help

them to become able to meet their war debts, which absorb three-fourths of every dollar collected by a government.

While America can never forget the outstretched hand of France in her war for independence, through the voluntary service of LaFayette and his men, the people of this Southern section have as good reason for wishing to favor England in this crisis. When the South was struggling for her independence in the sixties, England furnished the only market for her staple product, on which largely depended the hopes of the Southern Confederacy, and the English people bought Confederate Bonds with their "promise to pay," taking a long chance on their redemption; and from England came an offer of home and lands and income to our beloved Lee when his own country, which he had served through the greater part of his life, had disfranchised this great son. Surely our Southern congressmen whose ancestors followed Lee to the bitter end of that immortal struggle, and with him lived and worked through reconstruction to make the South again a great part of the American Union, will remember this and favor a leniency toward the "Mother Country" in payment of her war debt. This she has no intention of repudiating, but needs more time and extension of trade to enable her to meet it. This country cannot afford to play the part of a Shylock and exact the life of a great nation by forcing it into the abyss of bankruptcy.

What a fine gesture it would be on the part of Southern congressmen to advocate giving England credit for those losses in Confederate bonds—and this United States Government could well afford to make this restitution from what was taken from the South in years of war and reconstruction. Give this a thought, Mr. Congressman—the while.

"Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.

A mighty mother turns in tears

The pages of her battle years,

Lamenting all her fallen sons."

"Let us have peace!"

### THE TIME DEMANDS—MEN!

The following was sent by Capt. John J. Chase, of Point Pleasant, W. Va., as copied from a Republican paper of that place, the *State Gazette*, and he thinks it suitable for reproduction in the VETERAN. Especially will the writer's opinion of the Confederate soldiers be appreciated. The writer refers to the statement in another paper

regarding the policy of the next administration, that "First of all comes the need of generous provision for all who are still in want and distress," and he says:

"It is easy to get into a state of want and distress. The knowledge that 'generous provision' will be made for those in this condition will undoubtedly have a tendency to increase the number.

"The desire to make one's own way in the world is not overwhelming, unless my observation is greatly at fault. I was a youth about the time the Union veterans of the Civil War were engaged in establishing their incapacity to earn a living. They practically all succeeded in doing so. I was always amazed at the vigor of the Confederate veterans. Their backs seemed much stronger than the backs of the Union veterans and their eyesight was correspondingly better.

"While the Union veteran, with but few exceptions, was merely existing on his pension, the sturdy Confederate was plugging away at his business, walking straight in the sight of God and man, and earning a place in the world for himself and his children.

"Making 'generous provision' for all who are in want might easily prove the undoing of a Nation that has grown great and strong through the independence and self-reliance of the vast majority of its citizens. History would have but to repeat itself.

"When great numbers of men and women become flabby and unable to sustain themselves through their own well-directed efforts, the Nation will probably not be worth saving."

## THE GREAT SEAL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Although the story of the Great Seal of the Confederacy, its disappearance and recovery, has been given in detail through many publications, there is still much speculation upon the subject and fanciful stories are still afloat as to its whereabouts. The fact that replicas of the Great Seal were sold widely in this country in the early seventies should have been evidence that the original was in the hands of some one then and could not be classed as lost, yet in the thirty years before it was located no one is known to have made any special search for it. The story of its recovery is told in the following:

The Great Seal of the Confederacy was provided for by joint resolution of the Confederate Congress, April 30, 1862, at Montgomery, Ala., the design for it is said to have been made by Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, C. S. A. It was to

be a "device representing an equestrian portrait of Washington after the statue which surmounts his monument in Capitol Square, at Richmond, surrounded with a wreath composed of the principal agricultural products of the Confederacy," and was to be of the best material. The design was intrusted to Hon. James M. Mason, Confederate Commissioner to England, who placed the order for the seal with the firm of J. S. Wyon, London, "the Queen's chief engravers," and it was made of silver (as not so liable to rust) by that firm at a cost of some six hundred dollars. The seal was packed with the press and other appliances and ready for shipment in July, 1864, and Mr. Mason wrote the Confederate Government that he was sending it to America by Lieut. R. T. Chapman, C. S. N., under orders to deliver it to Secretary Benjamin. A statement by Lieutenant Chapman shows that he thought it best to repack the seal in a valise he had had made especially for it, so that he might carry it himself and thus give it better protection in case of emergency. He made the voyage to America on the Cunard liner *Africa* from Liverpool to Halifax, and from Halifax to the Bermudas on the steamboat *Alpha*; and while running the blockade to enter the South, Lieutenant Chapman was constantly prepared to throw the seal overboard, in the event of capture by the enemy—and he had placed lead in the valise with the seal to make it sink quickly. He must have thought it too hazardous to undertake to bring in the package containing the press and other appliances through the blockade, and it was evidently stored somewhere in the Bermuda port and never reached the Confederate Government. The March (1932) number of *The Bermudian* carries out this theory in a story telling of the press having been found there in a castaway condition, and is now in the possession of a prominent family of the Bermudas as a prized relic of the Confederacy. It is hoped that some day it may be secured for the Confederate Museum in Richmond.

After reaching Wilmington, N. C., by running the blockade, Lieutenant Chapman was unfortunately taken ill, and had to intrust the precious package to a comrade, Lieutenant Campbell, who reported having delivered it safely to Mr. Benjamin. Of that there is no doubt, but there is no record of its ever having been used on any State papers, doubtless because the press and other appurtenances were missing.

The fate of the Great Seal was connected with the downfall of the Confederacy, for upon the



evacuation of Richmond many valuable papers were left in the care of one William J. Bromwell, a clerk in the State Department, and by him these official papers and the Great Seal were hidden in a barn near Richmond. Later, as the story goes, the seal was taken out of Richmond in the bustle of Mrs. Bromwell, and then to Washington. In 1868, William Bromwell got in communication with Col. John T. Pickett, then a lawyer in Washington, but who had been the "sometime" Confederate Commissioner to Mexico, and an officer on the staff of Gen. John C. Breckinridge, who acted as his attorney in the effort to dispose of these papers. They were taken to Canada, and from there negotiations were entered into with the government at Washington. The government's agent, Capt. Thomas O. Selfridge, U. S. N., was sent to Canada to inspect the papers, and in April, 1872, the sale was closed at \$75,000.

As a token of his appreciation, Colonel Pickett presented the Great Seal to Captain (later Admiral) Selfridge, but he borrowed it in 1873 and had the replicas made and sold widely. The location of the seal in the possession of Admiral Selfridge was discovered by Gaillard Hunt, Chief of the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress, in going over some papers of Colonel Pickett which had come into the possession of the Library, and he at once opened negotiations with Admiral Selfridge for the return of the Great Seal to the Southern people. It was eventually acquired by purchase on the part of several public-spirited citizens of Richmond, Va.—Eppa Hunton, Jr., William H. White, and Thomas P. Bryan—and by them placed in the Confederate Museum, where it has a place of honor in the Solid South Room, an object of much interest to the thousands of visitors to the Museum yearly.

#### THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

TO ROBERT Y. CONRAD, FALLEN AT VERDUN  
OCTOBER, 1918.

Life brought him joy his brief years through,  
And Love and Hope him kept,  
Then like the cry the bugle blew,  
And straight his answer leapt.

With the first throbbing drum he turned,  
His face set for the long, long quest;  
The spirit of his father burned,  
A white star, in his breast.

Sweet are the dreams of peace and youth,  
But when the skies grow black with strife,

He counted comfort less than truth,  
And honor more than life.

Death waited in the smoking ways,  
But he—he would not be denied.  
What can we find to speak but praise?  
What can we know but pride?

So young, so strong, so gladly giving!  
Life loved him from his earliest breath.  
But there are gladder things than living,  
And sadder things than death.

The long years shall write his story,  
And men shall mark the way he trod,  
Who gave his manhood in its glory,  
For liberty and God.

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

Capt. Robert Y. Conrad commanded Company I, 116th Infantry, 29th Division, in the World War, and was fatally wounded near Samogneau, France, October 8, 1918, leading his Company with great gallantry. He died the same day at Glorieux, the hospital at Verdun, where he was buried, and later removed to Romagne.—*The Virginia Guardsman*.



A SENTINEL OF THE MACHINE GUN COMPANY, 116TH INFANTRY, 29TH DIVISION, AT ANNISTON, ALA., 1917.  
(Courtesy of the *Virginia Guardsman*)

## THE FORT SUMTER MEMORIAL.

Dedicated "To the Confederate Defenders of Charleston Fort Sumter 1861-1865," a handsome memorial stands on the Battery at Charleston, S. C., facing that historic pile of masonry guarding the entrance to Charleston harbor and which defied for four long years the hammering of Federal guns to reduce it to silence. This tribute to its heroic defenders in those four years was made possible by the bequest of \$100,000 left to the city of Charleston by the late Andrew B. Murray, "whose benefactions during his life and bequests at his death make a rich chapter in the civic record of Charleston."

The monument stands some twenty-five feet high, with its bronze group and granite base rising in the center of a circular granite pavement. The group shows a youthful warrior with short sword and shield, in an attitude of unyielding defense, and behind and above him is a figure representative of the womanhood which inspired such faith and courage, "significant of the spirit of Charleston."

About the base are shown scenes depicting the workers at Fort Sumter bringing up bags of sand to fill the breaches made by Federal guns, and there are stars to represent the States of the Confederacy. The warrior's shield carries the coat of arms of South Carolina.

The dedication of this great memorial was on October 20, 1932, with imposing ceremonies. The only survivor of the defenders of Fort Sumter now living in Charleston, Col. William Robert Greer, rendered tribute to his comrades "who for their faith and their courage endured a great fight." The address of the occasion was by Gerald W. Johnson. The veil was drawn by Mrs. J. Stuart Walker, of Durham, N. C., granddaughter of Col. Alfred Rhett, first commanding officer of Fort Sumter, Miss Lavinia Inglesby Huguenin, granddaughter of Col. Thomas Huguenin, last Confederate commander at the Fort; Miss Ann Stuart Barnwell, grandniece of Maj. Stephen Elliott, second in command under Colonel Rhett; and Miss Camilla Floride Bissell, granddaughter of Maj. John Johnson, Confederate Engineers, who was stationed at the Fort.

A colorful scene was enhanced by the presence of military companies, old and new, with their distinctive uniforms and headdress—such as the Washington Light Infantry, the Sumter Guards, and the cadets from the Citadel.

In the following, Mr. John Grimbail Wilkins, of

Charleston, gives the story in characteristic vein, with fact and sentiment interwoven.

## THE DEFENDERS OF FORT SUMTER.

At the end of the Revolutionary War, when the treaty of peace was made between the thirteen original colonies, and when the Constitutional Convention met, England recognized each Colony as a separate and independent power. Before South Carolina ratified that Constitution, it was made plain that the sovereignty of the State was guaranteed.

So, on the ninth of January, 1861, when the Union sea power tried to send supplies to Major Anderson at Fort Sumter, that sacred guarantee of "State Rights" was violated; it was an overt act on the part of the North—not *South Carolina*.

Early on the morning of January 9, 1861, Cadet G. E. Haynesworth, of Sumter, S. C., fired the first shot of the War between the States from Cummings' Point, Morris Island, on the "Star of the West," and the thunder and vibration of that gun were heard around the world.

April 12, 1861, about three months after the above occurrence, Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, was fired upon, and after a three days' siege, the Stars and Stripes came down, and in its place waved the "Southern Cross" in the warm, sweet air of Dixie.

Let the school children read the true history of the South. It is a heritage for them to have and to hold and be proud of through all generations.

South Carolina must never forget the words of her greatest statesman—John C. Calhoun—who is buried here in Charleston, in old St. Philip's Episcopal Churchyard, "the *Westminster Abbey of the South*"—"Truth, Justice, and the Constitution."

On the Battery just where the two streets meet, at the end of the beautiful park, in view of the sea and splendid harbor, has been dedicated a magnificent monument to the "Defenders of Fort Sumter—1861 to 1865." A spirit of romance and glorious victory seems to cling to the name of that fortification in history and song, because it *never surrendered*—and out near the Atlantic Ocean it stands today defiantly at the entrance of the Bay, and, beyond its walls, the sea beats relentlessly. The bronze figures were molded in Paris, designed by the celebrated New York sculptor, Herman A. McNeil, and it came from across the water to stand on a granite base to remind the new gen-



eration of the matchless achievements and valor of the Confederate soldiers, where deeds will grow brighter as the years roll on, and all people and nations can study and understand that they gave up their lives for "State Rights and Democracy."

The men who wore the gray and fought with Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson in the Wilderness, and, after four years of the bravest fighting the world ever knew, furlled their banners—the "Southern Cross"—at Appomattox, will never be forgotten by the people here in the South, and on Memorial Day in May we will pick the sweetest flowers—the white and red roses—and dress their graves in the churchyards where the bright sunlight falls from the bluest of Dixie skies, and on the graves we will lay a small Confederate flag and think of the beautiful words of the poet:

"All quiet along the Potomac tonight,

Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,  
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,  
The lights of the watchfires are gleaming,  
A tremulous sigh as the gentle night wind  
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,  
While the stars up above with their glittering eyes

Keep guard—for the army is sleeping!"

A perfect day! The harbor of Charleston, once the storm center of the Confederacy, seems so peaceful. But in the lovely Bay the ships ride idly at anchor, swinging on their chains. Everywhere is the sea, as the waves dash up against the big rocks on the High Battery with that constant splash that is the voice of the ocean, for there is "Music in its swells." From Dixie skies the clear sunlight falls on the Old South—"The Mother of the Nation"—the sweetest chapter in history; and so is Charleston, S. C. today, in the memory of us older ones, "The sweetest chapter in history."

As a Southerner stands on the East Battery and looks across the Bay toward the sea, there stands "Old Fort Sumter" still on guard, and memories of a glorious past make them proud that they belong to the South of their dreams. If the day is Sunday, the sweet chimes of St. Michael's bells will float out to sea, and the old city will always be an inspiration to those who, like Frank L. Stanton, were born here; for when he felt the end of life coming, he turned back to Charleston by the sea and the sweet music of the bells of old St. Michaels:

"They are ringing now as ever, but I know that,  
not for me,

Shall the bells of old St. Michael's ring welcome  
o'er the sea.

I have knelt within their shadows, where my  
heart still dreams and dwells,  
But I'll hear no more the music of sweet St.  
Michael's bells.

Ring welcome to the hearts at home—to me—  
your sad farewells,  
When I sleep the last sleep, dreaming of sweet  
St. Michael's bells.

This is a sincere tribute to the defenders of Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, and the beautiful bronze figure has been unveiled to stand in all the years to come to keep in the memory of future generations the matchless valor of the *Soldiers in Gray*.

The old State of South Carolina has made history, and so has Virginia. These two States that seem to have felt the war so painfully, so deeply, can never forget the defense of the old Fort out in the Bay where the ocean tides ebb and flow about its walls.

In the early morning, as the sun rises beyond the line of the sea, its bright rays will fall so softly over the peaceful harbor, and around the Old Battery at sunset the skies over the Ashley River will be turning pink far above the tall pines in St. Andrew's, and the white clouds floating away above the horizon, sometimes changing from silver to the purest gold as the silence of twilight comes.

#### SEMME'S CAMP, U. C. V.

BY R. A. LAMBERT, MOBILE, ALA.

It may be of some interest to hear something of the few veterans remaining in the membership of the once large Semmes Camp, No. 11, U. C. V., here in Mobile, Ala., of which I am serving the third successive term as Commander. This honor, I suppose, came to me largely because I am able to do more for the Camp in a general way than any other member of it now, and I get a lot of pleasure out of doing such.

The ages of our present membership range from eighty-three to ninety-two—and our ninety-two-year-old member is more at himself than some of the younger ones, who were not in the war until right near the close of it, as they were then mere boys.

I have now passed my eighty-ninth milestone, with two others just a little older. Only two of us can boast of battle scars, but the other com-

rade had two severe wounds, while mine was not at all severe, though I had two other holes put through my clothing in addition to the holes that were already in them. The occasion was in the siege of Atlanta, near Peachtree Creek.

The wounds of my comrade are worth describing, and the battle was Chickamauga, Ga., a three days' battle, where we drove the Yankees back at the rate of two miles a day, and where we won, but with heavy loss of life. My wounded comrade's name is S. W. Morgan, of Company H, 25th Alabama Regiment. In the battle mentioned, he was shot down the second day (which was on Sunday) with a ball in one hip, and then had a ball sent into his foot on the opposite side, evidence that he was in the thick of the fight where the missiles of death were flying thick and fast. This Chickamauga battle was about ten miles from the railroad, with bad road to same, and ambulances inadequate for the great number to be cared for; hence my comrade Morgan was not taken up to be carried to a hospital until the eighth day afterward. After receiving the wound in his foot, he says it felt like both legs were off, and during his time of waiting to be taken up he had only water given to him to drink. He almost died from loss of blood.

Now for an amusing incident which took place on the battle field a day or so later. One of my comrades, whose shoes were in bad condition, decided to walk over the battle field where a good number of Federals lay dead, to try to spy out one who had on a suitable pair of shoes for himself. Finding a dead Yankee with a pair to suit him, he sat down on the ground beside the body and pulled off the dead man's shoes, then pulled off his own and put them on the dead man, then gave him a kick and said, "Those will do you, sir."

I am now moved to mention the Daughters of the Confederacy in the city of Mobile, but I feel unable to express fitting words of praise for the work they are doing here for the real entertainment of the Confederate veterans who live in and near the city of Mobile. There are several Chapters of them, and it seems at times that every U. D. C. Chapter is trying to do more for us than some other Chapter has done. They arrange for an entertainment, then phone to let us know of time and place, and ask if each of us can attend, and then arrange for cars to come for all who can attend and to return us to our homes at the close of the social affair, where they entertain us with readings, talks, music, etc., and both drinks and eats. These affairs are always in the

daylight hours, which enable us to get much more out of them than we could otherwise. Recently, while one of our organizations was celebrating the birthday of Admiral Semmes and Capt. John Pelham, they found out early that morning that my birthday was that particular day, so they included me also, even to having a cake with age designated by eighty-nine candles, a portion of them formed into the proper figures, and then put the honoree to the task of blowing them out, his efforts creating much merriment. There were only eight of us in attendance, the rest of the Camp members not feeling strong enough to attend, and about thirty of the Daughters. May the good Lord bless all such patriotic souls is my prayer.

## PRESENT MEMBERSHIP OF SEMMES CAMP, No. 11, U. C. V.

R. A. Lambert, Commander; served first year of war with Company C, 2d Alabama Regiment; was then with Company A, 42d Alabama, to the end; was in the siege of Vicksburg, Rocky Face Mountain, the siege of Atlanta, and many other battles of his command up to Bentonville, N. C.; was wounded at Atlanta.

S. J. Marston, Company G, 15th Alabama Cavalry.

D. C. Greer, Company H, 2d Alabama; was at Spanish Fort and Mobile Bay.

W. N. McVoy, Company E, 21st Alabama; was at Spanish Fort and Fort Gaines.

S. W. Morgan, Company H, 25th Alabama; at Shiloh and Chickamauga.

Harry Pillons, Engineers Corps.

James Powers, Company B, Pelham Cadets.

E. J. Phelan, with Thomas R. Ware, Paymaster, C. S. N.

A. D. Shelnut, Company D, 6th Georgia Cavalry; at Lookout Mountain, Franklin, Tenn., Kennesaw Mountain, siege of Atlanta, etc.

William A. Silver, Company A, Alabama State Cadets.

Albert Taylor, Company A, 21st Alabama; at Shiloh and Spanish Fort.

H. E. Courtney, Company C, 5th Alabama; in battles around Richmond, Va.

J. A. Pulham, Company I, 46th Mississippi; at siege of Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, Kennesaw, siege of Atlanta, Franklin, etc.

Jules Delchamps; lives at Fowl River, Ala.

W. J. Walker, Company —, 63d —, Infantry.

William H. Bancroft, Pelham Cadets.



*THE OLD SOUTH—WITH SPECIAL REGARD  
TO ITS STATESMEN.*

BY MISS ANNIE BELLE FOGG, FRANKFORT, KY.

[Winner of the Andrews Medal, U. D. C. Convention, November, 1932.]

The Old South has not been lacking in men to speak and write about it. The Old South will always be a profitable study, as it is a unique page of our national history. Romancer, poet, historian, and philosopher have gathered from it material and inspiration. The seed of American liberty was first planted and fostered at Jamestown. The first spoken word that fired the Colonial heart and pointed the way to freedom from Great Britain was in the Old South. One from the Old South framed the immortal Declaration of National Independence. It was from this same section that a general was called to lead the ragged Continentals to victory. Seventy-two years intervened, and fifteen Presidents succeeded between the last gun of the Revolution and the first gun fired on Fort Sumter in 1861. Nine out of the fifteen Presidents and fifty of the seventy-two years are to be credited to the statesmanship of the Old South. What Washington did with the sword for the young republic, Chief Justice Marshall of Virginia made permanently secure by the wisdom of a great jurist. After him came a long line of worthy successors from the Old South in the persons of Judges, Vice-Presidents, Cabinet officers, officers of the Army and Navy, who were called to serve in the high places of the government. The fact is that whatever unique quality of greatness and fame came to the Republic for more than half a century after it was begun was largely due to the wisdom of Southern statesmanship.

As with the statesmanship, so with the military leadership of the Old South. It seems that the genius for war has been one of the South's gifts to her sons, as they were born commanders, tacticians, and strategists. In the two wars of the Republic, Great Britain and Mexico felt the skill and courage of the Southern general and rifleman. In the War Between the States, the generals who commanded, as well as the Presidents who commissioned them, were Southerners, and carried into their exalted places the spirit of the Old South. In the extension of the Republic from the seaboard to the great central valley, and beyond to the mountains and the Pacific Coast, Southern generalship and statesmanship led the way. The purchase of Louisiana, the annexation of Texas and the Southwest were conceived and executed chiefly by Southern men.

For more than fifty formative years of our history, the Old South was the dominating power in the nation, as it had been in the foundation of the Colonies out of which the republic came, and later in fighting its battles of independence and framing its policies of government. I think whatever strength the republic had acquired at home or reputation it had achieved abroad in the early crucial years of its history was largely due to the patriotism and ability of Southern statesmanship. One likes to recall the good old days when the Old South sat at the head of the table and directed the affairs of the nation. The Old South needed to produce great thinkers, and produced them. The Southern man by tradition, inheritance, choice, and by virtue of a certain philosophic temper which seemed to adhere in his race, was trained to think and speak clearly upon grave matters of public import. He was a born politician in the best sense of that much-abused term. Like Hannibal he was led early in life to the altars of his country and dedicated to its service.

The Southerner coveted the power and authority of the rostrum rather than the pen. In the song, sunshine, historical incidents, and beauty of the South he had ample inspiration and material for his pen if he cared to use it. While the Old South was not without its writers, there was no distinctive profession of letters for the reason that the concentration of thought and learning was placed in politics and plans of government. The entire lack of commercialism were reasons why the Old South contributed comparatively little to the stock of permanent literature. The gentleman of the Old South had a fine library and read the best books on all subjects, ranging through science, art, literature, theology, history, and biography. A man's books were his most intimate friends. Many tributes were paid to the scholarly attainments of the Southern gentleman. One feature of scholarship was the mastery of the classics. It was not an uncommon feat for a boy of fourteen, upon entrance as a freshman in a college of the old order, to read Virgil and Horace with a grace and finish that would do credit to a post-bellum alumnus.

The academy and college of the Old South was a source and inspiration of culture. There was something intensely stimulating in the spirit and method of the old classical school. There were noble intellectual exemplars in the Old South. The great thoughts of Patrick Henry, Calhoun, and Clay were ever before the people. John C. Calhoun had the approval of the great Virginian,

Thomas Jefferson. The great principle of Thomas Jefferson's life was absolute faith in democracy. Only one other American has enjoyed the real distinction of being a national "sage," and that was Andrew Jackson.

The development of the South under Jefferson was rapid. While in Congress, Calhoun led in the work of internal improvements in making great highways and canals. He was an ardent patriot, and was the ablest War Secretary the Government ever had till Jefferson Davis came to the same office in 1853. Calhoun lives today in a sense that no other American leader lives. No man doubts what Calhoun stood for, and the people of the South know he prepared the way for secession. Leaders of the South in Congress in the last palmy days of the ante-bellum South were Jefferson Davis, Howell Cobb, R. M. T. Hunter.

The spell and genius of Edgar Allan Poe was upon the literature and literary men of that time, also that of Hayne, Timrod, and Sidney Lanier. Lanier was of the Old South, though fame came to him in the New. He was one of the South's greatest poets. Famous orators of this period were Jefferson Davis, Robert Toombs, Ben Hill, Alexander Stephens, Judge Lamar, and many others. Men of ability and character aspired to political place and honor. There were certain old-fashioned political maxims that constituted the code of every man who would become a candidate for office, as, for instance, "The office should seek the man, not the man the office."

If the Old South had one characteristic more than another, it was the reverent and religious life and atmosphere which was diffused among all peoples. There were great preachers in those days. The strange and beautiful social life of the Old South was Arcadian in its simplicity and almost ideal in its conditions. The Old South had its aristocracy, which was of threefold structure. It was an aristocracy of wealth, blood, and honor. Here and there mansions of the old order of Southern aristocracy are standing as reminders of the splendor and luxury of the ante-bellum days. The charm of the wonderful hospitality and home life of the Old South has been set forth by pencil and pen. The old-time Southerner took pride beyond that which he felt in material wealth. Aristocracy of wealth was nothing as compared with aristocracy of blood. An old family name that had held its place in the social and political annals of his State for generations was a heritage far dearer to him than wealth. He never forgot the honors his forbears had won in field and forum. It seems

a noble sentiment to take pride in the linking of one's name and fame with the history of one's country, and to be more self-respecting because of the virtues of a long line of ancestors.

One of the distinguishing characteristics of the Old South is this devotion to the memory and traditions of its ancestry. It was the ambition of the younger generation of that period to walk worthily in the steps of their fathers. In no country on the face of the earth was a good name and family distinction more prized and potent than in the Old South. Linked with this pride of good blood and wealth was the aristocracy of honor. Proud of their homes, positions of leadership, and their high descent, the aristocrats of the Old South erected an ethical system that defined and regulated personal and public matters and became the unbending code of every Southern gentleman. Its foundation was laid on a man's honor, and the honor of a gentleman was the supreme test and standard of every relation, public and private. It was not exceptional for many men of large business affairs, whose whole fortunes depended on the passing of a word, who would have surrendered their fortunes to make good "that word of honor."

Pictures of the old Southern gentleman at his best have been best drawn by the pens of Page, Harris, and Hopkinson or Smith—courtly, genial, warm-hearted, gracious, and proud of his family. His race will soon be extinct, and only the kindly voice and pen of those who knew him will truly perpetuate his memory.

The woman of the Old South was not only the queen of the household, but to her patient teachings and personal training are due the civilization and Christianizing of the negro. Many queens of the drawing-room were competent executive business managers, as shown in cases where women, left widows with large families and several plantations to care for, proved successful financiers. The Southern woman's responsibility was directed mostly as a complement to her husband's and sons' endeavors. No section of the country has given more men, who really influenced and helped mold the nation, than the Old South. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Jefferson Davis, Judah P. Benjamin, Robert Toombs, Robert E. Lee, and Raphael Semmes stand out as brilliant illustrations of this fact.

Whatever else may be said of the old Southern leaders, whatever their shortcomings in democratic standards, there can be no doubt that they stood forth in their leadership, as examples of distinction, charm, order, force, and character.



*They led.* The younger generation do not stand out as did the leaders of the Old South. There are still living individuals of the Old South whose abilities, personalities, and achievements in a fair field of opportunity and support would easily rank among the first order in any larger company. Influence, environment, and precepts of the Old South helped mold the character of the immortal Woodrow Wilson, a great leader and statesman.

In the future, as the spirit of the Old South passes by, we will find that a halo of love and glory shines around her fair head. The good that she did lives after her.

### SECESSION OF THE COTTON STATES.

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

In a general way, history speaks of the secession of the Southern States as being an incident of slavery. Seven States seceded in the winter of 1860, and, on March 11, 1861, formed a new Confederacy with virtually the same Constitution. The other Southern States seceded later when called on to engage in a war against this new Confederacy. Why was that first secession? Had there been no Africans held in slavery, there might have been no secession. African slavery had existed in every colony and State, and was particularly recognized and cared for in the Constitution, every State agreeing to return to the owner any fugitive slave.

In time, the Northern States abandoned slavery. Still every man who held office swore to support the Constitution under which (Article 1, Sec. 8) Congress has to provide for the general welfare of the United States, and has to make all laws necessary and proper.

At length the Abolition sentiment grew at the North, so much so that some persons there wished to abolish slavery in the Southern States; and, to bring that about, they promoted negro revolt and insurrections. Thus it came about that a joint committee of the two Houses of the Legislature in North Carolina, in 1831, reported they were satisfied "that an extensive combination now exists to excite in the minds of the slaves and colored persons of this and the other slave States feelings and opinions leading to insurrections." They also reported "the actual detection of the circulation of the incendiary publications and discovery of the designs," etc., "and we are led to fear the most ruinous consequences." (This was in 1831.)

While Nat Turner's insurrection occurred in Virginia, a similar attempt was made near Wil-

mington, N. C. After that, year by year, abolition sentiment continued to grow at the North until, at length, a dozen Northern States nullified the Constitution and Acts of Congress, and, in Massachusetts, even burned them! It was declared that these States "have permitted the open establishment of societies whose avowed object is to disturb the peace of other States." "They have incited by emissaries, books, and pictures the negroes to servile insurrection."

In 1857, a defamatory book was written, "The Impending Crisis," and at the election of 1858, it was indorsed by the Republican Congressmen and widely circulated throughout the North. Its effect was notable. That party increased its membership in Congress from sixty-seven to nearly double that number. In it the author said to the slaveholders: "Henceforth, Sirs, we are demandants—not suppliants. It is for you to decide whether we are to have justice peaceably or by violence. For what consequences—we are determined to have it one way or another. Would you be instrumental in bringing upon yourselves, your wives, and your children a fate too terrific to contemplate? Shall history cease to cite as an instance of unexampled cruelty the massacre of St. Bartholomew because the World—the South—shall have furnished a more direful scene of atrocity and carnage?" Such was the picture of slaughter proposed by the fanatic abolitionists.

Then John Brown, after raising a considerable sum of money in Boston and elsewhere and obtaining a supply of arms, on Sunday, October 16, 1859, started on his mission. With a force of seventeen whites and five negroes, he captured the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, expecting the slaves to rise and begin the massacre of the white slaveholders. The military was able to prevent that, and Brown was tried and executed. Then, throughout the North, John Brown was said to have gone straight to heaven—a saint!

In the Senate, Stephen A. Douglas, pursuant to the Constitution, introduced a bill to punish those people who seek to incite slave insurrections. "Abraham Lincoln, in his speech at New York, declared it was a seditious speech"—"his press and party hooted it." "It received their jeers and jibes." (See page 663, Stephen's Pictorial History.)

When Congress met on the fifth day of December, 1859, the Republicans proposed John Sherman for Speaker. Thereupon, some Democrats offered a resolution that no man who indorsed "Helper's Impending Crisis" was fit to be Speak-

er. That raised such a conflict that a riot ensued, the members carrying pistols; and it was not until February 22 that the House organized by electing as Speaker an old line Whig. The House would not approve negro insurrections after a conflict lasting more than two months.

Then came the election of President. The party of negro insurrections swept the Northern States. The people of the South had realized the possible results. With the people and the State Governments of the North making a saint out of a man who had planned and started to murder the slaveholders—the whites of the South—and the Northern States all going in favor of that party which protected those engaged in such plans, naturally there were in every Southern State those who thought it best to guard against such massacres by separating from those States where John Brown was deified.

When the news came that Lincoln was elected, the South Carolina Legislature, being in session, called a State Convention. When the Convention met, it withdrew from the Union. In its declaration it said: "Those States have encouraged and assisted thousands of our slaves to leave their homes; and those who remain have been incited by emissaries, books, and pictures to servile insurrection. For twenty-five years this agitation has been steadily increasing, until it has now secured to its aid the power of the common government." So, to escape insurrections, South Carolina began the secession movement.

At the last of August, 1862, General Pope, who was in command of the army near Washington, was defeated, and, in September, President Lincoln thought that by threatening to free the negroes at the South he might help his prospects in the war. Delegations from the churches in Chicago also addressed him. He said he hesitated. It was to be a war measure. There were those who deemed it a barbarity to start an insurrection of the negroes. As to that, President Lincoln said: "*Nor do I urge objections of a moral nature in view of possible consequences of insurrection and massacre at the South.*"

The French newspaper at New York said: "Does the Government at Washington mean to say that, on January 1st, it will call for a servile war to aid in the conquest of the South? And after the negroes have killed the whites, the negroes themselves must be drowned in their own blood."

Many other newspapers asked the same question. But Mr. Lincoln contented himself with

what he had said. Governor Morton of Indiana was for the insurrection! Charles Sumner in his Speech at Farneuil Hall said of the Southern slaveholders: "When they rose against a paternal government, they set an example of insurrection. They cannot complain if their slaves, with better reason, follow it." And so the North was for the insurrection!

At length, in May, 1863, it was arranged that there should be a general insurrection throughout the South, as the following discloses (Official Records—Series 1, Vol. LI, Part II, Supplemental, p. 736):

War Department, C. S. A.,  
Richmond, Va., July 18, 1863.

"His Excellency T. O. Moore,

Governor of Louisiana, Shreveport, La.

"Sir: I have the honor to enclose a copy of a letter from A. T. Montgomery, found in the mail of a Federal steamer plying between New Bern and Norfolk which was captured by our troops. You will perceive that it discloses a plan for a general insurrection of the slaves in the Confederacy on the 1st of August next. . . .

JAMES A. SEDDON, *Secretary of War.*"

(Confidential)

"Washington, D. C., May 19, 1863.

"General: A plan has been formed for a simultaneous movement to sever the rebel communications throughout the whole South, which has been sent to some general in each Military Department in the seceded States, in order that they may act in concert and thus secure success.

"The plan is to induce the blacks to make a simultaneous movement of rising, on the night of the 1st of August next, over the entire States in rebellion; to arm themselves with any and every kind of weapon that may come to hand, and commence operations by burning all railroad and country bridges and tear up railroad tracks, and to destroy telegraph lines, etc., and then to take to the woods, the swamps, or the mountains, where they may emerge as occasion may offer for provisions and for further depredations.

"No blood is to be shed except in self-defense. The corn will be ripe about the 1st of August, and with this and hogs running in the woods, and by foraging upon the plantations by night, they can subsist. This is the plan in substance, and if we can obtain a concerted movement at the time named, it will doubtless be successful.

"The main object of this letter is to state the time for the rising that it may be simultaneous



over the whole South. To carry out the plan in the department in which you have the command, you are requested to select one or more intelligent contrabands, and, after telling them the plan and the time (night of the 1st of August), you will send them into the interior of the country within the enemy's lines and where the slaves are numerous, with instructions to communicate the plan and the time to as many intelligent slaves as possible, and requesting of each to circulate it far and wide over the country, so that we may be able to make the rising understood by several hundred thousand slaves by the time named.

"When you have made these arrangements, please enclose this letter to some other General commanding in the same department with yourself, some one whom you know or believe to be favorable to such movement, and he, in turn, is requested to send it to another, and so on until it has traveled the entire round of the Department, and each command and post will in this way be acting together in the employment of negro slaves to carry the plan into effect.

"In this way, the plan will be adopted at the same time and in concert over the whole South, and yet no one of all engaged in it will learn the names of his associates, and will only know the number of Generals acting together in the movement. To give the last information, and before enclosing this letter to some other general, put the numeral 'I' after the word 'approved' at the bottom of the sheet:

"And when it has gone the rounds of the department, the person last receiving it will please enclose it to my address, that I may then know and communicate that this plan is being carried out at the same time.

"Yours respectfully, your obedient servant,  
"ALEXANDER S. MONTGOMERY.

#### Indorsement

"Department of North Carolina.  
"Approved."  
"18."

This letter declaring this plan was sent to the military, but the copy sent to the Federal Governor or General at New Bern, falling into the hands of the Confederates, the plan miscarried. Such an insurrection, arranged for by the Government, was not exactly what the people of the South apprehended when they withdrew from the Union. The apprehension was that the John Browns would give trouble and inaugurate a race

war. It was feared that the Government would not seek to prevent John Brown insurrections, and, the better to guard against them, the cotton States withdrew from the Union. The proposed general uprising of the African slaves speaks for itself.

#### FOR PRESIDENT GENERAL, U. D. C.



MRS W. E. MASSEY, OF ARKANSAS

"The Arkansas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, presents Mrs. W. E. Massey, Past Division President, Past Third Vice-President General, Past Recording Secretary General, for the office of President General, the election to take place in Baltimore, Maryland, November, 1933. Mrs. Brown Rogers, President; Mrs. Jess Martin, Corresponding Secretary."

Mrs. Massey is an able executive, efficient, capable, and constructive in her policies, and has had many honors other than those bestowed by the U. D. C., which she has served in almost every capacity. She served as President of the Arkansas Federation of Women's Clubs, 1924-1926, and was the first woman honored with membership on the Board of Trustees of the Ouachita Baptist College. She is also a writer of ability, being the author of many missionary tracts and a book, "At the King's Command," written for the Woman's Missionary Union of Arkansas. She was Chairman of Finance and co-hostess for the General U. D. C. Convention at Hot Springs in 1925, and editor of the first U. D. C. folder of information (1928); and she also issued the first printed program for use of the Children of the Confederacy when she was Third Vice President General.

## FAMOUS WAR HORSES.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

The favorite horses of Confederate commanders and the old army negroes should have a place in history along with their masters, and the story should be preserved in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. So, with this thought in mind, I write my recollection of three outstanding war horses.

As every one must know, General Lee's Traveller takes first rank. No horse ever won more interest, more sentiment, and attention after the war than was heaped upon Traveller. Famous in war, he became the special pet of the Southern people in peace. No horse at any time in history has ever been given greater admiration.

Traveller was raised on the Andrew Davis Johnston farm near Blue Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier County (now West Virginia). While his pedigree is somewhat in doubt, it is known that he was of the "Grey Eagle" stock, the grand-sire an old Arab; the dam a famous mare, "Flora." As a colt he was called "Jeff Davis," and he took prizes at the Lewisburg Fair in 1859 and 1860. He was four years old in the spring of 1861, and it was in the fall of that year that he became the property of Maj. Thomas L. Broun, of Charleston (now West Virginia), who paid \$175.00 in gold for him. Major Broun tells how, as Major of the 3rd Infantry of Wise's Legion, when on Sewell Mountain during that campaign of 1861, he rode the horse, "which was greatly admired in camp for his rapid, springy walk, high spirit, bold carriage, and muscular strength. He needed neither whip nor spur, and would walk his five or six miles an hour over the rough mountain roads of West Virginia with his rider sitting firmly in the saddle and holding him in check by a tight rein, such vim and eagerness did he manifest to go right ahead when he was mounted."

Major Broun goes on to tell how General Lee, when he took command of the Wise Legion and Floyd's Brigade, encamped at and near Sewell Mountain in the fall of 1861, saw the horse and took a great fancy to it. Later on, the horse was offered to him as a gift, and while he would not accept it, he said he would gladly buy him if willingly sold. General Lee saw the horse again in South Carolina, being ridden by Capt. Joseph M. Broun, a brother of Major Broun, and in February, 1862, the horse was bought by the General for \$200.00, the difference in price being on account of the depreciation of currency at the time. General Lee changed his name to "Traveller,"

doubtless because of his agility in getting over the rough roads.

This writer served the first two years of the war as a member of the 18th Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. I remember seeing General Lee on Traveller many times. I saw him in camp, on the march, and in battle. No effigy of Traveller that I have seen looks like him. The bronze figures make his neck and head in the shape of a fishhook. Traveller always carried his head up—little higher than his body. It was often said by the soldiers that Traveller resembled General Lee. He was never excited.

As my brigade went into action at Sharpsburg, Monday, September 17, 1862, we passed the Rockbridge Artillery in action. General Lee, astride Traveller, stood by a caisson. The enemy's shells were exploding all about the battery. It was an exciting moment. We cheered him.

I saw General Lee on Traveller at Malvern Hill, July 2, 1862. I saw him at Fredericksburg, as he rode along Barksdale's picket line on the Rappahannock River.

When the war ended, General Lee accepted the presidency of Washington College, now Washington and Lee, and moved to Lexington, Va. He built a brick stable for Traveller next to the house, connected by a covered passage, and wrote joyously to a member of his family that now he and Traveller were "under the same roof."

But Traveller had more hardships coming than he knew in the war. College students were constantly plucking a hair out of his tail to send home to the folks as a priceless souvenir. In time, they almost gave Traveller a hairless rat-tail. "The boys have plucked hairs from Traveller's tail until he looks like a plucked chicken," General Lee wrote his daughter at Hot Springs. "The poor fellow is plainly showing how ashamed he is." Traveller walked with drooping head, he said.

Traveller survived General Lee several years. Then he stepped on a nail, contracted lockjaw, and died in great suffering. Gen. Custis Lee, oldest son of Gen. R. E. Lee, accompanied by four little girls, and helped by three negroes, buried Traveller, wrapped in his blankets, under a large tree in the ravine behind Washington and Lee University. In 1907, Joseph Bryan, of Richmond, Va., gave funds, and Traveller's skeleton was exhumed, mounted, and now stands inclosed in a glass case in the Lee Museum at Lexington, Va., not far from the resting place of his master.

General Lee had other mounts: Richmond,



Brown Roan, Ajax, Lucy Long, but none of them could stand the hardships Traveller stood. He went days and nights with the saddle hardly off his back. He traveled countless miles in snow and hail and icy rain and blistering heat.

Two years ago, the Virginia Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy erected a tablet on the old stable behind the President's home in memory of Traveller, with the inscription: "The last home of Traveller, through war and peace the faithful, devoted and beloved horse of General Lee."

After the war, in response to an artist who asked for a description of Traveller, General Lee dictated to his daughter Agnes the following:

"If I were an artist like you, I could draw a true picture of Traveller—representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and sufferings through which he passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection, and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts through the long night marches and days of battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist; I can only say he is a Confederate gray. I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia in the autumn of 1861, and he has been my patient follower ever since. He carried me through the seven days battle around Richmond, the Second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last days at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania at Gettysburg, and back to the Rappahannock.

"From the commencement of the campaign in 1864 at Orange, till its close around Petersburg, the saddle was scarcely off his back, as he passed through the fire of Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and across the James River. He was almost in daily requisition in the winter of 1864-65 on the long line of defenses from the Chickahominy, north of Richmond, to Hatchies Run, south of Appomattox. In the campaign of 1865, he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox. You must know the comfort he is to me in my present retirement. He is well supplied with equipments. Two sets have been sent to him from England, one from the ladies of Baltimore, and one was made for him in Richmond; but I think his favorite is the American saddle from

St. Louis. . . . You can, I am sure, from what I have said, paint his portrait.

Although Traveller loved all the Lees, he wanted only General Lee to ride him. And when Robert E. Lee, Jr., had won his commission as a cavalry officer, and visited his father at Orange Courthouse to celebrate, General Lee, temporarily unable to ride because both his arms were severely strained, turned Traveller over to Lieut. Robert E. Lee, Jr., to ride to Fredericksburg, thirty miles away. Traveller showed what he thought about it by launching into a buck trot, a short high trot, that jolted young Robert E. Lee, Jr., into an aching mass of bruises, and kept it up for thirty miles. "I could have walked the thirty miles with less discomfort and fatigue, sir," son reported to father a little later.

Next in fame to Traveller, among the Confederate commanders' horses, is the war horse of Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, known to all the world as "Stonewall" Jackson. In the earliest days of the war, Jackson's horse was known as "Little Sorrel." But in the years that followed Stonewall Jackson's tragic death, and in the years following the war, when the horse grazed around the campus of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, the animal became known as "Old Sorrell." Nobody seems to know how the additional "l" was added to his name, or how he changed from "Little" to "Old."

I first saw Little Sorrel in the morning following the battle of Savage Station. I saw him again at Malvern Hill, and last at Sharpsburg.

Little Sorrel was as well known to Jackson's soldiers as Stonewall Jackson himself. The men bragged of the war horse's endurance as they bragged of their commander's strategy and courage.

It was on the night of May 3, 1863, that Stonewall Jackson fell from the back of Little Sorrel at Chancellorsville, mortally wounded by his own men by mistake. The horse had carried the general safely through the battles of Manassas, Kernstown, McDowell, Winchester, Port Republic, Cross Keys, Cedar Mountain, Harper's Ferry, Fredericksburg, Second Manassas, and Sharpsburg. When that rifle volley rang out in the dark, and his master pitched from the saddle, Little Sorrel bolted into the darkness among the trees toward the enemy. He was recaptured next morning by the Second Corps under the command of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and never got out of Southern hands again. He was the treasured souvenir

of the South's great general, who won eternal military fame by his thirty-ninth birthday.

Thirty-six years old, just three years younger than his master at death, Little Sorrel died in the Virginia for which he had campaigned so long before. His body was mounted and now stands in a great glass case in the museum of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Richmond. Thousands view it every year.

The third of that trio of famous Confederate war horses was King Philip, the mount of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, the great cavalry leader of the Confederacy, whose strategy has become immortal.

King Philip was a gift to General Forrest. The last week of May, 1863, the Federals sent an expedition of 2,200 picked men and a battery of rifled artillery commanded by Colonel Streight, distinguished Union officer, into Georgia, with orders to destroy Gen. Braxton Bragg's line of supplies and communications, and destroy, too, every source of that country's sustenance.

General Forrest, with 1,000 cavalry and one battery, went in pursuit. He killed or captured the entire command of Federals in a terrific action a short distance from Rome, Ga.

The ladies of Columbus, Ga., to express their thanks to the Confederate commander who had saved their home from pillage, bought and gave him the finest horse they could find in Georgia. Like Lee's Traveller, King Philip was Confederate gray, with black main and tail. He was sixteen hands high, and weighed 1,200 pounds. His name at first was simply "Philip," but presently Forrest's men christened him "King Philip." He was as unmoved amid exploding shells as Traveller, and, at close range, he was as ferocious a fighter as his master; and Forrest could fight hand-to-hand with pistol and sabre as ferociously as the strongest man under his command. Biting, kicking, and plunging, with Forrest in the saddle slashing and shooting, those two were the ideal leaders of a cavalry charge.

On the retreat of Hood's army from Nashville, in December, 1864, Forrest was in the saddle almost continuously on King Philip, five days and nights.

"I doubt if there was a horse in either army that could have endured what King Philip endured then."

In 1865, General Wilson, of the Federal army, was at Jasper, Ala., with 15,000 cavalry, 2,000 infantry and five batteries of artillery, to make a diversion to help the operations against Mobile.

He had a pontoon train of fifty wagons. Forrest with 3,000 men confronted him. And Forrest, riding with his staff and escort, some seventy-five men, came in sight of a big body of Wilson's Federal cavalry moving southward. Instantly, General Forrest formed his seventy-five men in a column of fours, and at their head charged straight into the enemy. King Philip, with his mighty strength, knocked down half a dozen Federal horses and riders as the charge drove home, a stampede followed, and Forrest and his seventy-five men held the field.

As the enemy approached Selma, Ala., Forrest and his staff were engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with a party of Federal cavalrymen. Forrest himself, on King Philip, was attacked by four troopers. He shot one as they came on. The remaining three, sabres drawn, dashed upon him, with three other Federal cavalrymen galloping up to join them. Six against one, and Forrest's staff and escort were too far away to reach him in time. On either hand the roadway was hedged by a dense thicket. To the rear it was choked by a covered army wagon, which had turned over. The mêlée which had preceded this sudden flurry had given King Philip a pistol ball in the hip, and General Forrest's right arm was weakened from terrific sabre play in which he had killed three of the enemy. Escape looked impossible. But Forrest wheeled King Philip, drove him at the wagon gave him the spur, and the gallant animal rose to leap clear over the wagon as a jumper would clear a barred gate.

After the war, General Forrest returned to his plantation in Coahoma County, Miss. There King Philip grazed, in peace at last. He had one final battle. A troop of Federal cavalry rode into the field where King Philip was grazing. He leaped at them like a tiger, kicking, biting, and drove them out.

Then General Forrest consented to have King Philip shown at a benefit in Memphis for sick and wounded Confederate soldiers. Jerry, the general's negro body-servant, and Pat, his Irish orderly, began grooming King Philip and feeding him quantities of green corn. Naturally, the horse died of colic, enormously swollen. Crouching beside the body, as General Forrest looked on, weeping with grief, Pat nevertheless managed to gulp out to the general: "Sir, I want you to look at the fat I put on King Philip before he died!"

A grave was dug on the Forrest plantation, and General Forrest wrapped his own old army blanket about King Philip before he was laid at rest.



*SIDNEY LANIER, POET, MUSICIAN,  
SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY.*

BY MRS. MATTIE A. WATKINS, WATER VALLEY, MISS.

[1932 winning essay for the prize offered by Tennessee Division, U. D. C., in memory of Miss Mary Lou Gordon White.]

In the Hall of Fame for Great Americans at New York University are inscribed the names of sixty-nine men and women. Many of these names deserve beyond any doubt or objection to be inscribed there, but of a number of names so inscribed may one well ask, "Why are they here?" And yet from this Hall of Fame one name is missing, a name as bright and glorious as any in our American history. Surely, among the names of America's great men and women the name of Sidney Lanier, poet, musician, soldier of the Confederacy, should be inscribed. Let us see to it that before another election to this assembly of the great takes place in 1935 so vigorous a campaign shall have been waged in behalf of Lanier that not again, as in 1930, will his name fail to receive the fifty-one out of a hundred votes of the committee on elections necessary to inclusion. But to many it will seem strange that any propaganda should be needed to bring about Lanier's selection; he has so long taken rank among "the first princes of American song."

In his own day Lanier was honored by being appointed to write the words for the official cantata sung at the opening exercises of the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876, in the presence of the President of the United States and representatives of foreign nations. It was recognized by some discerning critics even then that his verse was more tuneful and melodious, more spontaneous and stirring, than most contemporary verse. It was appreciated because it was not weighted down with stories as Longfellow's was, nor spoiled by too partisan purpose like Whittier's and Lowell's, but was pure poetry, noble and inspiring, and based on themes drawn from the life and nature that Lanier knew, being in all ways thoroughly American, though not blatantly, even vulgarly, so, like Whitman's. By many he was in his own day ranked second only to Poe.

Lanier's "collected" poems, published in 1884, three years after his death at the age of thirty-nine, have gone through many editions, a new one appearing almost every year. Popular interest in Lanier and all he did inspired and justified the publication of verse and essays that remained unpublished during his lifetime, and the inclu-

sion of a biography of him by Dr. Edwin Mims in the "American Men of Letters" series. Dealers in rare books report an increasing demand for copies of the rare first editions of his work, and such copies are offered at increasingly high prices. Prominent place is given to Lanier in the anthologies and textbooks used in the countless new courses on American literature inaugurated in our schools and colleges as a result of new attention given our national past. Degrees of Doctor of Philosophy have been awarded to writers of these on Lanier at Princeton, Johns Hopkins, and the University of Chicago. One of his poems, "The Ballad of Trees and the Master," with one of several excellent musical settings, is to be found in the hymnal of practically every Christian sect. By all lovers of poetry Lanier has been for long acknowledged great—and such modern poets as Richard Hovey, Vachel Lindsay, and Amy Lowell reveal his great influence on them.

But though Lanier is remembered best as a poet, he earned a livelihood as a musician. He was first flutist of Asger Hamerik's excellent Baltimore Peabody Symphony Orchestra, and, if ill health had not prevented, he would have become a member of Theodore Thomas' orchestra—than which there was none better in the United States. Thomas, Hamerik, and Dr. Leopold Damrosch called him the most able flutist in America; Adelina Patti said that his flute-playing put her singing to shame. High praise for one who never had a formal lesson before he made his New York debut!

As a musician and a poet, Lanier became interested in the verbal music of poetry, and wrote a treatise on it called "The Science of English Verse." In this he insisted that time is the basis of rhythm, and that verse must be scanned in relation to underlying tune, not in accordance with any set of artificial stresses inherited from the Greeks. His book is still widely used and accepted as a standard work on the subject. Mr. T. S. Omond, a scholar of Oxford, England, asserts the year 1880 will be forever memorable in the history of prosody because in that year Lanier's treatise was given to the world.

No other American poet was a skilled musician; none other so versatile as Lanier. He was invited to lecture at the Johns Hopkins University, which prided itself on the distinction of its lecturers, the scientist Huxley being brought from England to make the inaugural address. Lanier gave a series of sympathetic lectures on Shake-

speare, presenting a description of the man drawn from a study of his work, that are most illuminating, and another series on English novelists, probably the first such series ever given as a college course. In many ways he was an educational innovator, and in literary research an able scholar, but he did research work in botany, zoölogy, physics, and climatology as well as in literature. And yet he was not above editing books for boys to acquaint them with the classics of our literature. The present popularity of the King Arthur stories is said to have begun with his publication of an addition of Malory, which librarians still prefer in introducing modern children to the old legends.

Lanier as a poet is known nationally, even internationally. His books have sold well in England. The London *Times* asserts that "Lanier has become in England the most popular of American poets." Scholarly articles on Lanier have been published in England and France. But we of the South love him best because he was so typical a Southerner. A soldier of the Confederacy commended for bravery in action, he died of a disease contracted in Point Lookout Prison, after a career made tragic by the hardships the era of reconstruction produced, but he never complained, never lamented his fate—and always preached forgiveness for the sins of the war. He belongs in the Hall of Fame because he so beautifully typifies the best in Southern life. Neither a political nor a military leader, he was in a notable way the sort of man Southern culture at its best can produce. It was no Southerner but a New Englander, the late Gamaliel Bradford, widely known for his penetrating biographical portraits, who said of him: "Sidney Lanier, in the face of poverty and disease, accomplished more than any subject I have ever studied"; and "who shall say that the young men of the whole country do not need and cannot profit by his noble example?" His life was an inspiration to all, and an inspiration that remains to us, enshrined in his precious poetry and his beautiful letters.

More and more is this being recognized. In Montgomery, Macon, and San Antonio great new high-school buildings have been named in honor of Lanier, to present his name as a stimulus to the young. Memorials have been erected to him in a dozen cities, and not all of them Southern. It is in Los Angeles that his name has been given to a beautiful new public library, lines from his poems being inscribed on the walls of the building. It is in the marvelous Huntington Library of San

Marino, Calif., in the Harvard College Library, and in the Library of the Johns Hopkins University that the finest collections of his manuscripts and of first editions of his books have been gathered. And it is in no Southern newspaper—that could be accused of sectional pride—but in the great *New York Times*, foremost among the newspapers not only of the United States but of the world, that the anniversary of Lanier's birth is regularly observed with a fitting editorial. Lanier was a Confederate soldier, and we claim him as a Southern poet, but as man and poet he belongs to the nation.

His national eminence is symbolized by the inclusion of his portrait on the frontispiece of "An American Anthology," published in 1900 by Edmund Clarence Stedman, greatest and perhaps most unerring of American critics. On the title-page of this collection of the best in American poetry Stedman placed a picture of the grave of Emerson. On the frontispiece he reproduced portraits of Longfellow, Poe, Whitman, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell, and Lanier, placing the portrait of Lanier there in spite of some opposition, especially from Thomas Bailey Aldrich, an overrated poet and a partisan critic who thought FitzGreen Halleck more significant than Lanier! One by one the names of the poets Stedman inscribed in the poetic Hall of Fame have been inscribed in the national Hall of Fame; Longfellow and Emerson in 1900, Whittier and Lowell in 1905, Poe, Bryant, and Holmes in 1910, Whitman in 1930. Of the names in the one Hall of Fame only one is missing from the other, and that is the name of Sidney Lanier. Let the slight done him by previous exclusion be righted in 1935. He was as sweet a singer, as noble a teacher, as true a prophet, and a more catholic man than any man of letters yet honored by admission to this galaxy of America's great.

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As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,  
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;  
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies  
In the freedom that fills all the space twixt the marsh and  
the skies;

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod,  
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God.  
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within  
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

—Sidney Lanier.



*THE BOY HERO OF TENNESSEE.*

Sixty-nine years have passed since Sam Davis, a young Tennessee soldier of the Confederacy, sacrificed his life on the gallows at Pulaski, Tenn., to his high sense

of honor. His native State now holds his boyhood home at Smyrna, Tenn., as a memorial to her gallant son, and visitors from all over this country go there as to a shrine, for it is hallowed by the memory of a noble deed. In



SAM DAVIS

tribute to this Confederate hero, a handsome bronze tablet has been placed on the great boulder under an old oak tree on the lawn to mark the place where Sam Davis hid his horse on the night of his last visit home just before his capture in November, 1863, and this gift from Nashville Chapter No. 1, U. D. C., was dedicated on November 6, 1932, with appropriate exercises.

Many inquiries still come for information about this boy hero of Tennessee, and it seems fitting to reproduce the interesting story of his life and death as written by the late Dr. H. M. Hamill, of Nashville, a close friend of the late S. A. Cunningham, Founder and Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, who placed on record all that could be learned of this brave boy and worked through many years to make up a fund for a monument to his memory. This monument stands on Capitol Hill in Nashville.

*THE STORY OF AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY.*

Sam Davis was his name. He was born on a farm near the little town of Smyrna, Tenn. His parents were old-fashioned people, God-fearing, simple-mannered, neither rich nor poor, and Sam grew up in the quiet ways of the Southern country boy. Just as he had passed out of his teens, and was yet a big boy in face and spirit, he died on the gallows at Pulaski, Tenn., a sacrifice for his friends and country.

Sam Davis spent his boyhood days in the fields and under the great trees of his father's farm, companion with mocking bird and bee and butterfly, and with the patient brutes that serve the

farmer's need. There was no hint of the hero to come in the peaceful, humdrum life of the farm. True, the war clouds were gathering above and the air was becoming electric with exciting speech and prophecy; and in every village was springing up a holiday soldiery, parading in glittering uniform to the sound of fife and drum.

Out of the tenseness of these stirring years that ushered in the great war Sam's strange heroism may have been fashioned; but I prefer to trace it back to the old-fashioned mother and father and the simple, sincere life of the boy of the Rutherford County farm. Somehow the old fable of Antaeus' strength coming back to him only when in contact with mother earth is often confirmed in the strength and heroism of the men who have come to greatness from the life of the farm.

When the war finally came and drum and fife and soldier in a twinkling were transformed into the machinery of real battle, Sam put aside his schoolbooks at Nashville, and bade goodbye to the two teachers who, as Generals Bushrod Johnson and Edmund Kirby-Smith, became distinguished soldiers of the Confederacy. He enlisted as a private in the 1st Tennessee Infantry, and soon found place of drudgery and danger in the army of General Bragg.

The life of the private soldier anywhere or at any time in real warfare is not a pathway of roses. Least of all, as the writer of his own experience can testify, was it a place of comfort in the armies of the South. The flags that flashed forth their stars and bars so bravely were soon blackened by smoke and rent by bullet. The bright uniforms soon bore the marks of the clay hills and the camp fires and soon grew tarnished and torn. Even the martial music changed its note from the sparkle and rush of the "Bonnie Blue Flag" and the "Girl I Left Behind Me" to the minor tones of "The Years Creep Slowly By, Lorena."

General Bragg, whatever criticisms may be put upon his generalship, was an insistent fighter, and his men were used to being in the thick of battle. It was so with our boy Sam. The peace and beauty of the Smyrna farm gave place to the wearisome tramp, the pangs of hunger, the cries of the wounded, and the pale faces of the dead. Those who knew the boy speak much of his courage and faithfulness. "His record was such," writes one, "that when Bragg ordered the organization of a company of scouts by Gen. B. F. Cheatham, Sam Davis was chosen as one of the number because of his coolness and daring and power of endurance."

Capt. H. B. Shaw was given command of these scouts, and the field of their earlier endeavor was Middle Tennessee, which, in 1863, was practically in the hands of the Federals.

Captain Shaw assumed a disguise within the Federal lines, posing as an itinerant doctor and bearing the name of "Dr. E. Coleman" among the Federals, and of "Capt. E. Coleman, Commander of Scouts," among the Confederates, even in his official communications to General Bragg, this double deception being deemed necessary to the prosecution of his dangerous duty as a spy. Scout or spy, whatever the term applied, one who enters the lines of the enemy to secretly gather information for use of the opposing army, under the rules of warfare, becomes a "spy," and if caught is executed as a spy. There is no mawkish sentiment in war, and small mercy is shown one who seeks to discover the secrets of the enemy.

But, as with Major Andre of the Revolution and with many others, the occupation of scout and spy is a necessity of warfare to which any soldier is liable and upon which no just odium can be cast. No soldier of the Revolution, from Washington down, condemned the gallant young officer who, under military law, died bravely as a spy. On the contrary, one who, under the hard usage of the camp, is commissioned as a military spy, is usually chosen because of superior intelligence, courage, and devotion to his army and colors. His vocation is full of deadly peril by day and by night. If caught, he usually dies the most ignominious death under conditions that inspire contempt in the spectators, to the end that swift judgment and odious death may deter men from seeking the office of the spy. Over his supreme self-sacrifice the epitaph is commonly written, "Died on the gallows as a spy," without those added words which justice demands: "Under military appointment and for his country's cause."

It fell to the lot of my Tennessee hero to be assigned to "Captain Coleman's Scouts" and to be given a place of peculiar difficulty and danger, soon to terminate in death. The appointing officer said it was the "boy's record" that gave prominence and promotion to one so young. He had learned as a country boy two hard lessons that few men learn in a lifetime—to fear nothing and nobody but God, and to obey orders. He had a peculiarly bright and winning way about him, an utterly fearless eye, a frank and gentle speech, and the self-poise of a great soul. Next to his God, above even his tender love for his mother and home, Sam Davis cherished that old-time

sense of "honor" so sacred among the traditions of the Old South, when one's "word of honor" meant more than wealth or fame or life itself.

In November, 1863, the 16th Army Corps under Gen. G. M. Dodge, U. S. A., was centered at Pulaski, Tenn., not far from the Tennessee River and the Alabama line. General Dodge had started from Corinth, Miss., to Chattanooga, Tenn., to reinforce General Grant. On all roads his cavalry kept sharp lookout, especially to break to pieces the Coleman band of scouts, who were here and there, watching every movement of the Federals, and by persistent and accurate reports to General Bragg were making havoc of General Dodge's peace and plans—so much so that the General put on its mettle the famous Kansas 7th Cavalry, nicknamed the "Jayhawkers," to run to earth and capture Coleman and his scouts. So active and alert was the entire corps that capture was at most a matter of a few days only.

Captain Shaw, alias Coleman, summoned Davis and committed to his care certain papers, letters, reports, and maps giving late and important news to General Bragg. In his shoes and in the saddle seat were hidden the dangerous documents; and Sam, with Coleman's pass, started southward to Decatur, Ala., thence to take the "scout line" to the headquarters of General Bragg. His last route began and ended November 19. Run down and arrested at the Tennessee River by the Jayhawkers, along with other prisoners was hurried to Pulaski, and by night was in jail. Elsewhere, on the same day, Captain Shaw himself was captured and imprisoned also in the town. Davis' papers and reports were placed in the hands of General Dodge, who twice had him brought to his headquarters, urging him in strong but kindly way to disclose the name of the one who had committed to him the captured papers.

As shown throughout the Davis tragedy, General Dodge was proven to have been a man of kindly spirit. Something about the Tennessee boy evidently touched the General's heart. Of him he wrote at length to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, paying long cherished tribute to Davis' memory, saying that "he was a fine, soldierly looking young man, dressed in a faded Federal coat, an army soft hat, and top boots; he had a fresh, open face, which was inclined to brightness; in all things he showed himself a true soldier; it was known by all the command that I desired to save him. I appreciate fully that the people of the South and Davis' comrades understand his soldierly qualities, and propose to honor his memory. I take pleas-



ure in contributing to a monument to his memory." And with it came the General's personal check. Of Davis' arrest and trial, he further writes: "I was very anxious to capture Coleman and break up his command." (General Dodge did not know, nor did any Confederate prisoner in the Pulaski jail give the slightest hint, that the "H. B. Shaw" captured the same day as Davis, and probably prisoner in the same building with him, was the veritable "Coleman" himself.) "I had Davis brought before me. His captors knew that he was a member of Coleman's Scouts, and I knew what was found upon him, and desired to locate Coleman and ascertain, if possible, who was furnishing information so accurate to General Bragg. Davis met me modestly. I tried to impress on him the danger he was in, and as only a messenger I held out to him the hope of lenient treatment if he would answer truthfully my questions. I informed him that he would be tried as a spy and the evidence would surely convict him, and I made a direct appeal to him to give me the information I knew he had. He very quietly but firmly refused to do it. I pleaded with him with all the power I possessed to give me some chance to save his life. I discovered that he was a most admirable young fellow, with highest character and strictest integrity. He replied: 'I know, General, I will have to die; but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and if I have to die, I shall be doing my duty to God and my country.' "

There was nothing more that General Dodge could do. A military commission was convened within three days, which tried Davis and sentenced him as a spy to death on the gallows Friday, November 27, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.—one week from the day of his capture. You may be sure it was a long and lonely week to the brave boy, especially those last three days that intervened between his sentence and the day of doom. Somehow, though not strangely, there sprang up in all hearts an ever increasing interest in one who by a single word could open the door of his prison, yet chose to die in place of another "for duty's sake." With "Coleman" probably in touch of his hand and sound of his voice, he gave no sign or hint of his identity. "He is worth more to the Confederacy than I," he said. I doubt it.

Again and again Federal soldiers sought Sam in his cell, pleading with him to disclose the informer's name and save his own life. Chaplain James Young, of the 81st Ohio Infantry, was his

constant visitor and comforter, to whom the last messages and tokens were committed for delivery to his home. On the last morning, for "remembrance's sake," Sam gave him the Federal overcoat that his mother had dyed, which Mr. Young lovingly kept until in his seventy-third year, not long before his death, he sent it to the Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, saying: "My promised remembrance is fulfilled. I am seventy-three years old, and could not reasonably expect to care for it much longer. I have cut off a small button from the cape, which I will keep. The night before he died we sang together, 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,' and, as he desired, I was with him constantly, and at the end I prayed with and for him." Dear old Chaplain! He and Sam are together now under brighter skies with the Master whom they served.

Provost Marshal Armstrong, who had charge of prison and gallows, became Sam's ardent friend, and, rough soldier though he was, could scarcely perform his painful duty. Captain Chickasaw, Chief of Dodge's Scouts, also took a strong liking to the boy, and made a last effort to save him.

A copy of a faded little war paper issued from the camp of Dodge's Corps gives the Federal account of Davis' last hours on earth. "Last Friday," it reads, "the citizens and soldiery of Pulaski witnessed one of those painful executions of stern justice which make war so terrible; and though sanctioned by its usages, it is no more than brave men in their country's service expose themselves to every day." Then it goes on with its generous tribute to the young hero whom the bravest soldier might look upon with pride even upon the gallows.

Friday morning came all too swiftly, and at ten o'clock sharp the drums were beating, the execution guard under Marshal Armstrong was marching to the jail, while the soldiers of the 16th Corps by the thousands, with muskets in hand, were being marshaled in line about Seminary Ridge, where the gallows was upreared in waiting. A wagon, with a rough pine coffin, on which Sam Davis sat, headed the march. In sight of his fellow prisoners, Sam waved his goodbye with a smiling face, and at the gallows dismounted and sat under a tree, unfalteringly looking above at the swinging noose and around at the sympathetic faces of the soldiers.

"How long have I to live, Captain Armstrong?" he inquired.

"About fifteen minutes, Sam."

"What is the news from the front?" And Armstrong told him of General Bragg's battle and defeat. "Thank you, Captain; but I'm sorry to hear it." And then, with one last quaver in his voice of loving remembrance of his comrades in gray: "The boys will have to fight their battles without me."

Captain Armstrong broke down: "Sam, I would rather die myself than to execute sentence upon you."

"Never mind, Captain," was the gentle reply. "You are doing your duty. Thank you for all your kindness."

It was then that Captain Chickasaw came swiftly on horse and, leaping to the ground, sat himself by Sam and pleaded in that last fierce moment of youth for the word of information that would send him to his home in freedom.

Sam arose to his feet and, with flashing eye and uplifted face, made his last answer: "No, I cannot. I would rather die a thousand deaths than betray a friend or be false to duty."

A Federal officer who was looking into Sam's face, wrote of him long after in the *Omaha Bee*: "The boy looked about him. Life was young and promising. Overhead hung the noose; around him were soldiers in line; at his feet was a box prepared for his body, now pulsing with young and vigorous life; in front were the steps that would lead him to disgraceful death, and that death it was in his power to so easily avoid. For just an instant he hesitated, and then put aside forever the tempting offer. Thus ended a tragedy wherein a smooth-faced boy, without counsel, in the midst of enemies, with courage of highest type, deliberately chose death to life secured by means he thought dishonorable."

The steps to the gallows were firmly mounted, and Sam's last words, "I am ready, Captain," followed the Chaplain's prayer—when in a moment he had passed through the gates of death to take his place forever among the heroes of the Southland.

In his memory, a costly and beautiful monument, surmounted by a bronze figure of the boy, was erected on Capitol Hill, in the heart of Nashville. From every State in the Union, from Blue and Gray, from rich and poor, the money to build the monument was contributed upon plea of the Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, whose conception it was; and on dedication day many thousands bowed their heads in loving memory of the boy hero of Tennessee. Sometime, when passing through Nashville, take a moment to look upon

the noble bronze face, and then visit the old Smyrna home and in the garden see the grave of Sam as he sleeps by the side of his mother and father.

## OLD-TIME CONFEDERATES.

[Sung to the tune of "Old-Time Religion."]

We are a band of brothers,  
We are a band of brothers,  
A band of Southern brothers,  
Who fought for liberty.

### Chorus:

We're old-time Confederates,  
We're old-time Confederates,  
We're old-time Confederates,  
They're good enough for me.

Jeff Davis was our leader,  
Our chosen leader,  
Our true and faithful leader:  
He was good enough for me.

Lee and Johnston our chieftains,  
Bragg, Beauregard, and Johnston.  
These were glorious chieftains,  
They were good enough for me.

We followed Stonewall Jackson,  
The Christian soldier Jackson,  
The terror-striking Jackson,  
He was good enough for me.

We fought with Hood and Gordon,  
With Longstreet, Polk, and Cleburne,  
With Ewell Hill and Hardee,  
They were good enough for me.

We rode with Stuart and Hampton,  
With Fitz Lee, Duke, and Morgan,  
With Forrest and Joe Wheeler:  
They were good enough for me.

We wore ourselves out fighting,  
We wore ourselves out fighting,  
We wore ourselves out fighting  
For Southern liberty.

Now our country is united,  
Now our country is united,  
Now our country is united:  
It's good enough for me.

We must all meet in heaven,  
We must all meet in heaven,  
We must all meet in heaven  
To rejoice eternally.



*A MISSOURI BOY'S EXPERIENCES.*

COMPILED BY MRS. W. T. FOWLER, LEXINGTON, KY.

Samuel Baylis Williams, called "Lee," was born in Kentucky, June 6, 1846, and died near White-wright, Tex., February 19, 1920. He joined the Confederate forces on May 25, 1863, and after experiences in battle and imprisonment, some of which are recounted here, reached his home May 25, 1865.

The following is taken from a sketch which he wrote about 1900 for friends and family, who were familiar with the incidents, and it has been checked and found correct by the accounts of battles given in various volumes in the Kentucky State Historical Society at Frankfort, to verify the details. It was written in a facetious vein and is full of human interest, and it is of value as it so nearly parallels the experiences of many Southern boys in the Sixties.

On December 2, 1862, he had helped his mother to bury her young half-brother, George Earle, who had fallen with two others in a skirmish preceding a battle near their home in Dade County, Missouri. The burial was in her garden, and later his body was removed to his father's place and buried beside his mother.

From May until the fall of 1863 these reminiscences are not in our hands. Williams says: "Every Southern sympathizer was ordered to leave. Then the torch was applied and nearly every house went up in smoke and nothing was left to mark the spot where homes and magnificent palaces stood except the débris. This called for retaliation, and the others went likewise. The conflict was so fierce that nearly every grove was girdled with bullets and nearly every path was stained with gore. When the country was desolate, and there was no place for rendezvous for either side, they withdrew, and, as winter was drawing nigh, we sought a more exhilarating clime; but we had to contest with them every inch of the ground and left some of our most valiant comrades on the battlefield, some that were as intrepid as ever donned a soldier's garb.

"We lost two of our schoolmates at Pineville, Missouri, John Lock and Marion Templeton, and five others. Then a detachment of us went to Fayetteville to draw some ammunition, but they beat us to it, and when we reached there we drew the ammunition out of the muzzles of their guns. We retraced our steps and had a running fight for about ten miles.

"At Canehill we encountered them again (the pin Indians this time). There we lost our cap-

tain, Lafayette Roberts. They ambushed us, and, as they had the advantage of us, we abandoned the field. As winter was coming, and the leaves had fallen, and we were emigrating, we did not seek any engagements with them, but simply pushed our way southward as best we could, landing in Texas late in the fall and remaining there until spring, resting, healing our wounds, and recuperating, and getting ready for another summer campaign.

"Early in the spring of 1864, when the sun began to send forth its radiance, the birds began to warble their songs of praise and the buds began to put forth their perfume, then the Spartan blood began to pulsate with more zeal. Then we started on another campaign.

"We got a transfer to C. O. T. Smith's Regiment, Shelby's Brigade, but as Shelby was north of Arkansas River and the Federals had possession of the river, we could not get across; so we reported to Gen. John S. Marmaduke and remained with him until after the battle of Lake Village, which was a bloody one. We fought three to one. It was on the 6th of June (1864).

"On the 9th we started again to Shelby, but could not get across the river. We then reported to General Fagan at Tulip, remained with his escort several days. I was taken sick of fever, lay in the hospital at Princeton six weeks. About the 15th of August, I reported to Col. Bob Woods, crossed the Arkansas River with General Price at Dardanelle, and joined Shelby at Batesville, crossed the line into Missouri near Doniphan the 18th of September; had a hard fight there with a force from Pilot, Nebraska. They burned the town and flouring mills to keep us from getting any supplies, then struck up a forced march for Pilot, Neb.; as the road made a circuitous route, a detachment of us were sent across the country to cut them off.

"We got ahead of them at the Vandover place on Black River the next morning at sunrise, Reeves' Regiment was following them, and when they found us in front and moving upon them, they charged and we engaged in a hand to hand fight for fifteen or twenty minutes. They broke through our lines and skedaddled, and when the smoke cleared away, we found we had eight men killed and they had nine. There we lost a brother and cousin that had gone through the war from the first."

This was September 20 or the 22nd; the brother's name was Ezias Earle Williams, born May

27, 1844. The battle was on Big Black River, in Ripley County. He writes further:

"We continued on with the front of the army. We encountered them at Farmington, Fredericktown, Patocia, and California. Then they met us at the Gasconade River and disputed our crossing, but we induced them to let us across by using our persuaders on them, viz.: our small arms and artillery. When we had them routed and on the run, we made them doublequick it till we ran them into Jefferson City. As they were so strongly fortified, and we didn't intend to go to keeping house there anyway, we thought it would be too great a sacrifice to attempt to drive them out, so we left them supremely alone and moved ahead to Booneville.

"We told them there that we wanted to occupy that town for a season, that being General Price's home. So after considerable persuasion of a military variety, we convinced them it would be best to let us occupy, so they let us in. After remaining there a few days, General Price started to Lexington and sent us (a part of the command) to Sedalia to investigate matters over there. When we got in sight, we discovered quite a force in motion. We stopped in a line, lay down inside fence corners to make breastworks and prepare to receive them, but they were only moving into their stockade. Then we charged them and, with the aid of our artillery, we succeeded in driving them out and taking the town. It was quite a fierce struggle.

"Before and after a fight, we were very courageous, but when drawn up in line of battle, and the small guns would begin bang-bang-bang-bang, we were like an Irishman of our company who used to say when going into a fight, 'I just wish I was forty miles north of here.'

"The next day our company was sent out on a reconnoitering expedition. We encountered them a short distance from Tipton and had a running fight with them. We then started to Lexington to report to General Price, but were cut off. Then we turned south, expecting to intercept him, but as that country was literally full of Federals, we saw we could not fight our way through; neither could we dodge them. They set a trap for us and took us in and took us back to Sedalia. Just one week to a day from the time we took Sedalia till we were taken back there as prisoners.

"Between Tipton and Sedalia there were five of us detailed to take a dispatch to General Price at Lexington, viz.: J. W. Davidson, Rufus C. Lock, Wiley B. Clack, R. W. Johnson, and myself, and

were captured between Cole Camp and Sedalia on October 23rd, and on the 24th were taken to Sedalia, on the 28th to Jefferson City. On November 1, as we had gone through the rudiments of a prison course, they took us down to St. Louis and put us in McDowell's College to give us a collegiate course, and, as we were very studious, we graduated on the 6th of December. When we got to St. Louis, we found another one of our company there, named Dutch Pile, also another one who belonged to the first company I belonged to, by the name of Jim Gilmore. They had him chained, accused of being in a raid that we were in in 1863, when we went to even up with four men whom we had serious grievances against, they having previously raided our section with a band of men, driven off our stock and insulted our women in a shameful manner. We settled with two of them in a permanent and satisfactory way, but failed to catch the other two.

"So when we had graduated on the 6th of December, they gave us a little airing, put us on a hurricane deck in a drizzling rain, ran us up to Alton, Ill., and put us in the penitentiary. We arrived at Alton at 10 P.M., and were put in a cell on the north side of the fifth story. The weather was hovering around zero. They moved us the next day into a house that had been used before the war for a workshop. There we had plenty of company, for they kept from 1,200 to 2,000 inside of that yard. They were very paternal and very solicitous about our welfare, very particular about us keeping late hours, more so than most fathers and mothers are with their daughters nowadays.

"When eight o'clock came, the tattoo was sounded and we all had to fall in our bunks like a rat in a hole when a terrier is after him, and there keep quiet. We had to remain there until reveille next morning; then we had to hop out like as if we had a flea in our ear and jerk on our clothes, if we had pulled off any, but we didn't usually undress much, as it took all the clothes we had on to keep warm through the night, for we did not dare to get up in the night around the stove, as the guards had orders to shoot us if we did.

"One day the news came that we had been swapped. We did not know what sort of trade Uncle Jeff made, but we felt that we were worth at least three of them, as we had to face that many in battle.

"We boarded the train on the 17th day of February, went through Springfield, Ill., and Columbus, Ohio, crossing the Ohio River at Bellair, went



in twelve miles of Washington and on to Baltimore, and across the Chesapeake Bay up the mouth of James River to Akins Landing. We were exchanged there on the 28th and got into Richmond on the first day of March, remaining there eight days.

"We had been thinking for some time that if we were at Richmond we would run the thing quite different from what it was running. So when we got there, we went out to the soldiers' home to see how the boys were getting along. We found everything moving along nicely. They were feeding them sparingly, we suppose to get them in a fighting mood, for we had learned by experience that if you want soldiers to fight well they must be a little lean. We suppose that was the reason the Rebs could always whip three to one. They knew if they could whip them and get their commissary supplies they would get plenty of hard tack, coffee, bacon, etc.

"After inspecting the Home, we went up to the Capitol and found everything in working order, at least, they said there were no vacancies. And they said we looked too young to engage in that kind of work—they thought it required older heads. So, you see, we were left again, for we had no way or chance to prove our intellectual abilities. And, then, our physical appearance would not recommend us, for, although we had applied ourselves attentively with strict adherence to the principles involved as we understood them for two years, we were but eighteen years of age, and going through all the vicissitudes of war had not improved our looks. We were like the old negro said of his o'possum when he had taken the hide off, 'He looks like he'd swunk up.' They said they thought we might do valuable service down at Mobile, as they needed help down there. General Cockrell's Brigade had been so depleted that they could give us a job down there. We thought that would be satisfactory with us, because we always had the utmost confidence in Uncle Frank Cockrell; ready to stand by him through the thickest.

"On the morning of the 5th (or 6th), we mounted the iron horse and headed for Mobile—150 men—under the command of one Colonel McFarland. We went through Danville, Va., through Greensboro, Salisbury, Charlotte, Chesterville, and on to Newburg. Then we got off the cars and wended our way across the country to Atlanta, Ga., or, rather, where Atlanta had been, for the Yanks had been there and laid it in ashes. There we took the cars again, sometimes riding and sometimes walking and pushing the cars, as they

were so much out of repair that in the cuts they were literally bogged down; but we kept pushing ahead, on through Montgomery and Salem, Alabama, on to Meridian, Miss., and on to Mobile. Arriving there the 3rd of April, we remained until the 10th, but, as usual, a little too late to engineer the thing. The barracks were on the other side of the bay, and the Yankees stole down to the bay and, wading the water up to their waists, surrounded the fort.

"So you see, we were cut off and couldn't get over there to advise with Uncle Frank or help swell his old brigade. If we could have, Mobile wouldn't have fallen. But nevertheless we got to witness a grand sight—a battle between gunboats. They surrendered the fort and were to surrender the town at six o'clock. So we took the train and went back to Meridian, where we remained until the 14th. On the eighteenth we got something we still have and prize very highly, viz: a parole furlough. We started then for Red River country where my parents had moved from the war-torn section of southwest Missouri.

"We took the cars, ran up to Jackson, on through Canton and up to Weno Station; found we couldn't cross the Mississippi River there; went back to Jackson and on to Hazlehurst; got on the train; went on through Port Gibson, Hamburg, Woodville, up and down the river, trying to get across. There had been men running boats across at night, but as the river had gotten on such a 'tare', broken the levee and spread fifty miles wide, and the Yanks were patrolling it closely, it seemed like a hopeless effort. So we didn't know what to do, for some wiseacre said it would never quit raining as long as the Mississippi stayed up.

"We couldn't see how the river could run down until the rains ceased. But we learned that Captain Foster, who was commanding a gunboat there, was getting men across. Our men had scattered when they were paroled, so there were only two of us together. We got a pole and put a rag on it for a flag of truce, and Captain Foster sent his boat after us and took us on board. . . . And he did us the kindness to call the first transport that came along and had us carried across the river to Akin's, landing us at the mouth of Red River.

"So there we were on a bluff, with about 20x30 feet of dirt in sight right where a house stood. But, as luck would have it, there was a man there by the name of Corile, who lived but a short distance. He was running a flatboat up in the bot-

toms catching, or rather stealing, cotton that had floated off from the gins and selling it to the Yanks. We got passage on his boat for twenty-five miles up Red River, and stayed that night with a family by the name of Rusk. He lived on a hill and his house was on blocks eight feet high. The water was just at the edge of the porch.

"The next morning we got on a boat with a family that was moving to high land and worked our passage up to Maryville, La. That brought us to where we could see dirt again after being on the water for fifty miles. It made us think of the days of Noah. Then we hoofed it up to Alexandria. There we boarded a boat and ran up to Shreveport; got off again and 'hit the road'; passed through Jefferson, and when we got to where the roads forked going to Dangerfield, I left my partner, R. W. Johnson, who had been with me all the rounds since I enlisted. He is still living in Marlow, Okla. Two of the four captured with me, John W. Davidson and Wiley B. Clark, died in prison.

"Then I made a solitary run for home, or, at least, to where my parents lived, having moved from Missouri in 1863, their home then being on Capt. Travis Wright's place on Red River, near the mouth of the Kiamitia. I arrived home on the 25th of May, two years to a day after I enlisted. There is no one who knows the exultation of these dear old people, father and mother, when they saw the son whom they had mourned as dead for six months; a number of boys had been killed trying to make their way South, and they had not heard a word of our wanderings. I was one of seven of kin-sons—brother, nephews—to return alive.

"The remembrance of that meeting, although nearly forty years ago, melts our heart and brings copious tears to our eyes. But few words had passed between us until mother directed Henry, a negro boy, to run quickly to the schoolhouse, which was about a mile away, and tell my two brothers to run home, the dead was alive, the lost had been found. You talk about the return of the prodigal son of the rich man of old, about the robe, the ring and the fatted calf, but his exultation could not have been any greater than that exhibited by my parents."

From another account of these reminiscences we take the following:

"Up to the 23rd of October (1864), I had been running loose with Joe Shelby's 'critter company,' but on that day I was taken in by the boys in blue near Cole Camp, Missouri. . . . At Jefferson City

they offered to let us join the city guards and help run the city government. But as we thought they were on the wrong side of the paramount issue, we told them we could not cut'er. . . . (At Alton) We had different kinds of convicts. The regular state convicts, citizen convicts for aiding and abetting the South, some Federals who had joined our army when they were captured to keep from going to prison, and then deserted first chance and went back to the Federal army. They kept them there awhile until they could prove where they belonged. We called them galvanized prisoners; then us common herd, regular rebs; then, in another apartment, they had another kind with stripes up their pants and epaulets on their shoulders. They seemed to be a little more tender with them than with us.

"We didn't know all of them, but we remember Generals John S. Marmaduke, L. M. Lewis, Shanks, W. L. (Old Tige) Cabell. There were others whose names escape me now, but it was some consolation to us to have them there to lay it on."

S. B. Williams married Sarah Ann Chatwell, August 9, 1866, and they reared a large family, eight of the nine children born to them. He belonged to the Methodist Church for more than fifty-five years, was a faithful husband, an unselfish father, and a good citizen. His experiences and his after-life are typical of the sixteen-year-old boys who went into the Confederate army and fought as well as they could, then laid down their arms and fought the battles of peace so that their sons and grandsons could inherit the South, the land of their fathers.

#### AN OLD SONG.

##### GENTLE ANNIE.

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie,  
Like a flow'r thy spirit did depart;  
Thou art gone, alas! like the many  
That have bloomed in the summer of my heart.

##### Chorus:

Shall we never more behold thee,  
Never hear thy winning voice again,  
When the springtime comes, gentle Annie,  
When the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain?

We have roamed and loved 'mid the bowers,  
When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom;  
Now I stand alone 'mid the flowers,  
While they mingle their perfumes o'er thy tomb.





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge. Extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings, \$8.00 each.

"O should we reach that glorious place where  
waits the sparkling crown  
For every one who for the right his soldier life  
lay down,  
God grant to us the privilege, upon that happy  
day,  
Of clasping hands with those who fell a-wearing  
of the gray."

COMRADES OF FORREST CAMP, CHATTANOOGA,  
TENN.

T. C. HOLMAN, born August 18, 1834, in Coweta County, Ga. Enlisted February, 1863, in Company K, 41st Georgia Infantry. Captured at Vicksburg in 1863. Was in the battle of Champion Hill, Miss. Surrendered, in 1865, at Newnan, Ga. Became a member of N. B. Forrest Camp many years ago. After return from Richmond Reunion, where he was a delegate from Forrest Camp, he was taken sick, and died at Eastlake, Chattanooga, August 18, 1932. Was buried in the Confederate Cemetery at Chattanooga. Members and associate members of N. B. Forrest Camp were pallbearers and conducted the usual funeral service.

HENRY FERNANDEZ HOLMES, born May 19, 1846, in Gwinnett County, Ga. Enlisted in 3d Georgia Infantry. Served until discharged on account of age. Enlisted again in Company C, 13th Georgia Battery of Artillery. Served under Generals Bragg and Kirby-Smith in East Tennessee and Kentucky, taking part in battles and skirmishes of that campaign. Was later detailed in car shops at Atlanta and as inspector of lumber and other duties. Surrendered at Nashville, Tenn. He superintended building the stone wall around Confederate Cemetery. Was a valued member of N. B. Forrest Camp and Commander one term. Was a delegate to Richmond Reunion. Died in Chattanooga, September 25, 1932. Buried in Forest Hill Cemetery; with members Forrest Camp in attendance.

AUGUSTUS HENRY FOTHARD, born in Rhea County, Tenn., April 10, 1844. Enlisted at Knoxville, in 1862, in the 4th Tennessee Infantry. Discharged account of his age. Re-enlisted with his father in Capt. Peryy Darwin's Company C, of the 16th Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, Col. John R. Neal, Commander. Was wounded in the battle of Philadelphia, Tenn. Was in the battles of his command throughout East Tennessee and Virginia and in General Early's campaign in Valley of Virginia. Was captured at Popular Creek, Tenn., and surrendered in prison at Chattanooga in 1865. Member of N. B. Forrest Camp many years. Was for some twenty-seven years gatekeeper at Forest Hill Cemetery at Chattanooga—a loyal, devoted employe in any service. Died at Saint Elmo, Tenn., October 6, 1932. Was buried in Forest Hill Cemetery in the family lot, with nearly all members of N. B. Forrest Camp in attendance.

JOHN WESLEY CRUSE.

The members of Camp Tige Anderson, No. 1455 U. C. V., of Atlanta, Ga., lost one of their most faithful and loyal comrades when John Wesley Cruse answered the last roll call on September 23, 1932, at his home in Atlanta. He was born in Oxford, Ala., April 27, 1848, and was but a young boy when the war began. When fourteen years of age, he came to Atlanta and enlisted with Company F, Cobb's Legion of Infantry, and served until the close of the war in Kershaw's Division. He had always been interested in the activities and the welfare of the Confederate comrades of the city of Atlanta and State of Georgia ever since the surrender, when he came to Georgia to make his home. He became affiliated with Camp Tige Anderson in May, 1930, by transfer from another Camp, and had been a true and loyal member, attending the meetings regularly and giving encouragement and cheer to every one connected with it.

Comrade Cruse was also an active member of the Methodist Church, and one of his oldest friends, a minister from one of the first churches he attended, preached the funeral service. The casket was covered with the flag that he loved and had not forgotten—the Stars and Bars—and many beautiful floral offerings attested the love and respect his friends had for him. An escort of veterans attended in a body.

After the loss of his wife, who was Miss Barbara Rowland, in 1903, his three daughters devotedly ministered to him in every way.

[Mrs. Ernest B. Williams, Adjutant.]

## G. B. OWEN.

G. B. Owen, son of Felix and Permelia Owen, was born in Tennessee April 5, 1845, the family moving to White County, Ark., in 1850. For several years his father engaged in farming and mercantile business.

At the age of eighteen G. B. Owen enlisted in the Confederate army, April 5, 1863, in Company C, Morgan's Regiment of Cabell's Regiment, and was in the battles at Little Rock, September, 1863; at Pine Bluff, in October; then on April 8, 1864, was in the battle at Mansfield, La. This is known as the heaviest battle west of the Mississippi River.

About September 25, 1864, General Price started to Missouri on a raid, General Cabell commanded with him, and when they met the enemy at Pilot Knob, Mo., they had a two days' battle. On the first day G. B. Owen was wounded within twenty yards of the fort. He crawled into a creek to bathe his wound and remained there until he was taken captive by the Federal forces, who took him to St. Louis and put him in a hospital until he recovered. From there he was sent to Alton, Ill., to prison, where he remained for some time, and was then sent to Richmond, Va., for exchange. About this time General Lee surrendered, and he was released at Richmond.

In 1867 he was married to Miss Nancy Henson. To this union were born eight children, three daughters surviving him, seven grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

Comrade Owen spent some twenty-eight years after his marriage engaged in farming. Later he moved to Bald Knob, Mo., and engaged in mercantile business for several years. In 1921 he moved to Little Rock, where he lived until his death October 9, 1932.

I met Comrade Owen soon after he moved to Little Rock, and from that time on he proved to be one of the best friends I have ever had. While we were both practically in the same command during the war, we did not have the pleasure of knowing each other until 1921. He was a minister of the Church of Christ for a period of about forty-five years, and was honored and loved by all who knew him.

In 1926 I was elected Commander of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., and appointed Comrade Owen as Chaplain. He was a substantial soldier and citizen, who had made many friends during his eighty-seven years of useful life.

[Maj. Gen. J. W. Hollis, Past Commander Arkansas Division, U. C. V.]

## JOHN GREEN TATHAM.

The death of John Green Tatham, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. W. King, June 8, 1932, ended the career of a faithful Confederate veteran and a brave, true man.

He was born in 1844 at Valley River, Cherokee County, N. C., and was thus in his eighty-ninth year.

At the age of seventeen, John Tatham volunteered in the Confederate army, 1861, and served throughout the four years of the war, making a record of which his family were proud. He feared no foe, shirked no duty.

He was a member of the bodyguard of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, when the President was captured in Georgia. "Uncle Purd," as he was affectionately known, always indignantly and emphatically denied the story that Jefferson Davis was disguised in a woman's clothes when captured.

After the war he was no less brave and patient in meeting the difficulties of living under reconstruction.

He loved his State devotedly and served faithfully. He was Clerk of the Court of Graham County for many years, was a member of the Confederate Board of Pensions of Cherokee County, and he represented Graham County in the General Assembly for two terms. He was also a member of the Masonic brotherhood, having joined in 1874.

"Uncle Purd" cherished the memory of the Southern cause to the day of his death and held in reverence the Confederate flag, which he requested be used as a pall for his bier.

## F. L. KNIGHT.

On March 15, 1932, after a long illness, F. L. Knight died at Dixie Manor, Home for Confederate veterans at San Gabriel, Calif., maintained by the United Daughters of the Confederacy of that State. He was ninety years old.

Mr. Knight served the Confederacy as 2d Corporal of Company K, Captain Sammes Company, Brown's Regiment of Missouri Cavalry, enlisting in September, 1861, and was honorably discharged at the close of the war.

The Cross of Honor was bestowed upon this veteran by the Joseph LeConte Chapter, U. D. C., of Berkeley, Calif., in 1908.

[Mrs. Emily Roberson, Historian U. D. C., Berkeley.]



## CYRIL L. WILLOUGHBY

In the early morn of September 21, after a brief illness of only two hours, Cyril Latimore Willoughby, of Lakeland, Fla., marched onward in the dawn of a brighter day. Never in the annals of a city was a character more revered than was "Colonel" Willoughby. He was senior elder of the First Presbyterian Church and Bible teacher.

He was born in Marshall County, Ala., September 29, 1844. In November, 1862, at the age of eighteen, he enlisted in the Confederate army as a private in Company G of the 18th Alabama Infantry, at Springfield, Ala. He was honorably discharged from service by surrender, and paroled May 10, 1865.

After the war he went to Tamaroa, Ill., where he met Miss Harriet M. Patrick, whom he married in January, 1872. They moved to Lakeland, Fla., in May, 1910.

The congregation of the Presbyterian Church celebrated with a lovely entertainment the last and sixtieth anniversary of the Willoughby's wedding January 11, 1932.

He is survived by his wife, one son, and a daughter, six grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren; also a brother and a sister.

Colonel Willoughby was of ancient lineage, and was a Son of the American Revolution. Deeply interested in Masonry, he held high rank in this great order.

The beautiful ritual of the United Confederate Veterans was used at the funeral. Interment was in Gainesville, Fla., the Masons in charge.

After eighty-eight years of a well-spent life, a life that was an inspiration, he was gathered unto his fathers. Infinitely gentle and courteous—a gentleman of the Old South—a Christian soldier—Colonel Willoughby.

[Louise D. Huguenin, Lakeland, Fla., Chapter, U. D. C.]

## CHARLES S. BROWN.

Charles S. Brown, who died at the home of his son in Gatesville, Tex., during October, was a pioneer of that section. He was born October 21, 1849, in Lauderdale County, Miss., and as a mere lad he volunteered his services to the Confederate army and became a private of Company A, 3d and 5th Missouri Regiment, F. M. Cockrell's Brigade. He served to the end of the war, and old letters in possession of the family reveal the gallant services rendered the South. Ever devoted to the cause for which he fought, it was his pleasure to attend reunions of his Confed-

erate comrades; and when the Confederate Camp at Gatesville was dissolved, he placed his membership with the Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V., of Dallas.

Following the close of the War between the States, Comrade Brown moved to Bell County, Tex., where he lived for sixty-eight years. In October, 1877, he was married to Miss Kate Arnold, and she survives him with a son and daughter, also two grandchildren.

Funeral services were conducted at the home by the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Gatesville, and burial was in the Masonic Cemetery. The casket was draped with a Confederate flag.

## COL. C. J. WALDEN.

At his home in Boonville, Mo., Col. C. J. Walden died on September 27, 1932, at the age of ninety years, following a brief illness. He was born in Carroll County, Mo., October 27, 1841. His father, James M. Walden, went overland to California and died there in 1851; his mother took the family to Fayette in 1852, and later young Walden was apprenticed to the printer's trade, then studying a year at Central College.

In 1861, C. J. Walden enlisted in the Confederate army under Gen. J. B. Clark, and for six months served with the Richmond Grays. His last service was under Gen. Joe Shelby in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and he surrendered with many of his comrades at Shreveport, La., April 13, 1865. He was the last survivor of the battle of Boonville, and could remember clearly the fighting there. Several brothers were in the Confederate army, and gave faithful service.

Returning home, Comrade Walden went to Illinois for a year, then returned to Howard County and to Glasgow in 1867; in 1872, he bought the *Fayette Advertiser*, and from then on was largely in newspaper work, until his retirement in 1922, during which time he had owned or been connected with numerous newspapers. He had also held political offices by appointment, and in 1903 he was appointed Chief of the Labor Bureau at the St. Louis Exposition. He continued actively interested in current events almost to the last; was a member of the Methodist Church, South, a Mason and Knight Templar.

Colonel Walden was married twice, his first wife being Miss Elizabeth Holloway; the second marriage was to Mrs. Romer Woolridge, who survives him, also five sons and two daughters.

## JOHN W. MINNICH.

Readers of the VETERAN will learn with regret of the passing of Comrade John W. Minnich, of Louisiana, whose contributions of personal experiences as a soldier of the Confederacy have been both unusual and highly interesting, as he was a gifted writer. Comrade Minnich had reached the age of eighty-nine years, and died after a brief illness at the home of his brother, George W. Minnich, in Morgan City, La., where he had lived for some fourteen years. After the funeral services there, his body was taken to New Orleans and placed in the veterans' vault of Metairie Cemetery.

John Wesley Minnich was born in Center County, Pennsylvania, and the family had doubtless removed to Louisiana, as he mentions having been a member of DeGournay's 5th Company, Copen's Louisiana Zouaves, and that it was organized in March, 1861, in New Orleans, and that this was one of the first companies enlisted for the war. At another time he mentions having been with the 1st Brigade of Georgia Cavalry, and it is known that he served throughout the war with the exception of sixteen months spent in Rock Island prison, of which he wrote a vivid account, which was published in the VETERAN and later in pamphlet form. He was in many of the most important battles, of which Gettysburg was one, and of these he wrote much, and especially in the interest of giving correct information; and he kept his fine mind active to the last in his literary work.

He was greatly interested in the youth of his section and a lover of outdoor sports of all kinds, attending the athletic contests and school games and activities, his interest making him a welcome visitor.

Comrade Minnich located at Grand Isle, La., soon after the war, and lived there for nearly fifty years, a part of that time serving as postmaster of that office, and there reared his family, of whom two sons and two daughters survive him.

## JAMES PARKER.

James Parker, one of the last two Confederate veterans of Franklin County, Ky., died at his home near Frankfort on October 16, 1932, after a brief illness, aged eighty-eight years. He served with Company H, of the 2d Kentucky Infantry, during the War between the States.

Mr. Parker is survived by ten children, five sons and six daughters, thirty-nine grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at Ebenezer Church, near Frankfort.

[Mrs. W. T. Fowler.]

## CAPT. W. T. B. SOUTH.

Capt. William Tyler Barry South, the last Confederate soldier in Franklin County, Ky., died on November 24 (Thanksgiving Day), at his home at the Forks-of-Elkhorn, near Frankfort, at the age of ninety years. Interment was in the State Cemetery at Frankfort. He was born in Breathitt County, Ky., November 10, 1842. In 1859, he became second lieutenant of the Governor's Guards, a militia company of Frankfort, Ky., which gave distinguished officers to both armies in the War between the States. At the outbreak of war, he became Captain of Company B, 5th Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A., and for a time served in guarding the Kings Salt Works, one of the principal sources of salt for the South. Just before the battle of Chickamauga, his regiment was rushed by train to Chattanooga, and with the "Orphan Brigade" took part in that battle. Thereafter, his regiment served in Georgia opposing Sherman. After the capture of Stoneman's Union Cavalry Brigade, the horses of that command were given to the 5th Kentucky Infantry, which then served as cavalry. Captain South's company was surrendered at Washington, Ga., May 6, 1865.

Seven brothers in one regiment and three brothers-in-law in the Confederate service made a record equaled by few families of that time. The elder brother, Samuel South, was commissioned as colonel early in the war, but the retreat of General Bragg from Kentucky made it impossible to recruit his regiment, so he joined his brother's company of the 5th Kentucky. He was severely wounded at Chickamauga, and was voted a medal of honor for distinguished bravery on the field; the Rev. James Knox Polk South served as 1st lieutenant of Company D, 5th Kentucky, and Jeremiah Weldon South, Jr., was a second lieutenant of Company B, of the same regiment; he was killed in action, as was Andrew Jackson South, also a lieutenant of this regiment. The two youngest brothers, Martin and Thomas, served in the Company of their brother.

Captain South's father was Col. Jeremiah Weldon South, Colonel of Kentucky Volunteers in the Mexican War, and a member of the Kentucky House of Representatives and Senate. The family record shows such patriotic fighting stock from pioneer times to the present day.

Captain South was married in March, 1866, and is survived by his wife, who was Miss Anne Mary Jones, and a son and a daughter.



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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. H. Shesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass

## THE CONVENTION AT MEMPHIS.

Tennessee hospitality was demonstrated in a splendid way by the entertainment provided by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Memphis for the 39th annual convention of the general organization, United Daughters of the Confederacy, November 16-19. The seven Chapters of Memphis had worked wholeheartedly to make this a successful occasion in every way, and under the leadership of Mrs. T. W. Faires as General Chairman it was carried to successful conclusion.

Pre-convention activities began with the religious services held on Sunday, November 13, at the Idlewyld Presbyterian Church, the pastor, Rev. Thomas K. Young, giving a special sermon for that day. In the afternoon, a drive about Memphis gave the early arrivals pleasant acquaintance with the hostess city.

The Shiloh Luncheon on Monday brought together in large part the members of the U. D. C. Committees who had worked so devotedly through many years to secure a fitting memorial to the Confederate soldiers who fell on that fateful field. Mrs. A. B. White, of Paris, Tenn., who was Director General of that Committee, presided over the luncheon. In her remarks she gave expression to the happy memories of that work and its successful completion, as did members of the Committee who were present and others who had watched the work with eager anticipation. The pilgrimage to Shiloh on the following day was an appropriate climax to the interest aroused at the luncheon, and gave opportunity to those interested members to see the splendid memorial there to Confederate valor. The large group of Daughters and other visitors gathered there listened in reverent attention to Mrs. White's account of the work and explanation of the different features of the memorial, the central group of which is three figures representing Victory (a defeated victory)

overcome by Death and Night—death of the commanding General and the cessation of fighting as night approached. Just below this group is the head of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston in profile relief. She told of the interest shown by the sculptor, Frederick C. Hibbard, of Chicago, as he gave the best of his art to make this memorial both impressive and beautiful. There in the wilds of the Shiloh woods it stands yet unstained by time in the passing of fifteen years since its dedication in 1917—as though “just from the Master's hands.”

“Where rippling waters of the Tennessee  
In rhythmic flow

A requiem sing, historic Shiloh stands.

Her tragic woe

Is writ by sculptor's art. In her calm face

There lingers of her passion not a trace

To mar its peaceful glow.

“We scarce can picture it all seamed and scarred  
With crimson stain

Just while ago; nor scarce our ears can catch

The minor strain

Within the river's flow. This sacred hill

Seems but a place to pause until

Tired feet shall feel no pain.”

Tuesday evening brought a large audience to the Memphis Auditorium for the welcome exercises, with Mrs. T. W. Faires, General Chairman, presiding. Following the invocation given by Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, Bishop of the Diocese of Tennessee, came the welcome greetings from State and city, from the U. D. C. of the State through Mrs. Owen Walker, President of the Tennessee Division, and from the Memphis Women's Clubs and associations, to which response was given by Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky. Greetings were expressed by representatives of

the other Confederate organizations and Tennessee Women's patriotic organizations, followed by the presentation of the President General and other officials, convention pages, etc. Through it all was interspersed music of high character by many gifted musicians of Memphis. Welcome Evening, most colorful event of the convention, is a pleasing introduction to the convention activities.

The business sessions began on Wednesday morning, with report from the Chairman of Credentials Committee, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, that the convention voting strength was 2,042. The report of the President General is the feature of this day. Reviewing the work which had been carried on during the year just past, she touched lightly on these interests of the organization, full reports of which were given later by the Committee chairmen, gave a résumé of official visits to divisions and the honors which had been hers on special occasions, and made several recommendations to be acted upon later by the convention. The first of these was "that the organization incur no further obligations requiring the divisions to raise money until the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation, the Mrs. L. H. Raines Memorial Scholarship, and the Lee-Stratford Memorial Fund are completed"—and this had unanimous approval when brought up later.

The Memorial service on Wednesday afternoon was beautifully carried out, with special tributes to Miss Alice Baxter and Mrs. Mary Alexander Field, Honorary Presidents; Mrs. James MacGill, daughter of Gen. A. P. Hill; Mrs. Christine Ray Osborne, mother of Mrs. John L. Woodbury; and Mrs. Louis Christian Hall. In this service the Requiem written by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle was sung most feelingly by Mrs. Bryan Wilson, and other appropriate numbers were given by gifted singers of Memphis.

Wednesday evening was devoted to reports from Presidents of State Divisions, and some splendid accomplishments were reported by these leaders, despite the handicap of financial depression. North Carolina was awarded the Frederick Trophy given by Mrs. McKenzie, of Georgia, for the "most concise, comprehensive, and constructive report"; Ohio carried off the Eckhardt prize for that division, and the Philadelphia Chapter was awarded the loving cup given by Mrs. L. U. Babin for report from Chapter where there is no division.

Of special interest was the election of officers on Thursday morning, and the selection of the

next place of meeting. The President General and other officers with unfinished terms were honored by unanimous re-election. New officers elected were: 2nd Vice President General, Mrs. Charles O'Donnell Mackall, of Baltimore; Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Glenn Long, of North Carolina; Registrar General, Mrs. J. E. Davenport, of Virginia; Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. J. Sumter Rhame, of Charleston, S. C.

The names of Mrs. J. T. Beale of Arkansas, Mrs. I. W. Faison of North Carolina, and Mrs. J. A. Perdue and Mrs. Frances Gordon Smith of Georgia were presented for Honorary Presidents, two vacancies being in that list. The vote gave this honor to Mrs. Smith, daughter of Gen. John B. Gordon, and Mrs. Faison, one of the earliest and most faithful members of the organization.

The Historian General's report at this session showed splendid activity and accomplishment, and many prizes were awarded, a list of which is given in her department. The program for Historical evening included a colorful presentation of heroines of the Confederacy in costumes of the sixties, and concluded with the Southern Cross Drill given by boys and girls of the Central High School of Memphis. The grand finale was a parade of these Confederate heroines and kindred spirits in costume.

A part of the exercises of Historical Evening was the bestowal of Crosses of Military Service on Gen. Blanton Winship, Col. Roane Waring, Mayor Watkins Overton, and Nurse Judith Gambrell Wiley for service in the World War; while the Spanish-American Cross went to Col. Edwin McGowan, Capt. Thomas J. McGrath, and Private William Polk, Colonel McGowan also receiving the Philippine Insurrection Cross. Appreciation of these honors was voiced by General Winship for the recipients.

Pledges for the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund were made at the Friday morning session, of which committee Mrs. Amos V. Norris, of Tampa, Fla., is Chairman. This is one of the finest charities of any organization, giving financial relief and cheer to women of the Confederacy for whom there is no other provision available. The fund had fallen short of the need in the past year, and the Chairman urged more liberal pledges from Divisions and individuals for the larger demands of the coming year.

Reports from some of the standing committees showed completion of their work or that it properly came under other heads, thus releasing a num-



ber of these committees. Of these was the work to secure the adoption of the term "War between the States" as the proper designation for the struggle of the sixties, and this was combined with the Historian General's work.

A resolution was introduced by Miss Anna B. Mann, of Virginia, for special observance of February 8, 1933, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. Adopted.

The status of the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation was given by Mrs. John F. Weinmann, Chairman, with a showing of only \$5,000 lacking of the \$30,000 goal. The completion of this fund will release the interest for use in gathering source material on the War between the States.

The story of the proposed Appomattox monument was given in the report from Miss Marion Salley, Chairman, and mention of the objections to the proposed inscription for such monument, which indicated that the war closed at Appomattox; but the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia did not end the fighting.

On Friday afternoon came report of the U. D. C. Department of the VETERAN, of which Mrs. R. H. Chesley is Editor. She reported the subscription work for 1932 as amounting to \$4,027.12. Virginia led in the number of subscriptions, having three hundred to her credit, thus winning the cup offered by Mrs. J. J. Harris. North Carolina followed close with two hundred and seventy, and again won the cup given for the largest contribution to the Reserve Fund; and Tennessee made good with a showing of two hundred and sixty-one subscriptions.

A statement on the VETERAN was given by Miss Pope, Editor, showing the loss in circulation and the need of increasing the subscription work to meet this loss. A committee was appointed to consider the continuation of the organization work in its behalf, and the final report of this committee was:

"That this convention record its affection for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine and its appreciation in these forty years, and at the same time we express the deep distress felt by every member of the U. D. C. in the present financial difficulties, and the sincere regret for our inability to provide funds for the continuance of the magazine."

The convention made a record in completion of all business on Saturday afternoon, with the installation of officers as the closing incident.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

HISTORIAN GENERAL: Mrs. John Huske Anderson.

AIMS FOR 1932: To know your work—a fuller knowledge of the facts of our Confederate history.

### HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CONFEDERATE PERIOD.

JANUARY, 1933.

Radio Talks: Birthdays of Lee, Jackson, Maury.

Readings: "The Sword of Lee" and "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

The Old South as a Dominant Power in the Nation.

Prewar Statesmen of the South.

The Cultural South of Antebellum Days.

Song: "Dixie."

### CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

JANUARY, 1933.

Lee, Jackson, Maury Birthdays.

Homes of Lee—Stratford and Arlington.

Jackson as Lee's "Right Arm."

Songs: "Dixie" and "America."

### MESSAGE FROM THE HISTORIAN GENERAL.

*To Historians, U. D. C.*—Just a greeting to the Historians who have helped me to make possible such a splendid report of historical work for me to present at the Memphis General Convention. Every Division sent in a report, making it one hundred per cent, and I wish all of you could have heard the praise accorded your work. I feel sure my historical "family" is the most enthusiastic of any in the entire organization, and my year with you has been a very happy one.

On January 1 you will again receive from me a Bulletin with a prize list, "suggestions," and monthly programs. Our study for 1933 will be "The South's Part in the Building of the Nation," and we shall review many of the high lights on people and events of our section. Again I ask you to order the pamphlets of the S. C. V. from Col. Walter Hopkins, Law Building, Richmond, Va. This is the textbook report, and should be distributed over every State, for the situation is very acute.

Wishing every one of you a blessed Christmas-tide.

Faithfully yours.

LUCY LONDON ANDERSON, Raleigh, N. C.

## PRIZES IN HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT, U. D. C.

**THE RAINES BANNER.** To the Division reporting the largest number of papers and historical records collected, and doing the best historical work. Won by Virginia Division; Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee Palmer, Historian.

**JEANNE FOX WEINMANN CUP.** To the Division reporting the greatest amount of historical work done in schools. Won by Tennessee Division, Mrs. Mayes Hume, Historian.

**WILLIAM JACKSON WALKER LOVING CUP.** Offered by Mrs. R. B. Broyles in memory of her father, a captain under Gen. N. B. Forrest, to the Chapter placing the greatest number of books on Southern history and literature, with U. D. C. book-plate in each, in any public library. Won by Elliott Fletcher Chapter, Byltheville, Ark.

**SALLEY MEDAL.** Offered by Miss Marion Salley, in memory of her parents. To the Division Historian reporting the largest number of interesting reminiscences collected during the year from Confederate Veterans and Women of the Sixties. Won by the Alabama Division, Mrs. John W. Curry, Historian.

**MRS. JOHN S. PERDUE LOVING CUP.** For a copy of an original diary of a Confederate soldier, a cup to be awarded for most interesting. Paper must be accompanied by an affidavit from the contestant stating that it is a true copy, and has never been published in any book, magazine, or pamphlet. Winning diary submitted by Mrs. R. E. Everitt, Covington, Ga.

**MILDRED LEWIS RUTHFORD LOVING CUP.** For the most meritorious criticism of some history or biography dealing with the period of the War between the States or Reconstruction Days. Won by Miss Decca Lamar West, Waco, Tex.

**THE HYDE-CAMPBELL PRIZE.** Twenty dollars for the best review of Edgar Lee Masters' book, *Lincoln*. Won by Miss Elizabeth Hanna, St. Petersburg, Fla.

**ADELIA DUNOVANT CUP.** Offered by Mrs. W. E. Calhoun in memory of her sister, former Chairman of the History Committee, U. D. C., for the best essay on John C. Calhoun, Apostle of States' Rights. Won by Mrs. H. E. Montague, Little Rock, Historian of Arkansas Division.

**SYDNOR G. FERGUSON PRIZE.** Twenty-five dollars offered by Mrs. Bessie Ferguson Cary, in memory of her father, one of Mosby's men, for the best essay on "Mosby's Rangers." Won by Miss Elizabeth S. Hale, Front Royal, Va.

**MARTHA WASHINGTON HOUSE MEDAL.** For the best essay on "Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy." Won by Mrs. D. S. Vandiver, Anderson, S. C.

**ANNA ROBINSON ANDREWS MEDAL.** For the best essay on "The Old South" as a dominating power in the Nation, with special reference to its statesmen. Won by Miss Annie Bell Fogg, Frankfort, Ky.

**THE WHITE PRIZE.** Twenty-five dollars for the best essay, "To Advance the Name of Sidney Lanier, Poet, Musician, Soldier of the Confederacy, for the Hall of Fame." Given in memory of Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, by the Tennessee Division, U. D. C. Won by Mrs. Mattie Watkins, Water Valley, Miss.

**THE PARKER PRIZE.** Twenty-five dollars for the best essay on "The Military Genius of Stonewall Jackson,"

given by Mrs. James Henry Parker, Honorary President, U. D. C. Won by Miss Pauline King, Bristol, Tenn.

**THE MIMMS PRIZE.** Twenty-five dollars for best paper on "Cavalry Leaders of the Confederacy," given by Mrs. Fred Greer, of Tennessee, in memory of her father, Col. Drury Anderson Mimms. Won by Mrs. William Cabell Flourney, Lexington, Va.

**THE SCHADE PRIZE.** Twenty-five dollars for "The Trial of Henry Wirz of Andersonville Prison," given by Miss Anita Schade in memory of her father, Louis Schade, legal defender of Major Wirz. Won by Miss Caroline Patterson, Macon, Historian Georgia Division.

**THE SMITH PRIZE.** Ten dollars for best paper on "Why Stratford on the Potomac Should Become a National Shrine." Given by Mrs. B. H. Griffin, of Raleigh, N. C., in memory of her father, Wiley Hopton Smith, a soldier of the Confederacy. Won by Mrs. J. B. Black, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

**ROBERTS MEDAL.** For second best essay in any contest by members of U. D. C., offered by Mrs. C. M. Roberts. Won by Mrs. J. T. Sifford, Camden, Ark.

## CONTEST OPEN TO WRITERS IN ANY SECTION.

**THE FREEMAN PRIZE.** Twenty-five dollars for best unpublished story of Robert E. Lee, given by Dr. Douglas Freeman, of Richmond, Va., in honor of his father, Gen. W. B. Freeman, past Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. Won by Miss Mary W. Gold, Berryville, Va.

**THE THOMAS D. OSBORNE CUP.** Offered by Mrs. John L. Woodbury in memory of her father, a member of the "Orphan Brigade," for the best unpublished poem (not free verse) founded on some incident of the War between the States, or carrying a story of Southern chivalry or heroism of men or women. Limited to one thousand words. Won by Mrs. J. T. Sifford, Camden, Ark.

## ESSAY PRIZES FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS ONLY

Offered through Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson for the Mississippi Division, U. D. C.

\$25.00, for Jefferson Davis, American Soldier. Won by Miss Zed Gant, Van Buren, Ark.

\$25.00, for Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War in the United States Cabinet. Won by Joseph C. Sitterson, Kinston, N. C.

\$25.00, for Jefferson Davis and Secession. Won by Miss Mary Prince Fowler, Lexington, Ky.

\$25.00 for The Capture and Imprisonment of Jefferson Davis. Won by Miss Hattie E. Lewis, Emporia, Va.

## SPECIAL PRIZE OFFER—MARY LOU GORDON WHITE PRIZE.

Contest open to writers in any part of the United States, not confined to members of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

A \$250.00 prize given by the late Miss Mary Lou Gordon White of Nashville, in memory of her brother, Dr. Gordon White, for the best original story of real literary merit founded on the life of the early Colonists in one of the Southern States, to bring out in fictional form the contribution made by this section to the making of American history. Half of the prize is to be paid to the writer when the judges have made their decision, and the other half on the appearance of the story in a well-known magazine. Won by James De Witt Hawkins, St. Christopher's School, Richmond, Va., for story entitled, "The Ride to Charlottesville."



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

DR. WILLIAM R. DANCY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, SAVANNAH, GA.

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to Edmond R. Wiles, Editor, 1505 W. 22nd St., Little Rock, Ark.

## GENERAL ORDERS S. C. V.

We take pleasure in submitting herewith GENERAL ORDERS NO. 2, issued by the Commander-in-Chief Dancy, S. C. V., which is of very far-reaching significance and importance to both the U. C. V., whom we always stand ready to serve in any way possible, and to our own organization which has been called on at this time to aid the Veterans in a definite way in maintaining the attendance of their camps and in other ways helping them to keep alive the spark that will prevent the organization of the U. C. V. from passing away due to the inability of the Veterans, on account of their advanced age, to hold it together.

### GENERAL ORDERS NO. 2.

August 1, 1932.

*To Be Read Before All of the Camps of the Confederation.*

I. The United Confederate Veterans, Organization, which met at Richmond, Va., June 22-24, 1932, adopted the following resolution:

WHEREAS: The increasing age of, and the number of deaths among, our members are wiping out so many of our Camps and causing so many of those which remain to become inactive; and

WHEREAS: It is apparent that, unless this condition is corrected in some way, our Federation will soon cease to exist; and

WHEREAS: Article VIII, Section 3, of our Constitution gives our Federation the right to recog-

nize and call upon our Sons and Daughters—therefore, be it

*Resolved:* 1. That when any Camp, by reason of age, death among its members or other disability, shall find itself unable to conduct its business, it is hereby given the power to call upon the nearest Camp of Sons or upon the nearest Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy for one of its active members and shall then elect such member the Adjutant of that Camp. That the Son or Daughter so elected shall, after confirmation by the Commander of the Brigade, become the Adjutant of that Camp, in fact, charged with performing the duties of that office for that Camp; shall be eligible for election as a delegate to conventions of the Federation and entitled to a voice and vote in same.

2. That Article III, Section 5, is hereby so amended as to establish the legality of a descendant of a Confederate soldier to fill the post of Adjutant of a Camp as provided for in Section 1 of this resolution.

3. That should there be no Camp of Sons or Chapter of the Daughters within practicable distance, then the Camp may select a descendant of a Confederate soldier of undoubted Confederate record in lieu of a member of a Camp or Chapter stipulated above.

II. One of the main objects of the Sons of Confederate Veterans' Organization and of its mem-

bers is to render every assistance possible to the United Confederate Veterans' Organization, as well as to its individual members. For years, members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans have assisted the Officers of the Confederate Veterans' Camps with their duties throughout the South. Therefore, it gives your Commander-in-Chief a great deal of pleasure to bring the action of the United Confederate Veterans at the last Convention officially to your attention, with the assurance that every member of the Organization will consider it a great privilege to assist the officers of the Confederate Veterans' Camps with their duties, in the future, as in the past, whenever called upon to do so.

By order of:

WILLIAM R. DANCY,  
*Commander-in-Chief, S. C. V.*

Official:

WALTER L. HOPKINS,  
*Adjutant-in-Chief, S. C. V.*

## A COLONEL AT GETTYSBURG AND SPOTSYLVANIA—BY VARINA D. BROWN.

A Past President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy wrote to Miss Brown: "I have enjoyed going over your splendid book so much. . . . Your work is beautifully done. . . . you have displayed love, training, and ability in your work—a great addition to the historical records of South Carolina."

A professor of history in Mississippi, an Associate Justice of the South Carolina Supreme Court, a Congressman from South Carolina (Fourth District) and other readers express appreciation of it as "a valuable contribution to Southern history and literature."

The president of a National Bank in South Carolina ordered two copies and sent one to a leading banker of the state. He, in turn, ordered a dozen copies with the comment to his friend who had sent it: "The life of Colonel Brown emphasizes the things in life that are really worth while. Every library in the State should have one or more copies of this book."

He sent one of his copies to an eminent South Carolinian, Mr. David R. Coker, who wrote to the author in appreciation of this "fine contribution to the history of the South. You have not only rescued and clarified important and thrilling instances of Southern heroism and chivalry, but you have clearly etched the life of one of the South's most courageous and admirable characters."

Mrs. Vivian Minor Fleming of Fredericksburg wrote:

"The books are beautiful and the subject matter most interesting. The story of the providence of God resting upon the different generations . . . is very striking and beautiful. . . . The history part is intensely interesting.

"The battle field park work is progressing rapidly. I will take my copy right to them, for they need it now. Mr. Fleming had great confidence in your knowledge of positions, etc., at Bloody Angle." [Southern member of the Battlefields Park Commission until his death.]

Editor W. W. Ball, in his review in the *Charleston News and Courier*, wrote: ". . . the two narratives bear every evidence of close and diligent scholarship, they are abundantly documented, and the authentic sources of history have been consulted . . . written incisively, clearly, always with restraint, with scrupulous adherence to provable facts. And one could bestow no higher praise. The book's chief value is its contribution to Confederate history, and that is its motive. It is a value not to be overestimated."

The book will be a great asset to any library and should be placed in every home, public, and school library in the South. We are sure it will be welcomed in any Northern or Western library, for the people of those sections, as well as we, need authentic information relative to the period between 1860-61, and to know more of Confederate achievements.

Miss Brown gave this book to the daughters of the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., to sell, the proceeds of which will go toward building a Confederate monument in the new Battlefield Park, at a spot where one of the bloodiest battles of the war was fought, and where no marker stands to tell of the Confederate soldiers and their sacrifices and bravery. There are several Federal monuments opposite the Angle.

[Mrs. D. S. Vandiver, Historian of the South Carolina Division U. D. C., 1927-30, Corresponding Secretary.]

## TOAST OF MORGAN'S MEN.

Unclaimed by the land that bore us,

Lost in the land we find,

The brave have gone before us,

Cowards are left behind!

Then stand to your glasses, steady,

Here's a health to those we prize,

Here's a toast to the dead already,

And here's to the next who dies.

—Captain Thorpe (of Kentucky).



## OUR BOYS IN GRAY.

At the recent meeting of the Tennessee veterans in Morristown Mrs. Rebecca Dougherty Hyett, of Russellville, read this poem which she had written in tribute to the veterans of the Confederacy.

## HAIL TO OUR TENNESSEE CAVALIERS!

We seem to see the armies  
Of that far-off yesterday,  
And our hearts grow warm and tender  
For the men who wore the gray.  
Far away we see the battles,  
Screaming shells and roll of flame,  
On and on the ranks keep filing  
Thinking not of glowing fame.  
Thinking not of fame, nor fearing  
For the outcome of the fight,  
But facing hell's own game of gunfire  
For the cause they thought was right.  
Cared they not for war's privations,  
Nor cared they for fighting foe,  
Pressing forward in the struggle,  
Giving grimly blow for blow,  
Chilled by cold and weak with hunger  
Still they come with fearless stride  
'Till they meet the foe in coming,  
And they fought there side by side  
'Till the enemy retreated  
Or they fell there—glorified!  
We see their bivouac on the hilltops  
With their blankets thin and old  
Sit they by the flickering camp fire  
Through the long night's chilling cold;  
We see them held in cruel prisons,  
We see their bleeding wounds apart,  
And the tear-dimmed eyes of loved ones  
At the parting—heart to heart.  
When their Cause was lost and war ended  
Were their spirits crushed? Ah, no!  
Dauntless souls as undefeated  
As the Spartans, long ago!  
The sons and daughters who come after  
Bring our pledges to renew  
The principles of Lee and Jackson  
And their soldiers good and true;  
To keep the faith and fan the fires  
Of valorous deeds and pass them on,  
And hold aloft the burning torch  
For generations yet to come.  
Now we pay a special tribute  
To these men we have today—  
These gallant Cavaliers!  
Our "boys" in Southern Gray.

## A SMALL BOY'S RECOLLECTION OF WAR.

This book comes to the VETERAN office with title of "A Small Boy's Recollection of the Civil War," but the author gives assurance that the next edition will have "War between the States" instead (the VETERAN having called attention to error in the title).

The book is well written and gives an interesting account of war happenings which came under the observation of this small boy. The Mobile (Ala.) *Times-Register* has this to say of it: "The charm of this little volume is in its complete naturalness and lack of pretense. . . . The writer has retained remarkably well the boy's psychology concerning war scenes. The politics and reasons for war did not impress him. The cannons, the troop trains, and the jokes and pranks of the soldiers of both armies did impress him. As a result, there is written a vivid, colorful account of a lad's experiences during the historic war between the States. It is written with a tolerance that is surprising, and it is marked by a quiet and entertaining humor."

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